September 23, 1964
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The Australian

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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OUR COVER

● The big news in Paris hairstyles is the small head — and our cover girl shows a demure version of this "pinhead" cut. You'll find more hairstyles (from Paris and New York) on pages 18-21.

WORTH REPORTING

THE beauty of Greta Garbo, who is now aged 58, is still an inspiration, and her "look" is the vogue overseas.

Gil Cagnie, the handsome young (25) Belgian manager of a Rome cosmetic salon who is in Australia for a demonstration tour, is surrounded every working day of his life by young, beautiful, aristocratic, and rich women — but to him Greta Garbo is the perfect woman.

"I saw her in New York one day," he said. "She looked terrible in sloppy clothes and a scarf, and those big, big feet! But she was still the most fascinating woman in the world.

"Her face is not perfect—Ava Gardner has a more classic face — but no one can compare with those sharp contours and those beautiful deep-set eyes."

Garbo is influencing the look he is giving other women.

To make the eyes look deep set and to emphasise the eyelids he draws a line along the crease of the lid, as well as just behind the lashes.

● *Gil Cagnie*

"Then to highlight the lid we whiten it with cosmetic," he said. "We also draw a line under the eye, but not to the edge, to 'open' the eye."

False eyelashes (but only at night) finish the effect of deep-set, luminous eyes.

Gil Cagnie has worked with many famous movie stars — Sophia Loren, Pier Angeli, Gina Lollobrigida, Elsa Martinelli, Claudia Cardinale, and Elizabeth Taylor.

"Sophia has a strong, extraordinary face," he said. "No one does her eyes now, not even for films. They might advise her on foundation, but Sophia does her eyes herself."

Next January Gil will marry Italian model Ivana Corre, who demonstrates his Garbo look below.

GARBO (above) and (right) Gil Cagnie's Garbo make-up. Model is his fiancee, Ivana Corre.

Patchwork quilt at first attempt

WHEN most people tackle a new project they usually start with something *small* and *simple*. But not Mrs. Kathleen Wilson, of East Melbourne, Victoria.

At her first and only attempt at patchwork, she made a quilt for a single bed — and did it almost entirely by hand during a Melbourne winter.

The planning and preparation, however, took a little longer — more like ten years!

Mrs. Wilson first decided to make the quilt after we published instructions for making it in July, 1951.

She was then working as a machinist of women's dresses, and she began saving scraps of velvets, silks, and brocades.

Ten years later she was ready to begin work.

She did most of the work by hand at night while listening to the radio. Only the taffeta flounce and the lining are machine sewn.

The quilt is still only a showpiece, as Mrs. Wilson has no place to use it in her home. But she says as a labor of love it was worthwhile.

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CORPORAL OF THE DRUMS will be seen in action.

TATTOO: Pipers, Highland dancers at Edinburgh Castle, Scotland.

Marina will attend £25,000,000 show

● One of the most spectacular sections of the £25,000,000 British Exhibition, to be held at the Royal Agricultural Showground in Sydney this month, will be the British Tournament and Tattoo.

WITH a "cast" of nearly 1000 (British and Australian soldiers, motor-cycles, and Highland dancers), it will be one of the greatest theatrical shows ever staged anywhere.

Troops will be flown from Britain, Malaya, and Aden.

The Tattoo will occupy the Royal Agricultural Showground every night of the British Exhibition (Sept. 25 to Oct. 10).

The names of the bands taking part read like pages from British history—the Household Cavalry, Grenadier Guards, Royal Scots, Royal Marines, Gordon Highlanders, Royal Signals, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Royal Air Force, and the Gurkhas, from the Himalayas.

Special permission had to be obtained from Buckingham Palace to fly the Household Cavalry—for centuries the Royal official bodyguards—to Australia for the Tattoo.

Princess Marina will be a special guest, and on October 7 she will be the offcial salute taker at the Tattoo.

The 450 British troops and bandsmen, flying in three Boeing jets, will arrive in Sydney the day before the Exhibition and Tattoo opens.

More than 450,000 people are expected to see the Tattoo during its 18 performances.

By Patricia Johnson

To accommodate the crowds, three new stands have been erected on the Showground, two-thirds of the way across the 72 acres.

Giant searchlights will cover the enormous theatre-in-the-round, flooding the arena with light or picking out a single figure as required.

Daily electricity requirements of the Showground during the Exhibition would provide power for a town of 25,000 people.

PRINCESS MARINA

One of the many highlights in the Tattoo will be a mock battle between troops, half of them dressed as unidentified enemy soldiers.

They will take part in a full-scale fight showing all the manoeuvres of modern warfare.

Away from the Tattoo, Britain will provide a multitude of fascinating sights and information at the Exhibition.

Four hundred Australian and British firms will be represented — manufacturers of everything from electrical power generating equipment to vitamin pills.

Historical interest will run high at the Exhibition.

Tattoo spectators can see the Queen's Guards in the formations they have maintained for hundreds of years—visitors to an historical exhibition can see such treasures as the letters Nelson wrote to Lady Hamilton and the first English map of Australian waters.

While the aim of the Exhibition and Tattoo is not to make money, any profits will go to Australian and British Service charities.

GRENADIER GUARDS BAND, in splendid array, march along The Mall, London. With other famous bands, they will take part in the Tattoo.

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NEXT WEEK

★ While treatment of illness and injuries at home is no substitute for medical attention, you'll find the treatments suggested in this 16-page booklet can prove useful and helpful—and will comfort the patient until a doctor comes.

MEN!

★ Would you like to win a world trip for two?

You can . . . in our

"My Fair Lady" Contest

It's a contest for men readers only—to win a world trip by Qantas V-Jet — and coinciding with the release of the film "My Fair Lady," starring Audrey Hepburn (shown at left).

★ *A woman's momentous decision . . . a man's amazing courage, in*

The story of Ian and Dulcie Pritchard

Mrs. Pritchard tells the story of her own real-life romance; the inspiring story of how two people found happiness in spite of tragedy.

Plus:

COOKERY: Savory Sausages and Meat Loaf

FASHION: Dresses for Grand Occasions

GARDEN: Versatile Ivies

Breezy deb-author

BLUE-BLOOD HOUSEWIFE CHARLOTTE, now 21, at the servery window in her home.

By BRIAN GIBSON

● Author Charlotte Bingham, who wrote the breezy money-spinner "Coronet Among The Weeds," has found that success and a happy marriage change a girl.

IN the short time—a little more than a year—that has passed since "Coronet" was first published, and instantly became a world-wide favorite, Miss Bingham has packed in a lot of living.

Her marriage earlier this year to actor Terrence Brady, her brief spell of part-managing a pop group called "The Interns," and the new novel on which she is now working, have all contributed to the change in Charlotte Bingham.

The girl who wrote in her first book—"All my family aren't failures. I was the only one"—can now smile at the thought of such remarks.

The Bradys live in a beautifully furnished mews cottage at Notting Hill Gate, in London, and it was here that Charlotte told me, in the friendly, candid way that endeared her to millions of readers, of her new life.

"You can call me a housewife - authoress," she said, "and I'm very happy to be called that."

Her husband, Terrence, has been doing plenty of television work, and during his absences Charlotte has been hard at work on her novel and on research for it.

"It's about a drummer," she said, "which is where the pop group comes in. They advertised in "The Times" for an assistant manager, so I replied."

"They had hundreds of letters, so why they picked me I'll never know.

"Anyway, they did, and as I was eager to get background for my book it worked out well, although now I've severed my connections with the pop world.

"But it was fun while it lasted."

Charlotte confesses that she writes "when the mood takes me, although I do try always to do some work every morning."

Then she laughed. "Really, I only keep on writing so that I can keep the word 'writer' in my passport."

She and her husband carefully mull over all the offers of work that come their way.

"Terrence will never do a play that we don't have complete faith in, and usually when we turn down work we are right.

"With my new novel I'll just have to see how it turns out before I decide what to do with it.

"I wrote a novel shortly after 'Coronet,' but threw it away because it wasn't very good."

Charlotte comes from a writing family.

Her mother, Madeline Bingham, in private life Lady Clanmorris, had her latest play, "The Reel McCoy," recently premiered at the Sheffield Playhouse.

It was criticised by the Vicar of Tinsley, the Rev. A. P. Denham, who complained to the Sheffield Watch Committte that the play was suggestive and harmful to young people—a view that surprised Lady Clanmorris and Playhouse officials.

"The vast amount of people enjoyed the play," said an official later.

Lady Clanmorris said she wrote the play, a satire on television interviews, after working in television advertising.

Charlotte's father, Lord Clanmorris, has written several books under the name John Bingham.

Now that the cocktail parties and literary lunches are temporarily over for Charlotte Bingham, how have the events of the past year affected the thoughts that made "Coronet Among The Weeds" one of 1963's most interesting books?

First kiss

In a frank question and answer session I asked her to recall some of the thoughts in her first book, quoting extracts from it, and compare them with her views today.

Here are the quoted passages and her answers:

He said, "Can I kiss you?" And I said, "All right." So he did. I was jolly disappointed. I don't know what I expected to happen but it was so dull.

Honestly, I remember thinking what a lot of fuss people made about nothing.

Answer: "I definitely feel the same about kissing people I don't like—of course it's different with Terrence.

"Honestly, when I met him, I hadn't kissed anyone for such a long time; I thought I might not remember how to do it."

My mother doesn't believe in girls knowing a frightful lot or going to university. She says they're mucky, the rooms of girls who go to university, I mean.

She just thinks that girls should have a bit of culture and know how to cook and keep things clean.

Actually I don't know if she isn't right sometimes.

I mean all those damn suffragettes and things, no

CHARLOTTE and her mother, Lady Clanmorris, who is also an author. So is her father, whom she called "a corny old lord" in her book. He writes as John Bingham.

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has settled down

• Charlotte Bingham, deb daughter of Lord Clanmorris and author of the pert best-seller "Coronet Among The Weeds," which was published in The Australian Women's Weekly in June - July last year, is now a happily married young housewife in London. In her book Charlotte loudly derided as "weeds" the insipid young men debs were likely to meet, panned the whole deb set-up, turned beatnik, and longed to find a "superman." Which she presumably did — husband is handsome Terrence Brady.

MARRIED: Peer's daughter and author, Charlotte Bingham, and London actor Terrence Brady. The wedding was this year.

one gets up for you on the Tube now.

Look at the end product of women being free, I mean go on, look at it.

It's a poor old career girl sitting in her digs wondering whether she ought to ring her boyfriend or not.

Answer: "I still think that a university education is only good for the really brilliant girls. But for girls like me, I mean, it's just a waste of time.

"A lot of girls who go to university think too much about their intellect and not enough about their cooking.

"And I do think that the changing attitude of men to women is not a good thing. I prefer a man to get up to give his seat to me unless he's old enough to be my father.

"And you do find a lot of very intellectual women living on their own now, don't you?"

I didn't like it much, being in love I mean. But I was quite resigned.

It's just one of those things you have to go through, like teething or something.

Answer: "It's quite true, you know, that kind of love.

"But I honestly think that every girl should go through the teething agonies of a hopeless love.

"It does their soul good. It also helps them to recognise the real thing."

Not marry?

I don't think I'll ever have to marry anyone actually. 'Course you can't be absolutely certain about anything but I don't think I will.

My family don't tend toward sex really. I don't think I do either.

No honestly. I think it's terribly difficult to take sex seriously if you've got a sense of humor.

The tendency in my family is drink.

Answer: "I still don't think that you should play around with sex. Obviously in the right context, like marriage, it's a beautiful and happy thing.

"But you do see around the people who have over-indulged in everything, you know — drink, food, and everything—and I feel sorry for any woman whose life is dominated by sex. You can see it in their faces."

I like pretty girls, they're much easier to get on with than ugly ones. I suppose it's because they usually have a better time.

Answer: "When I wrote that I liked pretty girls, I think I ought to explain that I didn't mean the great beauties, you know, the ones who are always admiring themselves in every mirror because they are so lovely to look at.

"No; I meant the girls who make the most of themselves, the ones who make an effort to be attractive and set out to be happy and make other people happy, too.

"Then she can give something of herself and fit in with other people."

My real trouble is I'm absolutely normal and I've got no ambition. Don't think that I feel all right about being normal, because I promise you I don't. I don't go about being smug about it either.

Answer: "I suppose I've been very lucky all my life. A happy childhood with nice parents — and I still think them very nice—a nice brother and nice friends. And now I've got a nice husband and a nice home as well.

"I kneel down every night and thank God for it. How lucky can you be, I ask you?"

Perhaps you don't understand but you've got to wish for something the whole time when you're 17.

MEWS HOME of Charlotte and Terrence. They are in the bedroom windows. They bought the house between them, fifty-fifty.

You've got to or there's nothing to live for.

However impossible, you've got to think you want it. It doesn't matter if it's a superman or a sports car.

Answer: "Yes, at 17 you've got to have ideals and a lot of wishful thinking, too. You must want something terribly — an ideal man, an ideal job, beauty or something.

"The reason for this is that at this age your life suddenly stops being organised for you.

"At school most of the time is filled with the tasks set by other people.

Mr. Right

"Then at 17, you find that you are called on to fill more of the time yourself.

"As a child you're always thinking, 'Now when I'm grown up I'll do this or I'll do that.' At 17 you suddenly find yourself saying, 'Now what will I do?'"

Actually I could never decide which was worse, being a maiden aunt or marrying a weed.

If you don't find a superman that's about the only choice you've got. Or being an eccentric.

I think I'd go in for being an eccentric if I didn't find a superman.

I'd wear a straw hat and live in the South of France. Sometimes I'd think that'd be better than marrying a superman and becoming disillusioned.

Answer: "I was lucky. I met the right man, honestly.

"But if a girl doesn't meet the right man she's in a bit of a spot.

"Either she must make something out of her life on her own or she has to settle for a less than perfect relationship."

It would have been all right if there had been another failure in the family. You could just say that you took after them, but all my family aren't failures. I was the only one. That's the worst about being a failure, being alone.

Answer: "It's very lonely indeed, you know. There's nothing more lonely than not knowing what to do with your life. And until I started writing it seemed there was nothing I was good at.

"If there's another member of the family who is also a failure, then you can hold each other's hand and it's not so lonely."

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Replica of a racing beauty

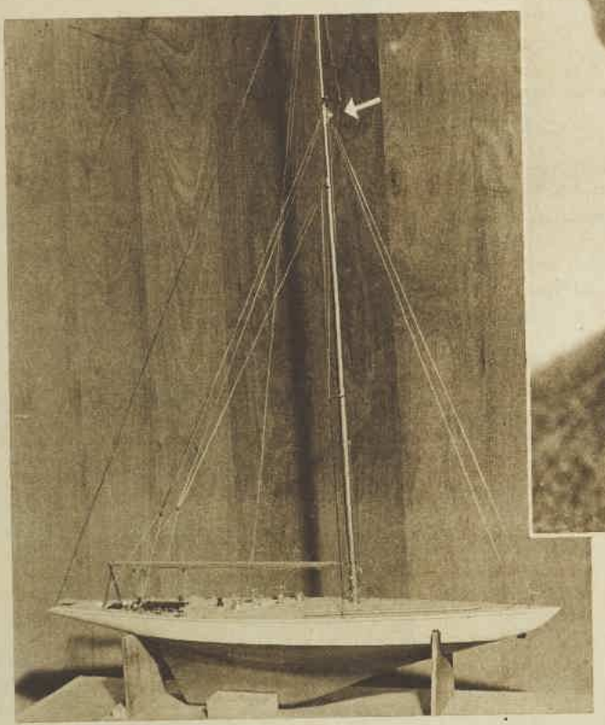
Scale replica of Gretel, Australian America's Cup challenger, for the model room of New York Yacht Club

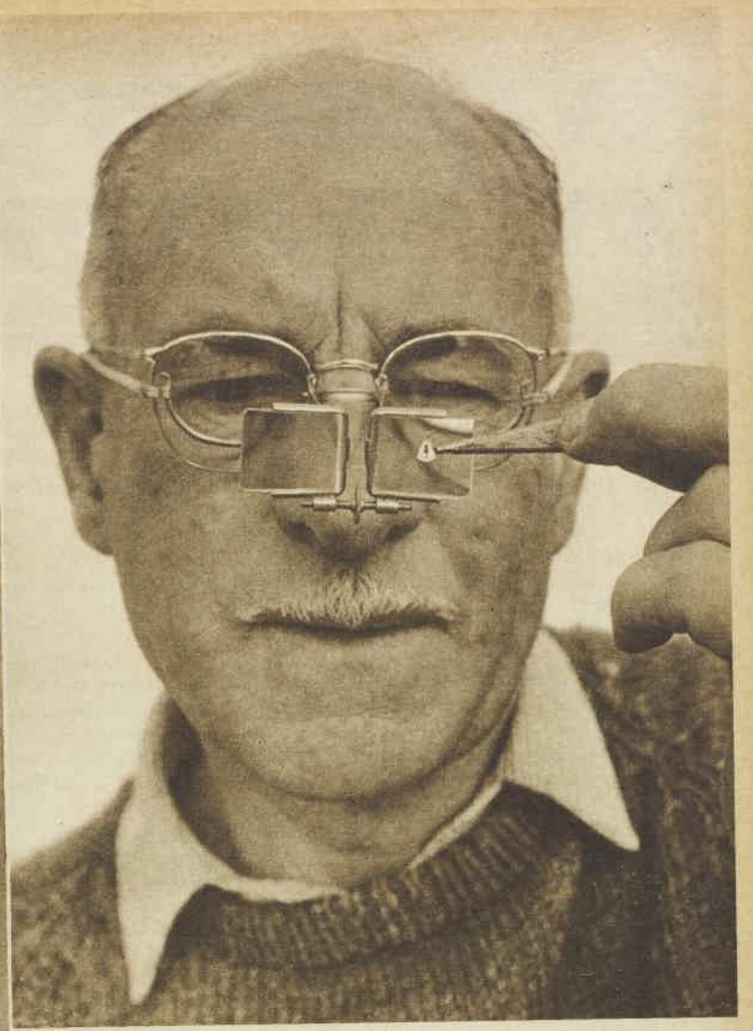
"MY pleasure is to turn out something that's right," says Phillip Andreas, builder of the replica of the yacht Gretel. In an age of the slogan "Near enough —that'll do" he is a perfectionist.

"I've always been a perfectionist and it's been my downfall," Mr. Andreas said while showing me the workshop at his home in Killara, N.S.W.

"I spent all yesterday and half today on this little bit of equipment," he said, pointing out a tiny fitting.

By JUDE AINSWORTH





MR. PHILLIP ANDREAS examines through his magnifying glasses a jib halyard block for the replica he has made of the 12-metre yacht Gretel. At left, the replica, with the jib halyard block highlighted by one of our artists.

Since January Mr. Andreas has spent more than 1000 hours planning and making the replica of the 12-metre yacht Gretel, Australia's challenger for the 1962 America's Cup.

It is built "absolutely to scale"—¼in. to 1ft.

The finished Gretel replica has since been flown to New York to take its place in the model room of the New York Yacht Club alongside the model of Weatherly, American defender in the 1962 America's Cup series.

In the glamorous history of the Cup's progress since 1851, when the yacht America snatched the pitcher-shaped trophy from England at the Cowes Regatta, one rule has held firm: scale replicas of both contenders must be given to the N.Y.Y.C. for display to illustrate the changes in hull and equipment design.

In that time, perhaps £25,000,000 has been poured into the bottomless Cup—either in its defence or in attempts to give it a change of air after such a long American residence.

Australia's was the 19th challenge and Britain is currently having a go at the 20th.

Mr. Andreas has worked directly from naval architect Alan Payne's original drawings of Gretel — the only challenger since 1934 to win a race in the classic yachting series sailed in Rhode Island Sound under N.Y.Y.C. direction.

I was lucky enough to be in Newport during "The Summer of the Twelves," and saw the build-up of excitement and the fantastic welcome the locals gave the Australian team.

If a popularity contest had been run, the Aussies would have won it hands down.

After watching Gretel then, from one of the Australian team's tenders, it was a special pleasure to see her replica shaping up so beautifully.

Once a keen "21" class skipper, blue - eyed Phil Andreas is familiar with the thrilling atmosphere of yacht racing. (He won the Perth Jubilee Cup.)

He is proud to have made the one official replica, and emphasises again and again the exactness of the labor.

"It's NOT a model yacht," he told me. "It is an exact scale replica, for all time, of the boat itself.

"I've been making models since the war—I only do boats that are Australian designed, made, and used—and this is the most demanding task so far.

"This replica will have a very critical audience in New York. Without Alan Payne's co-operation I couldn't have attempted it.

"Alan wrote me from America that he had seen the model-room and that Gretel is equal to any of the replicas there."

Mr. Andreas uses instrument makers' tools like those used to make microscopes and other complicated instruments.

About six hours of such fine work is as much as eyes and patience can bear for one day.

"As soon as the light starts to pack up I give it away and generally play three holes of golf," he said, "with a nine handicap."

Turning toward the replica, Mr. Andreas said, "She's beautiful. Gee, there's some work in it—" and he shook his head. "A man must be mad to do it!"

STARS MADE FROM HEADS OF PINS

THE Gretel replica is fitted as she would be lying alongside the dock to go out — all the rigging complete except for sails, because they don't last.

The hull is of sugar pine and all "the bits and pieces" are made of brass or wood. The brass, like the mast and the boom, is given an aluminium finish with a special mixture of lacquer and aluminium paste.

All the work was done under magnifying glasses.

There are 28 moving parts in each tiny winch.

Even the compass card and the speedometer dial are minutely marked.

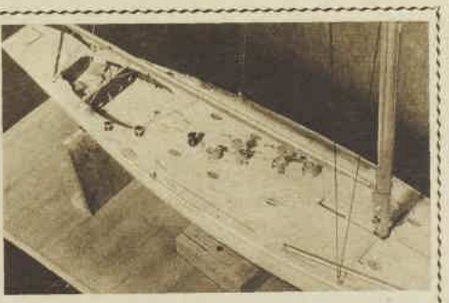
The dimensions of all the fittings have been taken from the drawings of the equipment used on the boat. The swivel blocks, for instance, really swivel.

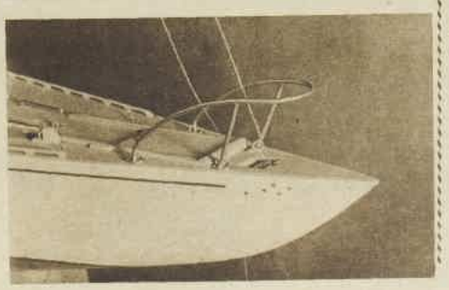
The Southern Cross stars shining from Gretel's bow are made from turned-down pinheads. The mast track is made from 1-16in. wire split in half, with a notch down the centre of the remaining 1-32in. wire.

Attention to detail went so far as using Gretel's non-slip deck paint.

"It is something I don't think will ever be done in this country again," said Mr. Andreas.

"One man can make that bit or that or that, but there are very few left that can still put the time in who still have the sight and the feeling in their fingers."





● *Mr. Andreas at work on a detail of the Gretel wheel. At right, above, the deck; the coffee-grinder winches work — they have 28 moving parts. At right, the bow with the stars of the Southern Cross.*

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ENTERPRISE IN SYDNEY

WHEN the American aircraft carrier Enterprise called at Naples in July she took on enough food for a family of four for more than 300 years.

This is only one instance of the bigness of the Big E. So much about her is the biggest in the world—1123ft., 85,350 tons, as high as a 25-storey building, carries 100 aircraft, cost £250 million, operated by 4800 men.

But she's sailing right round the world on radioactive fuel about the size of a few large grapefruit.

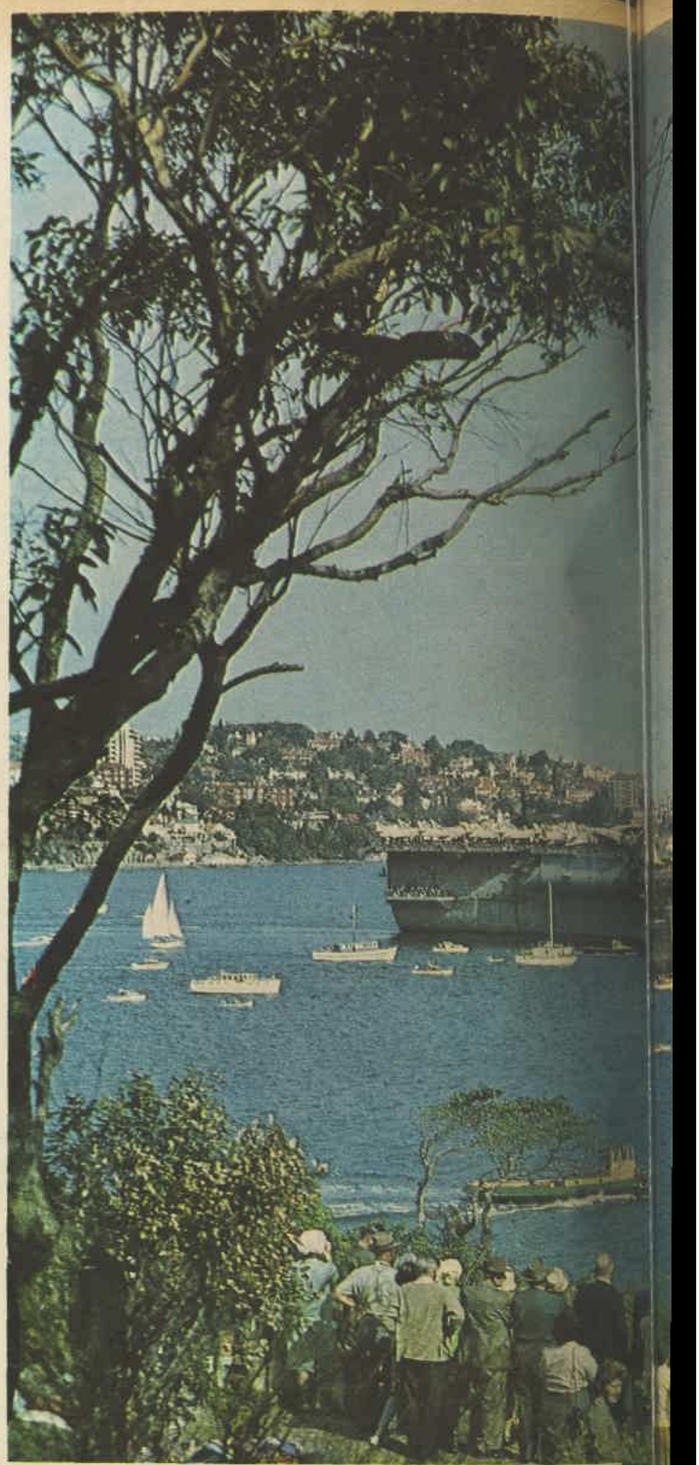
No wonder all Sydney goggled when she called in for three days and anchored out in the stream. People crowded miles of foreshore all Friday afternoon, Saturday, and Sunday, and there was the worst Sunday traffic jam ever known when Dad, Mum, and the kids, from just about everywhere, set out resolutely for the same headlands, with picnic gear in the boot.

On board the ship invited visitors were losing their way (even members of the crew have to ask directions sometimes). Ensign John Zimmerman, a Texan, showed our reporter round the vast kitchens where 2000lb. of steak is cooked as part of a day's routine, and gravy is made in a cauldron big enough to bathe in.

Instead of bolted-down furniture, the officers' wardroom has gold-and-orange-upholstered contemporary chairs and couches — all movable. But there have never been any worries about dodging a runaway table or ducking flying dishes. "Nobody on this ship ever gets seasick," Ensign Zimmerman said. "We'd have to be in a hurricane before we could feel it."

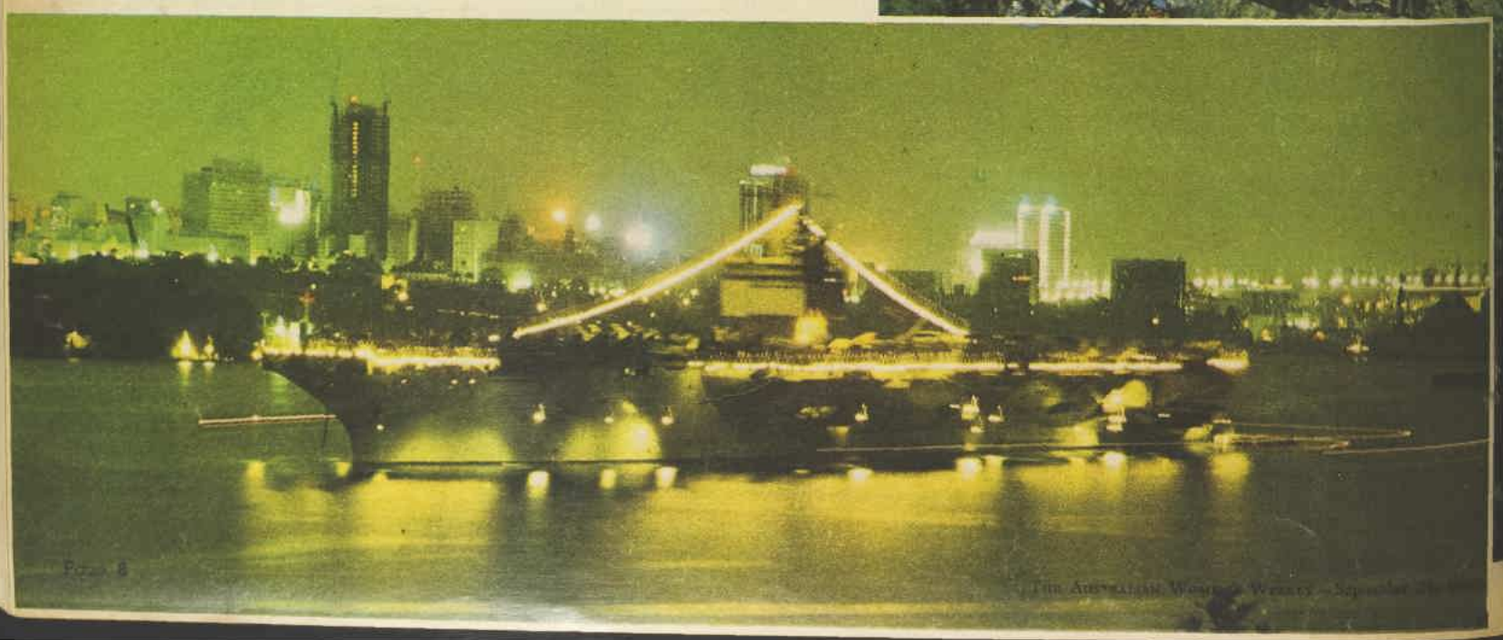
That's because the Big E is so *big*.

And because she's so big the harbor seemed empty when she left.



AT RIGHT: Enterprise sails up the Harbor ready to drop her 30-ton anchors. Crowds lined all the foreshores and more than 200 small boats greeted the carrier, although she arrived on a working day. BELOW: The carrier lit up at night. She has enough generating power for a city of 2,000,000 people (and electronic equipment with an output equal to that of 300 radio stations).

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



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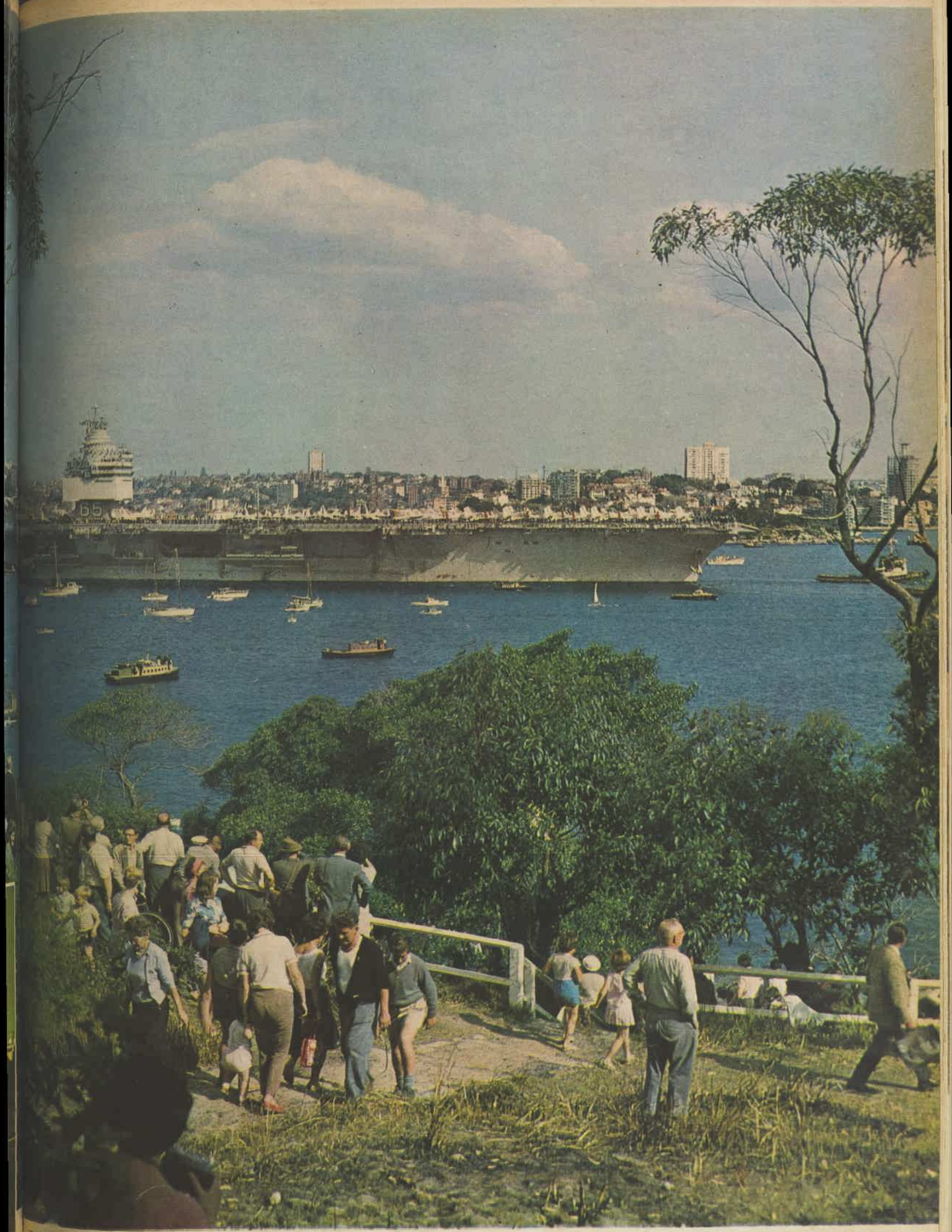

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E140

Ita Buttrose's

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

AFTER the wedding of their daughter, Diana, to Bruce Dickson at Shore College Chapel on October 10, Mr. and Mrs. Laidley Cay, of "Loomeah," Parkes, will entertain friends at a reception at Elanora Country Club.

At the moment Diana is in the middle of a gay round of pre-wedding parties in the country and she will be arriving in Sydney with her mother on October 1 for several other parties, among them a luncheon which Bruce's mother, Mrs. R. A. Dickson, will give at her Warrawee home.

Diana will have Sue Bevan, Annette Finlay, and Helen Sides as bridesmaids, and Bruce's young sister, Jane, will be flowergirl.

Bruce will be attended by John Hudson, his brother, Richard, and Diana's twin-brother, David, and when they return from their honeymoon he and Diana will make their home at Turramurra.

★ ★ ★

THE elegant dining-room of Mr. and Mrs. Brian Ettelson's recently renovated home at Woollahra will be the perfect setting for a formal sit-down dinner they will give on September 19. The house is 90 years old and the dining-room has a Georgian mahogany dining-suite offset by a striking red-and-gold color scheme. Guests-of-honor at the dinner will be two Americans, Miss Beth Brennan, who arrived from Chicago a few days ago on a month's visit, and Mr. Frank Calhune, also from Chicago, who arrives here on September 17. The Ettelsons are also planning to holiday in Melbourne at the end of the month. They'll spend a week there and will visit Mr. Ettelson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Ettelson, of Armadale.

★ ★ ★

DIARY date . . . an exhibition and sale of Bonsai at "Trelawney," the Turramurra home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilson, on September 27. A platter lunch will be served at the exhibition, which will aid the Kuring-gai Truby King Mobile Clinic.

★ ★ ★

IT'S nice to see Mrs. Roy McKerihan down in Sydney again from her home in Peak Road, Hong Kong. She's staying at Elizabeth Bay with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Roberts, after holidaying for the past week at Yamba, on the north coast, with her sister, Mrs. Frances Maxwell, and her brother, Mr. Merlyn McCallum. She'll be returning to Hong Kong later next month.

★ ★ ★

A HONEYMOON trip to Spain will follow the wedding of Deirdre Davis and Jock Scott, of Galashiels, Scotland, at Our Lady of Victories Church, Kensington, London, on September 18. Deirdre, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Davis, of Rose Bay, has been holidaying overseas for the past 14 months with her sister, Jenny, who will be bridesmaid at the ceremony. After the wedding Jenny will leave for Canada and Deirdre and Jock will flat in London until early next year, when they will leave for Sydney to make their home.

A SPECIAL feature of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mansell's new home, "Columbalo Park," Orange, will be an enormous fireplace of river stones collected from the Columbalo River, which runs through their property. They're planning to furnish the home, which is being built on colonial lines, with antique cedar, and will move in as soon as the first rooms are completed. Until then they'll stay at their present home, "The Lodge," Bowral, which was converted from stables to a mews cottage, and has been their home since their marriage two years ago.

★ ★ ★

I HEAR that Mrs. A. Winter-Irving will be returning home from Europe later this month. She has been holidaying overseas with her daughter, Celia, who is expected home just before Christmas.

★ ★ ★

DR. and Mrs. Ross Hayes have left the naming of their fourth son to his three elder brothers, Clive, Jamie, and David. At present the three of them are flat-out debating whether to call him Matthew or Mark.

★ ★ ★

THERE'LL be no last-minute Christmas rush for Mrs. John Austin this year—she's planning to buy her gifts well before December and they'll all be bought overseas. She and her husband will leave by air on October 21 for a month's visit to the United States and Canada, and while her husband is at business meetings Mrs. Austin will go shopping. They'll visit Honolulu on their way home.

★ ★ ★

PLANNING to marry next February are Judith Barrow and Peter Carter, who have just announced their engagement. Judith, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. R. Barrow, of Rose Bay, will have her twin sister, Mrs. Malcolm Brodie, of South Yarra, Melbourne, as matron-of-honor at the wedding, which will be held in Melbourne. Peter is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Carter, of Werribee, Victoria.

***IN VESTRY.** Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Campbell signing the register after their marriage at Christ Church Cathedral, Grafton. The bride was Miss Dianne Tester, daughter of Mrs. Ailsa Tester, of Grafton, and of the late Mr. Jack Tester, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Campbell, of Grafton. The bride wore a full-length gown of white satin.*

***FROM LONDON** comes this picture of Mr. George Heaven and his bride, formerly Miss Jannette Bloore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Owen J. Bloore, of Killara, after their marriage at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. C. H. Heaven, of Jamaica, West Indies, and of the late Mr. Heaven. They will live in England.*

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...ED IN MELBOURNE, Mr. David Colquhoun and his bride, formerly ...s Gay Jacob, daughter of Mrs. David Knox, of "Eurambeen ...," Beaufort, Victoria, and of the late Squadron-Leader E. H. Jacob, ...A.F.V.R., leaving St. John's Church, Toorak. The bridegroom is the ...son of Mrs. Leslie Colquhoun, of Albury, and of the late Mr. Colquhoun.

MEMBERS of the N.S.W. Dobermann Club and their dogs formed a guard of honor at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Bradbury Glencross, pictured leaving St. George's Church, Hurstville, with young attendants Richard Symes and Melinda Newman. The bride was Miss Hazel Turner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Turner, of Engadine, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Glencross, of Caringbah. Mr. Glencross and his wife are members of the Dobermann Club.

...A EVENING. Mrs. Norman Jenkyn and Mr. H. A. Curl with film star ...Lyon at the Golden Committee's premiere of "The Night of the Iguana" ...the St. James Theatre. Miss Lyon flew to Australia for the premiere, ...ich will aid the Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children.

AT RECEPTION. Mr. John Dickson, of "Bandon Grove," Dungog, and his bride, formerly Miss Noelene Hooton, chatting with bridesmaids (from left) Miss Judith Cullen, Miss Christine Knyvett, and Miss Jenny Connolly, at the Wentworth Hotel after their marriage at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse. The bride is the daughter of Mr. J. H. Hooton, of Vaucluse, and of the late Mrs. P. A. Hooton. She wore a gown of embroidered organza.

AT RIGHT: Mr. Tony Gresham and Miss Wendy Scott, who have announced their engagement. Miss Scott is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Scott, of St. Ives, and her fiance is the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Y. Gresham, of Pymble.

AMATEUR MANNEQUINS Mrs. John Furber (left) and Mrs. Dick Cobden wearing jewellery which they will model at "An Evening of Jewels," which the National Trust Women's Committee will hold at Lady Lloyd Jones' Woollahra home on September 22. Four other committee members, wearing cherry bows and carrying carnations, will also model jewellery brought here for the British Exhibition.

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Available in fractional fittings at all leading stores from only **89/11.**

The swing is to stacked heels!

RH11/144/1

INVESTMENT GUIDE

This week: Canned-fish Companies

By MARY BROKER

● It seems a long time since I touched on anything in the food line, and I thought today might be a good opportunity to return to the subject.

ALL my regular readers know my thoughts on food stocks, but for new readers here they are again briefly.

Food, the economists say, is basically a "defensive" industry. This may sound technical, but is really very simple.

All it means is that no matter what people earn, a fairly constant proportion of income is spent on essentials, and the most essential essential is food.

Therefore, in any country, the proportionate amount spent on food will not vary much from year to year.

Millions more to feed

But in a country like Australia, where the Government is making an all-out effort to increase population —by the early 1970s population will be more than 14,000,000—the food industry, as well as being a "defensive" industry, is also an outstanding medium for growth.

I mean by this that profits earned by companies within the industry should show a steady and pleasing increase.

The stocks I have selected today are both engaged in the importing and distributing of canned fish, such as salmon, tuna, and crab.

I want to make a special point here to those who will argue that items like these are outside the range of the average budget.

The recent increase in the basic wage has, of course, added a little more to the average consumer's expenditure, but the main thing I think, in favor of canned food, is the growth of the supermarket.

You know as well as I do that a walk round the supermarket tempts you to buy many things you had no intention of buying, and I think canned fish is one of these.

Quite apart from the convenience factor, the stacks of tins are very inviting, and I don't know of many Australians who are not fond of these so-called delicacies.

So Mrs. Smith — or Jones, or Brown — stretches the budget a little — and what appears on the family table but a steaming, easily prepared tuna pie!

Profit up like a skyrocket

One company which brings out a cheaper range is Seakist Foods Ltd., who have just announced an excellent result for the 1964 year.

Net profit jumped by an astronomical 74.7% to £29,000, giving an earning rate of 26.7%.

The company imports salmon from Japan, Canada and the United States, under several trade names, including Ally and Seakist.

Sardines from Norway are also distributed under the Seakist name, and a large range of sea-food specialties such as Lancer smoked oysters and smoked salmon, crabmeat, and frozen prawns and fish, is among the company's products.

The 5/- shares could have been picked up at bargain-basement prices of around 7/- late last year, but have now shot up to 13/6.

This illustrates my recent advice on picking up shares in newly listed companies.

Seakist was listed only in May, 1963, and after a fairly good result that was not quite up to expectations the market became disappointed in the stock.

Now, of course, it is a different story, but I feel the shares are still worth buying.

One hundred would cost you only about £69, and from the 10% dividend you would get £2/10/- a year — a reasonable yield of 3.6%.

A favorite from way back

The second company, Captain Products Ltd., has been a stock-market favorite from way back, and although a bonus could easily enough be made, shares are, I think, strictly of the "old oak chest" variety.

Captain, as you will have guessed, is a distributor of Captain brand salmon, crabmeat, etc., which are handled by Downs Distributing Company Pty. Ltd., the principal subsidiary.

In recent years the company has also boosted its profits by placing large sums on deposit and receiving interest.

Earnings over the past two years have improved out of sight, due to a new marketing arrangement with Japanese suppliers, and last year (1963) Captain Products earned 28.1% on ordinary capital.

Results for 1964 are due fairly soon, and should bring even more market interest to the stock.

The 20/- shares are now selling at around 72/6, which is fairly, but not excessively, expensive.

One hundred would cost about £368, and if dividend is held at 8% you will get £8 per year.

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Baking Queen wins big trip

Cruise for two, plus £500

By MARGARET BERKELEY

● "I feel like a bit of jelly that's just not going to set," said Mrs. Wendy Irwin on hearing she had been chosen Baking Queen of 1964 in a national bake-off.

● Mrs. K. G. Irwin, of Burnie, Tasmania, was overcome at her win. Left is Mrs. M. Miranda, Queensland finalist; right, Mrs. B. Mitchell, W.A., State finalist.

STATE FINALISTS in the fourth National Bake-off Contest (from left), Mrs. B. Mitchell (W.A.), Mrs. J. Wilkinson (S.A.), Mrs. K. G. Irwin (Tas.), Mrs. M. Miranda (Qld.), Mrs. F. Rodriquez (Vic.), and Mrs. J. Bradbury (N.S.W.), competing at the Southern Cross Hotel, Melbourne.

IN the National Baking Quest, Mrs. Irwin won a luxury 45-day cruise for two to Japan and the Orient, plus £500.

The cruise is timed to coincide with the holding of the Olympic Games in Tokyo in October.

Mrs. Irwin, who won the Tasmanian bake-off, won the title with her Golden Treasure Pie, which was just as good as it looked.

A tall (she's 5ft. 10in.), willowy blonde of 25, Mrs. Irwin was completely shattered at first by her win. She laughed and cried and hid her face.

She soon recovered her composure, however, and made a very lovely Baking Queen as she received enthusiastic congratulations.

As soon as the first excitement was over Mrs. Irwin rushed to a telephone to ring her husband in Burnie, Tasmania.

"He kept telling me not to think I was going to win," she said. "He'll be so thrilled."

Mr. Kenneth Gordon Irwin is an industrial chemist in charge of a subsidiary of Associated Pulp and Paper Mills in Burnie.

He stayed home with their two small boys, Peter, who's three, and ten-month-old Craig.

"My husband is due for long-service leave," Mrs. Irwin said.

"We love travelling and were going to spend his leave touring round Australia, but now this wonderful thing has happened."

It will be their first big holiday together since they married four and a half years ago, for up till now holidays have meant occasional camping trips.

Some close friends in Burnie will make it possible for the couple to take the trip to the East.

Mrs. B. McQuitty, who was herself one of the two Tasmanian finalists in the first year of the National Baking Quest, will be looking after Craig.

Mrs. P. Cuming, the Irwins' next-door neighbor, will take care of Peter.

Mrs. Irwin found thinking about the trip and the Olympic Games almost too much to take in.

"Even now I still can't get used to the idea that I have a car," she said. (All State winners in the bake-off received a car as their prize.)

Mrs. Irwin was born in England, near Liverpool, and came to Australia when she was nine.

Because she is so tall and attractive, the rumor went round at the bake-off that she was a former Miss Tasmania.

"No, I was never a Miss Tasmania," she said.

"I was an entrant in the Miss Australia quest when I was 18."

The finals of the national bake-off were held in the ballroom at Melbourne's Southern Cross Hotel.

The judges were unanimous in choosing Mrs. Irwin.

They were Marville Margarine's home economist Mrs. Midge Kalnin; Mrs. Jean Forward, of the Gas and Fuel Corp.; Miss Una Clarkson, of the Sydney County Council; Mrs. I. Kerr, Brisbane Royal Show judge; Miss P. Bamford, "Mother's Choice" home economist; Mrs. L. Newman, of the South Australian Gas Company; and Mrs. Ellen Sinclair, head of The Australian Women's Weekly Leila Howard Test Kitchen.

With its mixed flavors of apricot, pumpkin, ginger, and almonds, Mrs. Irwin's Golden Treasure Pie finds favor with her husband even though, she says, he would rather eat savory foods as a rule.

"It has a tang to it and I think that's why he likes it," she said.

At the bake-off also were two previous Baking Queens, Mrs. Marjorie Ponder, who won the title in 1961, and Mrs. Ken Tubman, last year's winner, who presented the winner's sash this year to Mrs. Irwin.

Mrs. Irwin will be the fourth woman in Australia to wear the Baking Queen brooch, a diamente replica of the crown which was placed on her head.

Other State finalists were: Mrs. J. Bradbury (N.S.W.), Mrs. J. Wilkinson (South Australia), Mrs. B. Mitchell (Western Australia), Mrs. M. Miranda (Queensland), and Mrs. F. Rodriquez (Victoria).

Artist's studio among aborigines

DESIGNER'S LECTURES

THE Hon. John Siddeley, Britain's leading interior decorator - designer, arrives with his wife this month for a lecture tour.

The tour is sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with David Jones Ltd.

Mr. Siddeley will give two lectures daily.

Here are the details: SYDNEY LECTURES: October 19-23 inclusive. "Living for Comfort, 1964" at 11 a.m., "Art and Architecture, in terms of interior design from then until now" at 2.45 p.m., Sixth Floor, Market Street store, David Jones Ltd. Tickets 10/-. Available from September 21 at Booking Office, Ground Floor, David Jones Ltd., Market Street.

● Australian artist James Wigley is living among the people he likes most to paint — Australian aborigines of the north-west.

HE works with the natives on community projects on an aboriginal co-operative founded by his friend Don McLeod at Range Station, 18 miles inland from Roebourne, Western Australia.

At Range Station he has a studio where he paints and sketches, but he plans to finish most of them when he returns to Melbourne at the end of the year to prepare for an exhibition at the Australian Galleries.

ARTIST JAMES WIGLEY

A typical Wigley painting, "Government Reserve, Roebourne, Northern W.A.," is reproduced in color on pages 32 and 33 in this issue.

The painting is the last of a series of seven new landscapes, typical of present-day Australian art, specially commissioned for the Viscount Collection by Godfrey Phillips International Pty. Ltd.

The collection is being shown in every Australian capital city, and possibly in leading country centres.

Each painting has been reproduced in double-spread display in The Australian Women's Weekly.

Godfrey Phillips is making available good-quality reproduction prints, suitable for framing. On page 32 are instructions for obtaining the prints.

James Wigley was born in Adelaide in 1918 and his early art training was at the Adelaide School of Fine Art.

He had his first one-man exhibition in Adelaide when he was 17.

Hans Heysen, the great Australian landscapist, was the first artist to recognise his talent and encourage the young painter. He organised this first Wigley exhibition.

Since then Wigley has exhibited in Paris, Geneva, Moscow, and Prague.

Wigley served in the Army during World War II and then returned to art school under the Armed Forces Rehabilitation Scheme. Later he studied at Julian's Academy and under Leger in Paris until 1948, when he went to London to study and work.

Before his first trip to the north with Professor Elkin's anthropological expedition in 1942, his main subjects were people from industrial areas and suburban districts, though he has always shown a leaning toward the "lonely figure" — cattlemen, drovers, canecutters.

Even in his early paintings his vision of people tended to be aboriginal, and his early subjects have a definite native appearance.

Occasionally there is a glimpse of classical or religious intent in his work.

James Wigley lived and worked among the aborigines for the first time in 1957, when he was in Port Hedland, W.A., for nearly two years.

Many of his sketches and drawings from this expedition are done on brown paper because his painting materials, which were sent on ahead of the party, never arrived.

Wigley and his wife, Eugenie (or Janie), have two children, Jasmine, 2, and Christabel, 1.

They left Melbourne last July with the two babies and drove north to Queensland in a four-wheel-drive vehicle and a caravan.

Wigley found that the lush greens of tropical Queensland were not for him, and they moved westward across country into Western Australia.

His wife says that once they nearly turned back, but the thought of defeat was harder to bear than the unknown country ahead.

Wigley also has a son, Julian, by his first marriage, who is studying architecture at Melbourne University.

Other paintings in the Viscount Collection are: "Wimmera Landscape," by Arthur Boyd; "Ceremony at the Rockface," by Russell Drysdale; "Burke" (of the Burke and Wills Expedition), by Sidney Nolan; "Summer in the You Beaut Country," by John Olsen; "You-Yang Pond," by Fred Williams; and "Gippsland Explorer," by Albert Tucker.

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SEEING PATTY DOUBLE

Television

THE LANE FAMILY, of "The Patty Duke Show." Back: Jean Byron as Mrs. Natalie Lane, William Schallert as Martin Lane, Patty's father. Front: Patty herself as Patty Lane their daughter, and Paul O'Keefe as son Ross.

AT RIGHT: Patty as herself in "The Patty Duke Show," which may be seen on TCN9, Sydney, and QTQ9, Brisbane, Thursdays at 7 p.m.; in Adelaide on NWS9, 7 p.m. Saturdays; in Melbourne on ATV0, Mondays, 7.30 p.m.

● Don't be fooled when you watch winsome Patty Duke playing her starring role in "The Patty Duke Show" and co-starring with herself as her cousin Cathy, making the whole performance look as easy as falling off a log.

IT isn't easy. Her performance is the product of very hard work and a dedication to acting that is frightening in a 16-year-old girl.

Illustrating it is the story of her recent emergency trip to the dentist just before recording a show. Patty had one of those sly, hidden cavities that meant deep drilling.

Aware that she wouldn't look so good or sing so good with a jaw numbed with pain-killing anaesthetic, Patty waved off the needle and took the drill straight.

People close to Patty suggest that her dedication comes from two sources—a harsh early childhood and a constant drilling in the graces that give poise and help the craft of acting.

Patty was born in New York. Her father, a taxi driver, separated from her mother when Patty was six, leaving Mrs. Frances Duke, a delicate woman who worked as a cashier in a restaurant, to bring up the three children.

Her brother, Ray, now a soldier in Germany, at that time a budding TV actor, was "managed" by John Ross and his wife, Ethel. He took Patty to their home when she was eight, and from that moment Patty became their charge.

They launched her on a programme that made her the actress she is today. The Rosses have very strict rules. One is that the children they manage never read reviews or see the shows they star in.

For that reason, viewers in Australia have one pleasurable privilege Patty hasn't—they can watch "The Patty Duke Show," which Patty herself has never seen.

—*Nan Musgrove*

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FIRST LOOK AT COLOR TV

Television

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Australian televiewers will be able to have their first look at color television in a special closed circuit TV studio at the British Exhibition at the Sydney Showground from September 25 to October 10.

THEY will see themselves in color, Guardsmen and Gurkhas in their colorful uniforms, well-known personalities visiting the exhibition, and a B.B.C. film in a demonstration of color TV.

One of the things to be telecast is a great bowl of mixed spring flowers, which will give viewers an excellent idea of the reality and trueness of the TV color.

Viewers will not only see color TV, but they will meet, in person, B.B.C.'s Erica Houen.

Erica, an Australian girl who originally came from Hay, N.S.W., became well known on Australian TV when she stood in for sloe-eyed Noelene Pritchard of "This Week in Britain" while Noelene had her baby.

Erica, back after ten years in England, is excited at the prospect of the British Exhibition, not at all daunted by the thought of crowds.

"You learn to ignore the people on the outskirts and concentrate on the people near you," she told me.

Erica has no special interviewing recipe.

"If you know in advance whom you will interview, as you always did in 'This Week in Britain,'" she said, "it is quite simple, but interviewing people at random is another thing.

ERICA HOUEN

"It is really like talking to someone you don't know very well in your own home.

"The first thing to do is to put them at ease, then find out quickly what interests them.

"It will be different from 'This Week in Britain,' a scripted show where we girls were very carefully directed, very firmly guided."

Erica will be busy from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m., although, because of the intensity of light and the heat, she will never be on camera continuously for more than an hour.

Transmission of color TV demands three times more light than black and white.

It also demands what is described as "more critical" pale make-up.

"You cannot wear colored eye make-up, red lipstick, or any make-up with any red in it," Erica said.

Programming of the color demonstration will be done rather off-the-cuff for the first few days of the exhibition, says Mr. Donald Trounson, of the British Information Service.

"The type of programmes we use depends largely on the density of the crowd moving through the studio," he said. "If the crowds are enormous no programme lasting more than two minutes will be shown."

All the programmes may be seen from glass window bays outside the actual pavilion as well as from inside the 30ft. x 40ft. studio.

The sad thing about it is that it is only a demonstration — it brings color TV no closer to local viewers, who, experts say, will wait at least another seven years.

Perhaps it is as well color TV is not here except in demonstrations, for it is very expensive.

The cheapest color sets available so far average about three times the price of black and white TV. If your black and white set cost £200, for instance, a similar standard in a color set would set you back £600.

★ ★ ★

"IMPACT," ABC-TV's new potted ten-minute interviews with celebrities, was a disappointment to me. It is neither interview nor parlor game, but it is more parlor game than anything else — and an inconclusive one.

I have seen three — Sheila Scotter, the editor of Australian "Vogue," was the victim in one, while Hans Richter-Haaser, German pianist, and Rose Lindsay, wife of Norman Lindsay, were the others.

"Impact" is queer. The interviewer, Miss Anne Deveson, who also devised the programme, hurls words at her victim and I suppose expects interesting answers.

Perhaps she finds the answers interesting. I think the very mode of the programme invites smarty-pants answers.

She may, for instance, toss the word "marmalade" at her subject. Depending on your reaction, you may, for instance, say "breakfast," "cat," or "sticky," or you may launch into a dissertation on growing citrus fruit.

I have heard of psycho-analytical tests that are conducted this way, which make revelations to the analyst.

"Impact" doesn't do this for viewers.

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COUNTRY INQUIRIES WELCOME

King-sized star

BIG JIM REDIGO (Richard Egan to you) is back on the screen on TCN9 this week in a revamped edition of "Empire," now called "Redigo."

This is good news for Western fans, for "Redigo" brings the Western out of the 1890s and into the 1960s — Redigo favors jeeps and helicopters more than the horse.

RICHARD EGAN as Redigo.

"Redigo" isn't the big spread that "Empire" was — the action takes place on Redigo's own property; he's an owner this time, not a manager.

But although "Redigo" is on a smaller scale than "Empire," Richard Egan is still the same king-sized star.

Egan was a college athlete who taught judo in the Army. His vital statistics are heavily impressive. He is 6ft. tall, weighs 14st. 7lb., has a 17in. neck, an 18in. arm, and a 48in. chest.

His waistline measurement is not revealed, but it's inclined to bulge with muscle.

Egan's size and strength stood him in good stead in "Empire." You may remember the time he lifted a 150lb. calf out of the way, and another when he carried actor Ed Begley, who weighs 15st., across a stretch of land slippery with oil.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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DID YOU KNOW?

● If Eliza Doolittle could be made a lady, could "Gunsmoke's" Chester (Dennis Weaver) be transformed into a gentleman?

"Gunsmoke's" Chester (Dennis Weaver).

THE producers of the new comedy series "Kentucky Jones," in which Weaver stars, are gambling that he can.

For the new role the former game-legged, not-so-bright Chester must become a country gentleman-type, a former horse-trainer turned veterinarian, with his own 40-acre horse ranch.

Whenever the new show's producer, Buzz Kulik, hears Weaver slipping even slightly into his Chester twang he yells: "You're doing it again!"

The first thing Kulik did was to take Weaver to a barber — not just any old barber, but Jay Sebring, hair stylist to Frank Sinatra and Marlon Brando.

"The new haircut has changed the whole structure of Dennis' face. I hardly recognised him," said Kulik.

Next stop was at a leading Beverly Hills tailor who was somewhat perturbed when he saw Weaver amble through his door.

"I don't stock blue jeans here," the tailor said.

★ ★ ★

IN the past six months the number of TV sets in use around the world increased by more than eight million, bringing the total to almost 150.5 million. According to U.S. estimates, only two years ago North America had more sets than the rest of the world combined. This is no longer the case.

★ ★ ★

THE announcement that George Burns will sing in his new series, "Wendy and Me," is not likely to cause a rush of defections from The Beatles or Frank Sinatra. In fact, it may set music back 50 years. George hopes it will, because his favorite tunes are those from the days of vaudeville — like "Sprinkle Me With Kisses If You Want My Love to Grow," "I'll Be Waiting For You, Bill, When You Come Back From San Juan Hill," or "Lovey Joe, That Ever Lovin' Man." In the new show with Connie Francis, George buys an apartment building because landlords had refused to allow him to sing.

Television

★ ★ ★

FOUR of Sweden's most prominent citizens will be seen on the special "Inger Stevens in Sweden," to be filmed there this month. The attractive star of "The Farmer's Daughter" is scheduled to meet King Gustav, Queen Louise, film director Ingmar Bergman, and former world heavyweight champion Ingemar Johansson.

★ ★ ★

ITALIAN glamor queen Sophia Loren will introduce a specially composed song, "The Secrets of Rome," when she makes her TV singing debut in the programme "Sophia Loren in Rome." Plans are being made to release an album including the song at the time of the show's U.S. release in November.

Tommy Hanlon's

Thought for the week

Momma once said: "Life hasn't been the same since money was invented. Everything seems to be based on how much money she or he has. It comes up in every conversation. Like, 'I hear she or he married a very wealthy person.' Or ('How long after the funeral have you heard this?'): 'I hear he left her very well off.' Or 'Do you like this dress? Do you know how much it cost me?' Everyone is trying to get rich." So if you fall into this category (and doesn't every one?) . . . Read Momma's moral. I think she has the answer.

Momma's moral . . . Getting rich is not so difficult. First learn how to make money faster than you can spend it. From there on it's quite easy . . .

Think Young, Think Osti!

New! Osti's Swallow-tail Half-slip in Satin Star nylon. Its swallow-shaped seaming sits snug and smooth as a skirt!

Osti

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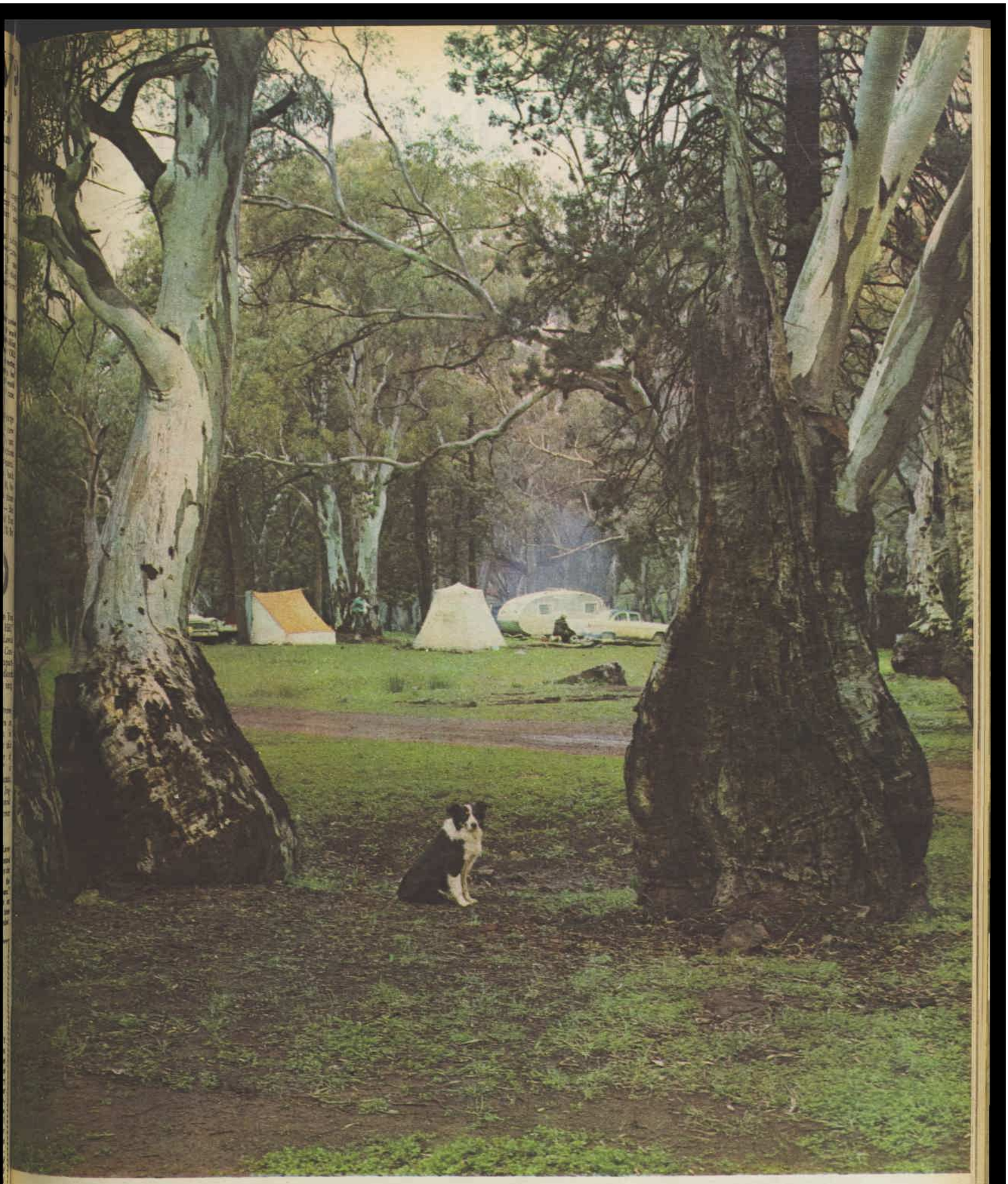

BESIDE THE CREEK

● *Ancient red gums line the banks of Wilpena Creek where it breaks out of Wilpena Pound, the strange ring of mountains in the heart of the Flinders Ranges, about 250 miles north of Adelaide. Visitors make the caravan park and nearby chalet their base for walks in the Pound and up 4000ft. St. Mary Peak, where they marvel at the views across range and plain.*

Picture by Douglass Baglin, St. Leonards, N.S.W.

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

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A FOUR-PAGE FEATURE

PARIS IS CRAZY ABOUT PINHEAD HAIRCUTS

PARTY version of the cropped head (left) by Carita brushes the fringe into a point between the eyebrows. Note the red sensuous mouth, now returned to favor.

SLIGHTLY less austere, this Alexandre pinhead style for Dior hooks hair behind ears, has a long, chewed-off fringe. For dressy wear, fringe goes to one side.

ULTIMATE in pinhead hairstyling (left), designed for Dior by Alexandre, is not for everyone, but perfect with the new hat shapes.

SOFTER version of Alexandre's basic style, with blond hair brushed straight back, curled forward behind ears, and cut straight across back.

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The biggest fashion story to come out of Paris this season is the small head. Managed with a barber-shop haircut and close-fitting helmets, and allied with the ultra-narrow shoulder-line, it gives new proportions to the silhouette.

From MARCELLE POIRIER, in Paris

THE pinhead hairstyles have swept Paris like a forest fire. Every designer, including Coco Chanel, who for the ten years since she reopened her salon has insisted on a curly fringe and fluffy styles covering the ears, has succumbed to the small-head look.

It is the first time that the two major hairstylists, Alexandre and Carita, have come up with the almost identical styles and have done the same styles for all the couturiers with whom they work.

It is unprecedented that Dior, Givenchy, Saint-Laurent, Heim, Laroche, for whom Alexandre styles hair, should be all showing the same basic style, while Lanvin, Cardin, Patou, Ferreras, some of Carita's clients, show exactly the same look.

Hair for the new styling is cut in lengths ranging from two to ten inches. The nape is shingled to a duck's-tail point with a razor or cut straight across the full thickness.

The pinheads are either ultra-sleek with or without a fringe, or slightly more fluffy and less boyish, with the hair brushed softly across the forehead and allowed to fall in a comma point at one side.

Bohan has chosen the sleekest style for some of the Dior mannequins. The hair is brushed straight back like a boy's in a modern version of the Eton crop, the sides flattened to cross over at the back.

For the others Bohan prefers the same style with a donkey fringe.

CHANEL fringe (right) is straight and long this year, with the rest of the hair swept back from the ears and shingled. Her equally famous black bow moves up from the nape to the crown.

Continued overleaf

PINHEAD ADAPTATIONS FOR EVENING

PROFILE view (above) shows hair cut into the nape and tucked well behind the ear. Heavy side of hair (right) is let fall forward in a smooth curtain.

A HANDSOME, tawny model (left and below) shows full-face and in profile, a fetching adaptation of the basic pinhead cut for evening, chosen by Heim of Paris.

BIG puffy chignon added to boy's haircut, styled by Carita of Paris and chosen by Crahay of Lanvin to go with full-skirted ballgowns.

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—BUT NEW YORK

BANGS frame the face, and medium-length hair brushes into a sleek chignon in this Elizabeth Arden design. A hairpiece crowns the head with a velvet bow placed just in front as a final decoration.

SPANISH influence (left) in off-to-one-side, flared hairdo by Charles of the Ritz. Soft sprinkling of bangs parts casually down the centre.

COOL, sleek effect in a small-head hairdo that sweeps out over one cheek. Back hair is layered and side-brushed. (Elizabeth Arden.)

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GOES FOR SOFT, FEMININE LINES

SHORT HAIR goes high fashion in this coiffure by Richard of Helena Rubinstein, with sleeked-back crown and sides. Wispy bangs brush forward on brow and cheeks.

SIMPLE sleekness on crown contrasts with big, loose curls swinging soft and full at the back of a style by Richard of Helena Rubinstein. Parted bangs complete the picture.

PRETTY PARIS HEADS

Four coiffures show how Paris pretties up pinhead shapes for day and evening.

SMOOTH lines for day (left), but still with the small-head look. Styled by Andre, Elizabeth Arden Salon, Paris.

BANDED with wide brocade ribbon (right), this evening version of the coiffure pictured above has loads of charm, is still close and small in shape.

SOFT out-curled style that skims the head, frames the face (left) is a Carita design for a Lanvin model whose features are heavy for closely shorn locks.

SWIRL of ostrich-feather snood on the back of the head (right) is a chic and glamorous pinhead variation that's widely popular.

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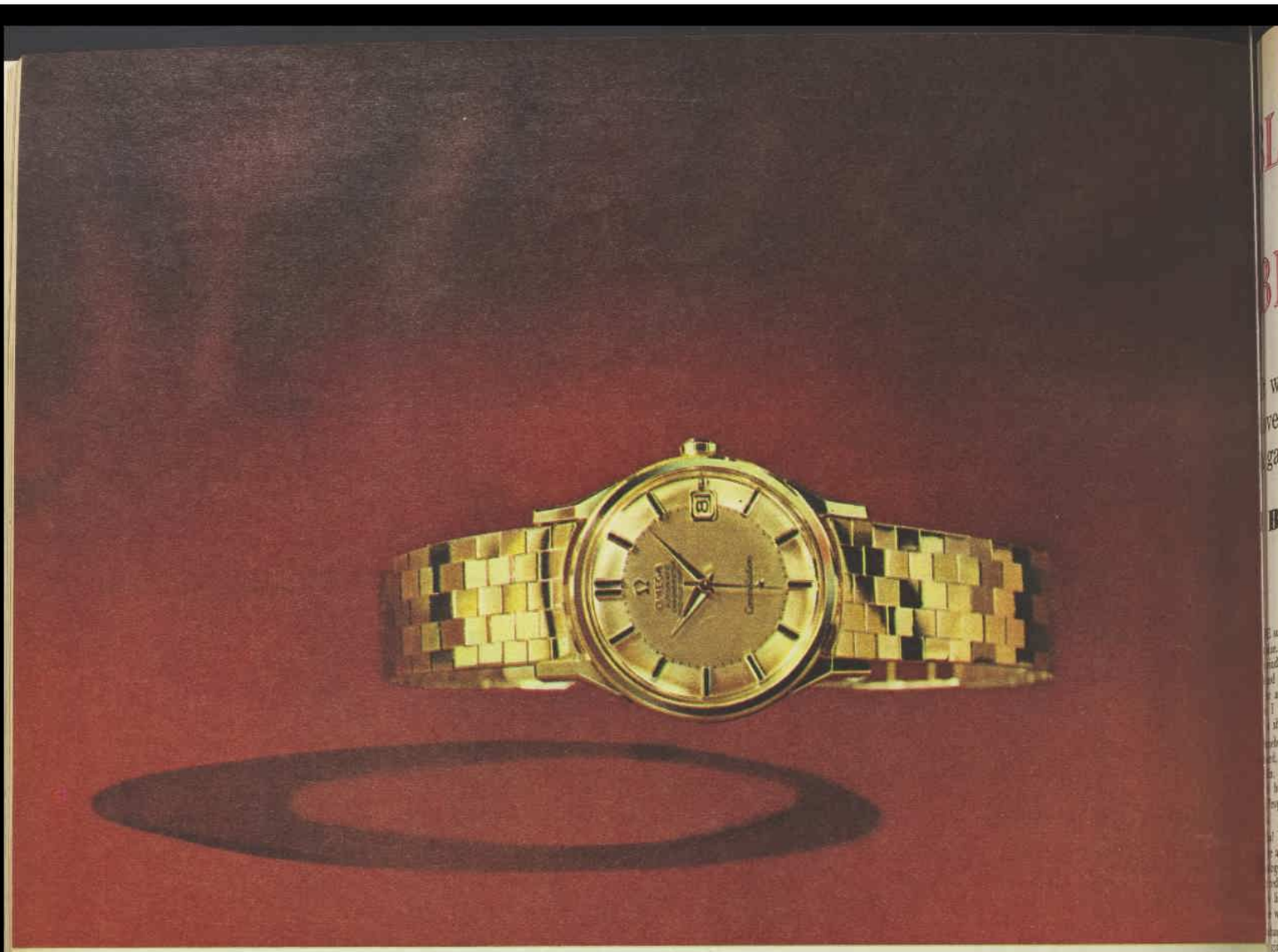

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BLUE EYES AND A BIRDCAGE

It was definitely a case of love at first sight . . . a gay, romantic short story

By ROY LENNOX

ILLUSTRATED BY ASTRA

THE sun was shining outside. I was in the shop, feeling blue. All alone. The occasional face peered at the window display and then vanished. I prowled up and down like a caged animal. Shut up shop and go for a swim? No, impossible. A customer might call when I was gone. Who would buy antiques when the sun is shining?

Somebody might. I stopped prowling and picked up a sword, a Victorian officer's weapon, made by Wilkinson—18in. etched blade, pierced steel hilt, blade slightly pitted but otherwise in excellent condition. Any offers? No. People passed by in the street with the sun on their faces.

Aha! Forward, lads, for Queen and country! I led the charge against the turbaned horde. Cut, thrust, parry. Die, you dogs! Soon the blade of my sword (slightly pitted) was red with the blood of the enemy. The Englishman fights like ten thousand devils! Soon it was done, the battle won. The Khyber Pass is ours.

Exhausted, I paused. There was a face at the window—a girl's face. She was looking at me with a slightly amused expression. I turned away, swished the sword nonchalantly a couple of times and put it back in its place. When I sneaked another glance at the window, she was still there. This time she wasn't looking at me, so I took the opportunity to get a better view.

A fine example of twentieth-century womanhood. Eighteen to twenty years old, fair hair—obviously genuine; blue eyes, bodywork in perfect condition, average height.

But it was hard work looking at her and trying to be amusing for my own benefit. Because she was truly lovely and out there in the sunshine, and I was in the shadows among the relics of past glories. If only she would come in and buy something. Or make an inquiry.

She was gazing at something in the window with great interest. Her eyes held a far-away expression. Then she looked at me again (somewhat doubtfully, I thought) and began to move on.

I turned and gave a suit of fifteenth-century armor a good kick in the shins, which took the cynical grin off its face. In fact, it almost took it off its stand. I had to grab it quickly to stop the whole thing crashing down.

The shop doorbell rang. I didn't dare look round in case it was someone else, so I waltzed busily into a corner with the suit of armor. The helmet came off and landed with a sound like fourteen dustbin-lids. I calmly stood the armor in the corner.

Whoever was in the shop was keeping mighty quiet. Perhaps it wasn't her. I retrieved the helmet, still not looking in the direction of the door, and plonked it back on top of the armor. My customer still didn't speak.

All right, I thought, you win. Go on, disappoint me! I turned. She stood there, and for a moment I thought she had brought the sunshine in with her. There was no smile on her face but her eyes appeared to be laughing. Either that or she had diamonds set in them, which seemed unlikely or at least uncomfortable.

"Good afternoon," I said. "Can I help you?"

"Yes," she said. She had a soft voice like distant bells. "I was wondering how much . . ."

To page 72

Margaret gazed at the birdcage in the window of the antique shop.

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The triumphal occasion was marked by celebration and rejoicing . . . a short story

DECORATIONS WILL BE WORN

By BLANCHE BEAUMONT

MAJOR COLQUHOUN and his wife carefully studied their surroundings, and smiled. Hotel Splendido. It was a cheerful boast, that title, but coming from an England gripped by ice and numbed by something called "austerity," it was paradise.

The garden, especially, was an Eden, with its stunning shock of color, of light, and cool caverns of shade. And the gardener's boy, with his watering-can, bowing gravely to them.

"What beautiful manners they have."

"Charming people, charming. Pity that monster Valdez got the upper hand. Now the other fellow—what was his name—Matthew, something like that: sound chap, liberal views, great following, would've done very well."

"What happened?"

She was only vaguely acquainted with the island's turbulent history, being more concerned with its legendary beauty.

"The attempt failed. Mistiming. Got captured and shot. Timing, that's the essence of these things."

She presented to him her attentive listening face as he went off into a discourse she had heard many times before. She was spared the full treatment by the arrival of a character who looked like a mountain brigand but who turned out to be the proprietor.

"I am Pepe," he announced. "This is my hotel. Yours also, while you are here. Anything you want, you say. If not got, I say." He grinned enormously. "Hey, Antonio!"

The handsome youth with the watering-can moved with great grace and dignity to stand before them.

"I give you special duty. Every day, for this lady, you make a nosebag."

After a moment's speculation, Mrs. Colquhoun said gently, "I think you mean nosegay, don't you?"

To page 75

Pepe presented the champagne to Edna and Ernest.

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Bakeo PASTRY MIX & CANNED APRICOTS

Here's another luscious dessert starring Bakeo Pastry Mix teamed with canned apricots. Try it soon!

APRICOT CHIFFON PIE Make and bake a pie shell to directions on Bakeo pack. Cool. **APRICOT CHIFFON FILLING:** Ingredients: Small can apricots; ½ package Apricot Jelly (Note: Lemon or Orange Jelly may be substituted for Apricot); 2 egg whites; 1 ounce (2 tablespoons) sugar. Method: Drain apricots and reserve syrup. Heat one cup of the syrup to boiling, add jelly crystals and stir until dissolved. Chill. Beat sugar and egg whites together until stiff. As the jelly starts to firm, beat until fluffy and fold in beaten egg whites. Pour into baked pie shell and chill. When firm, decorate the top with apricot halves.

ACF48

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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

AT the turn of the century, CONOR CARROLL and his wife, GRACE, lived in a small Scottish village with their son, LAURENCE. Soon after Laurie had started at the local school under MR. ROGER, nicknamed PIN by the children, Conor had left his job as a flour salesman and opened an agency for a Dutch firm selling yeast.

A rare visit from TERENCE CARROLL, an older, worldly cousin of Laurie's, has explained to him why his parents lack ordinary family ties. Grace had been rejected by her Presbyterian family after marrying Conor, an Irish Catholic. The village people have for the same reason treated them almost as outcasts. But when Pin asks Grace to play the piano at a concert she happily agrees to do so. The day after this successful event the family are out walking when Conor is seized with a severe coughing attack and is unable to hide the fact that he is ill.

Soon the family move to Ardfillan, where they take a flat above a retired schoolmistress, MISS GREVILLE, who becomes fond of Laurie and helps him further his studies beyond the curriculum given at St. Mary's church school which he attends in the poorer area of town.

Conor goes to two doctors and it is confirmed he has tuberculosis. Instead of entering a sanatorium at once he continues to work, but has a sudden bad haemorrhage, and Laurie is sent to his UNCLE SIMON, parish priest at Port Cregan, across the bay from Ardfillan.

Simon's housekeeper, MISS O'RIORDAN, helps to look after Laurie, but they soon learn Conor has died. Laurie accompanies his mother to Lockbridge, where Conor is to be buried, and meets his uncles BERNARD and LEO for the first time, as well as NORA, Terence's sister. After the funeral Bernard asks Grace how she will manage. NOW READ ON:

"Haven't I seen you before?" the cook asked Laurie as the boys had their drinks.

MOTHER answered quietly. "Almost everything we had went into Conor's business. And to very good purpose. He had paid off every penny he owed, both to Hagemann and the bank. He was his own master."

Uncle Leo, who had so far said nothing, had a strange way of not looking directly at anyone. Now his gaze travelled well over Mother's head as he asked despondently: "Was he insured?"

"No. I believe he tried eventually but was refused a policy."

"What exactly is in the bank?" Leo persisted, still viewing the ceiling.

"A matter of two hundred pounds." Mother flushed as she answered. "And of course there's the doctor's bill and the funeral expenses."

Bernard raised a restraining, benevolent hand.

"Not a word more about that, dear. As I told you before, I'll take care of the funeral, every penny of it. And we'll throw in the doctor's bill as well."

"Even if that's done, two hundred won't take you far," Leo said gloomily. "In my opinion the first thing you'll have to do is sell some of your furniture and get out of that big expensive flat."

"I have already arranged to do so."

I wanted to cheer Mother for that calm, composed answer, and such was my elevated state I would probably have done so had not Leo immediately resumed.

"Next you must try to sell the agency."

Mother shook her head.

"No."

"Why not? It must be worth something . . . if we can find a buyer. Even if the U.D.L. have cooled off they'll make some sort of offer."

"I don't want a buyer."

I reached under the table and found her hand. It was cold and trembling slightly. But she went on firmly: "Conor made the business. It was all his idea, and a wonderful one, too. Apart from my loyalty to him I'm not going to see it thrown away. It's essentially single-handed work. I believe I can do it. And I'm going to try. I'm going to carry on the agency."

There was a silence, then Bernard thumped the table enthusiastically with his fist.

"And you'll do it, too. You'll have sympathy on your side. You'll get orders for that alone, not to speak of your pretty face. You're a brave little woman. But what about the boy? You'll be in Winton all day. Shall I send him to Blackrock for you, like I did my Terry?"

"He'll go later, perhaps," Mother said. "I can't part with him now. I've arranged with a neighbor, the lady downstairs, to rent three rooms in her house. She'll keep an eye on Laurence when he's not at school."

So we were going to Miss Greville! Following on Mother's previous announcement, for which I had been equally unprepared, this news gave me a real start in which apprehension and excitement had an equal part. While Bernard continued to praise Mother with the most optimistic prognostications of her success, I tried to foresee the possibilities inherent in our new lodging and, although I failed, somehow sensed they would be profound. The discussion between Mother and my uncles went on, but I had now passed beyond the stage of coherent attention, although from time to time I was vaguely conscious of the note of pessimistic protest in Uncle Leo's voice.

"Well," he declared finally, "if your mind is made up, there's nothing more to be done."

In the pause that followed, Uncle Bernard made a special sort of sign to Terence, who nodded and got to his feet.

"He'll open up below," Bernard explained with a sigh. "Life must go on."

"I'll feed the dog first," Terry said. "Get his dinner, Nora. Like to come?" he added, with a glance that casually took in me.

We descended to the yard by an outside stair I had not noticed before. Repulsing the Joker's frantic leapings and quiverings with the words: "Down brute," Terence dusted off a convenient box and seated himself judicially.

"Well, caper, here we are again."

"Yes, Terence."

"And not under the best of circumstances."

"No, Terence."

A pause while he looked me up and down.

To page 47

Life changes for Laurie—third part of our serial

By A. J. CRONIN

Keep baby happy with the aspirin made specially safe

Relieve baby's minor ills, discomfort of colds, feverishness or teething pains with Tynees. One or two Tynees Aspirin will quickly, gently have him feeling himself again. Tynees is the aspirin specially formulated for children. You can give Tynees with complete safety because you know you're giving an exact dose, a quarter the strength of adult aspirin.

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The magazine of brighter reading 1/6

Everybody's

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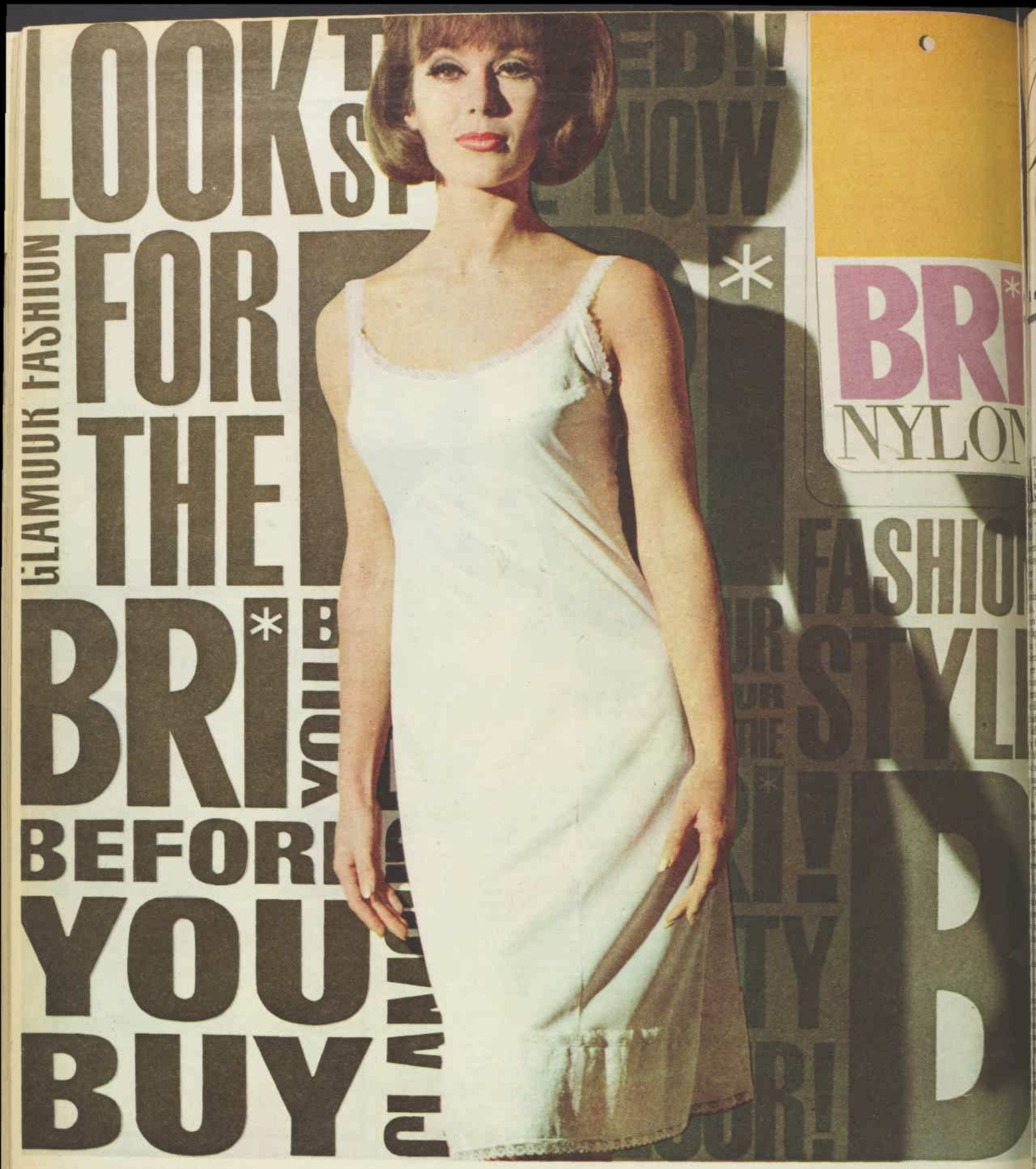

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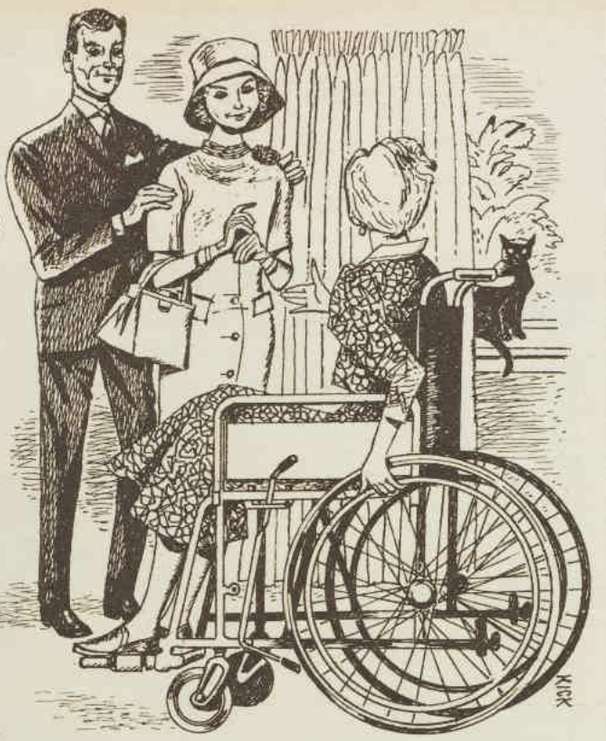
Meet Mother

A short short story complete on this page

By ISABEL JOHNSTON



"You are the first girl Tom has brought to see me," Mrs. Carmel said as she welcomed Hester and her son.

AT last Hester was going to meet Tom's mother — and she packed her bag with dread. In her note Mrs. Carmel said she would be happy to have Hester for the weekend — and that was sweet enough. But possessive mothers often used sweetness to cling to a beloved son. Many times mothers even feigned illness to prevent a child's marriage. Did Tom have a mother complex? During Hester's weekend visit, would Mrs. Carmel find some way to break them up?

Big and husky as Tom was, he was usually tender-hearted and considerate. The two years he and Hester were going out together, he was obviously in love. During those two years, Hester often wondered why he didn't ask her to marry him. She couldn't help thinking that his "invalid" mother kept him from declaring himself.

After they were engaged he admitted as much. His mother was his reason for taking so long to propose.

"The moment I met you I knew you were the girl for me," he told Hester as they sat before the fire in her little apartment. "But a man hesitates to ask a girl to share a home with his mother. But you are so sweet and kind, I'm sure it will work out."

Hester had her doubts. Two women under one roof, sharing one kitchen, were bound to have differences. When it came to a showdown, Tom would naturally side with his poor mother in a wheelchair. Maybe — if they could find a room nearby for her

"Of course, you can't desert an invalid mother," Hester began.

"Mother isn't really an invalid, even though she's confined to a wheelchair," Tom interrupted. "After she lost her leg she wasn't able to use an artificial one. But it's wonderful the way she gets around. She's so independent. You almost forget she's in a wheelchair."

"She must be a remarkable woman."

"She is—and once you know her I know you'll love her, too."

"I'm sure I will," Hester made herself say, but she couldn't help wondering whether Tom's mother would love her.

Tom had always been rather silent about his mother, as if he didn't want to discuss the obstacle to their romance. Today, as they drove out to his home, he described her in glowing detail.

She'd arranged the house so she could do everything from a wheelchair. Not content with that, she'd started her own telephone-answering service so she could earn money, too. As she listened, Hester's heart sank lower and lower. Such a clever, determined woman could easily break up her son's marriage — if she didn't break up his engagement first!

Mrs. Carmel was on the porch to welcome them. A neat, grey-haired woman, she sat up very straight in her wheelchair, more like a warrior than an invalid. She greeted Hester with a firm handshake. It was a relief to Hester that Mrs. Carmel didn't kiss her. Hester disliked people who pretended an affection they didn't feel.

"You are the first girl Tom has ever brought out here," Mrs. Carmel announced, but Hester couldn't tell whether it was a compliment or a reproach.

When Hester asked whether she could help with dinner, Mrs. Carmel refused gruffly. It was ready to serve on a serving cart — and quite delicious. During the meal Hester could feel Tom's mother appraising her. Indeed, Mrs. Carmel came right out with direct questions. Hester felt as if she were being given the third degree.

"Do you plan to keep on working?" she asked Hester sternly. From her manner it was hard to tell whether she approved or disapproved of a working wife.

"I'd be willing to," Hester answered nervously, "but Tom . . ."

"We're going to start a family right away," Tom interrupted, blithely unaware how Hester was feeling.

Mrs. Carmel made no comment whether she looked forward to a grandchild or not.

"Do you like children?" she went on with her probing.

"Of course," Hester said.

"We'd like four or five," Tom said enthusiastically.

"Do you like to cook?" Mrs. Carmel continued her questions.

"Very much, but you'll have to teach me the recipes for Tom's favorite dishes," Hester answered, trying to show she wanted to please.

"I always taught Tom to eat everything on his plate," Mrs. Carmel said crisply.

Supper over, Mrs. Carmel again refused Hester's offer to help her. She would do the dishes, she decreed, while Tom took Hester for a drive. When they returned, Tom's mother had gone to bed. Hester nervously wondered whether she had retired early out of tact or because she couldn't bear to talk to the girl her son loved.

It was not until next morning that they were alone. Tom went off to get the Sunday papers. Hester loved Tom so much she wanted to do what she could to make a good impression. Wouldn't Mrs. Carmel let her make a pie for dessert?

This time Mrs. Carmel accepted Hester's offer. In a businesslike manner she showed Hester the shelves and drawers that held the ingredients and utensils Hester needed. Then she started washing the breakfast dishes.

For a while they worked in silence. Mrs. Carmel concentrated on her dishwashing, Hester on her pie. Hester told herself that at least Tom's mother offered no advice or criticism. Mrs. Carmel might be blunt, but at least she didn't fuss or gabble along the way some old ladies did.

Hester loved Tom so much she wanted their marriage to be happy —even if his mother did have to live with them. If she tried hard enough, Hester promised herself, maybe she could make a go of it.

Mrs. Carmel broke the silence.

"When are you going to get married?" she demanded.

"We haven't set a date yet," Hester said, thankful they hadn't. A definite date might be just enough to fire Mrs. Carmel's opposition.

"It's high time you did," Tom's mother commented crisply. "I thought Tom never would get around to asking you!"

"I thought that, too," Hester said in amazement, then suddenly she laughed and felt a warm surge of affection for her future mother-in-law. "You know, at first, I was frightened of living with Tom's mother, but I'm sure you and I can share the same house and kitchen and get along fine."

"Nonsense! I have a little cottage picked out for myself down the road," Mrs. Carmel said. "Tom's so responsible, so over-protective about me, I thought he'd never get married and give me a little freedom of my own."

Mrs. Carmel's voice was brusque, almost snappish, in its gruffness, but Hester impulsively left her pie and gave her future mother-in-law a grateful, understanding kiss.

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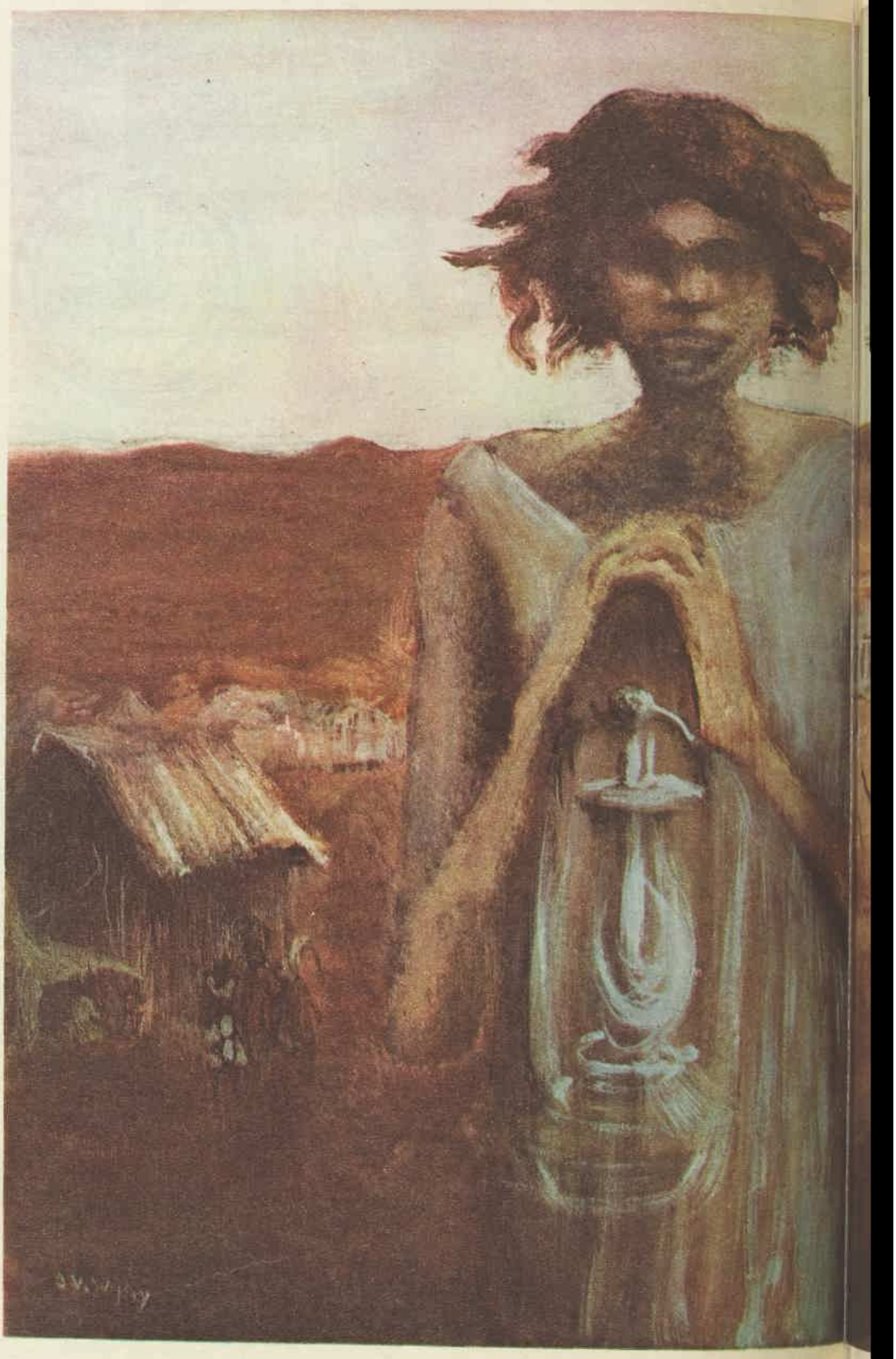
the Australian Scene



'Government Reserve—Roebourne' Oil on hardboard
James Wigley

A South Australian (he was born in Adelaide in 1918), James Wigley studied in Paris, at Julian's Academy, with Leger in 1944 and exhibited there with Joseph Bergner in 1948. In 1963, he won the Cato Prize, for the best painting in the annual exhibition of the Victorian Artists' Society. He shares with Russell Drysdale a sympathy for and understanding of the aborigines and their ambiguous position in the Australian scene today. He has lived and worked among them and paints them with a perception that, even when tinged with sentimentality, shows a strong warmth and sense of identification. This painting with its restrained and luminous colour and the dominating figure of the girl with a lamp, is typical of the sensitivity with which Wigley portrays this, the most underprivileged of peoples.

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This fine painting,
'Government Reserve—Roebourne'
by James Wigley,
is one of seven paintings
by Australian artists
commissioned by Viscount Cigarettes
—themselves very much a
part of the Australian scene.
We hope you enjoy them both.

Really magnificent 18" x 23" colour reproductions of this painting—and the other six in the Viscount Collection—are available for only £1 each. This is less than half the normal retail price. All you have to do to get them is send your name and address, the titles of the paintings you want and a postal note or cheque for the total amount (£1 for each print) to Godfrey Phillips International Pty. Limited, P.O. Box 4, Collingwood, Victoria. **The prints will be sent to you in an uncrushable mailing tube.**

The six previous paintings in the series were
1. 'Ceremony at the Rockface' by Russell Drysdale
2. 'Wimmera Landscape' by Arthur Boyd
3. 'Burke, Burke and Wills Expedition' by Sidney Nolan
4. 'Summer in the You Beaut Country' by John Olsen
5. 'Gippsland Explorer' by Albert Tucker
6. 'You-Yang Pond' by Fred Williams

These prints make excellent Christmas gifts, particularly for friends who live abroad.

V140

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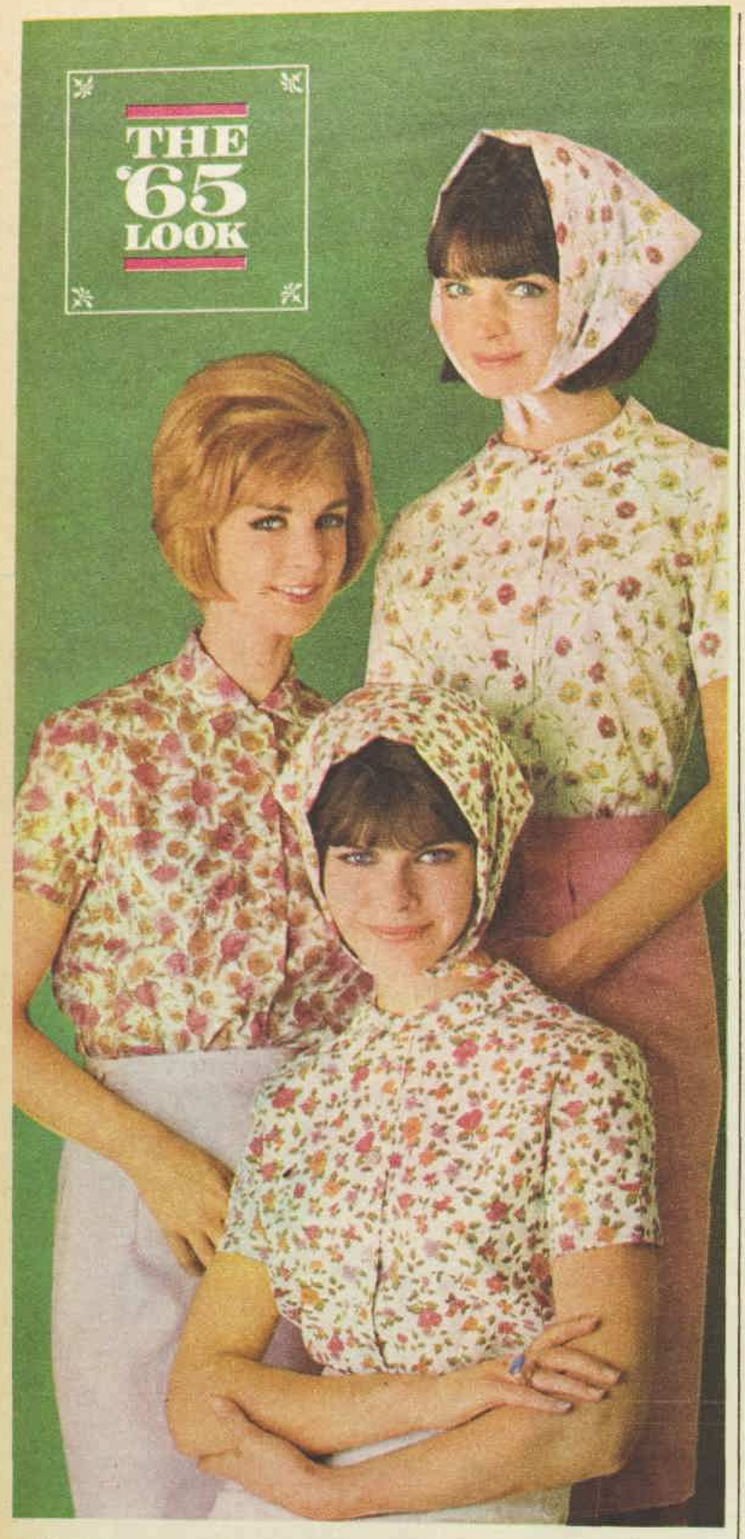

Pretty-pretty posy prints, inspired in U.S.A.

THE '65 LOOK

Lady Pelaco just couldn't resist the springtime freshness of these crisp American-style cotton prints . . . what woman could? Choose yours from two trim little styles, dozens of lovely shades. All only 29/11.

Lady Pelaco

Choose your new spring suit

● ***Prettiness via color is portrayed in these two chic young tailored suits. Both suits have single-breasted fastenings, notched collars, and slim-line skirts. They are accompanied by hats in matching colors. Hats are an important part of the spring suit story.***

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Spring-summer suit fashions are a triumph. Young, chic, uncluttered, they reflect modern living with its fast-moving tempo.

Suit jackets are slightly more shapely than last season's. The skirt line remains short.

Paris smiles on the suit with the blazer jacket, and on color. Flower colors, particularly rose-pink and sunflower-yellow, are used to "pretty up" classic designs. Navy-and-white and navy with carnation-red are recurring color twosomes. The all-white suit is important.

Linen is number one material choice, with silk and silk mixtures, plain and printed, second on the list.

Please take note: The Paris suit is always worn with a hat; not any hat, but one to complement the suit. The hat can have a large or small brim and can be matched to the blouse or the suit color.

Get the message? It comes from Paris—hats are again in fashion.

—Betty Keep

● *White blazer jacket has navy buttons matched to the navy skirt. The jacket is worn over a bow-tied blouse made in white-spotted navy silk.*

● *Paris loves the all-white suit. This one, from Nina Ricci, has a wrist-length blazer-type jacket and slim skirt. The matching hat, with downturned brim, is white felt.*

● *All-pleated suit (above) from Maison Dior has a back-to-the-'thirties look. The chic felt helmet has a flower trim.*

● *Pierre Cardin's sleeveless two-piece suit is made in pink-and-white flower-printed silk. The shaped top has a roll collar. The skirt has easy front fullness.*

● *Lanvin's suit in deep blue linen has a hip-length jacket finished with a self-material buckled belt. The skirt has a slim cut. A high-necked blouse in printed silk is matched to a high swathed cap.*

● *Dior's two-piece suit (above) in navy silk dotted in white. The double-breasted jacket has a wide pointed collar trimmed with a white camellia. Turban is in same silk as suit. Skirt is slim.*

● *Maison Dior's oyster linen suit (above and left) is worn with a sleeveless pink cotton-knit sweater. The tailored jacket is minus sleeves. The easy-cut swing skirt has deep pleats. The casual pull-on hand-crocheted hat is spring news.*

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The ALL-STRETCH BRA that's a GIDDY MIRACLE!

at WOOLWORTHS

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St. Mark ALL-STRETCH SHORTLINE 27/11

Bend, stretch, twist, turn . . . it stretches with you! 32-36-ABC; 38B.

WOOLWORTHS

Prices slightly higher some country areas, Nth. Territory.

DRESS SENSE

By Betty Keep

● This fresh version of a classic late-day suit is my design choice for a Melbourne reader. The suit is made in cotton brocade.

6024. — Suit in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6024, price 9/6 includes postage. Patterns available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

HERE is part of the reader's letter, with my reply:

"Could you let me have a pattern for a tailored late-day suit to make in a cotton furnishing brocade? The material is a pretty pastel shade."

A tailored design will be the best choice because the material is pretty by itself and doesn't need any dressing up. Note the tailored jacket has a notched collar, two vertical pockets, and above-wrist sleeves. The slim skirt has an apron effect.

A paper pattern is available for the design. Under the illustration are details and how to order.

"Do you think a two-piece swimsuit could be worn by a girl with a big bust? I am young and would like a fashionable style."

A two-piece swimsuit is not for the girl with a large bosom. Instead, wear a one-piece. A design cut high in the front and under the arms will help control your bosom.

"I am very self-conscious about my large hands and wondered if there is any sort of glove to make them appear smaller."

I'm afraid I can't guarantee any glove design to make a hand seem smaller. However, if you wear a simple classic glove in beige (never white), it will at least make your hands look neat.

"I have a yellow light wool coat and would like you to suggest a color for a spring frock to team with it. Also what accessories would be correct to complete the outfit?"

My suggestion is a leaf-green dress worn with a hat in matching green, plus pale beige gloves and shoes.

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A handy key opens every tin of Norway Sardines

NW43

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AT HOME *with Margaret Sydney*

● My half-joking, half-plaintive question as to HOW American women apparently manage to get their husbands and families so much under their thumbs has raised huge laughter in a 26-year-old Australian girl who is now an American wife.

IN an airletter she writes: "To Australian girls who think they would enjoy a life of ease in the States, I say forget it!

"The poor American woman is a slave to her husband and children. American men are very demanding. They give a lot, but expect even more.

"The typical American male expects his wife to look like a model, cook like a French chef, keep a home as sanitary as a hospital, but at the same time be relaxed and casual. She should be efficient and organised in the home, be the family accountant, chauffeur, nurse, and a child psychologist.

"He expects her to entertain till 3 a.m. on working nights, but also to rise early to cook a breakfast of juice, pancakes, eggs, bacon, and percolated coffee (never instant!).

"In her spare time she should have a full-time career, lead an active social life, attend church weekly, paint the inside of the house.

"Although he expects her to be mechanically inclined (so as not to worry him with simple tasks that anyone can do) she should never become independent or domineering.

"He enjoys opening the car door for her and lighting her cigarette. She should have lots of time for togetherness.

"Incidentally, a definition is needed here. If he jumps out of aeroplanes, goes deep-sea diving, or puts a boat in dry dock, she does the same.

"She can't say, 'Have fun with the boys,' and it's no use crying, 'I don't know how to do these things.' He'd just love to teach her, buy her an instruction book, or send her to a school.

"She never has time to be bored with housework. It has to be done factory-style, to leave time for 'Honey's' projects. And he worships youth. At 50 she has to dress and act as energetically as she did at 20.

"How thrilled I'm going to be when we come back to Australia in a few months' time to hear my husband say, 'I'm going out to have a beer with my mates.'"

Reader, I believe you! And if I hadn't at first reading, I certainly would the second time I picked up your letter and noticed the dateline, which said "Monday, 2.30 a.m."

That certain aloofness can help marriage to last

SOME prominent American said recently that marriages tended to last better and be more stable in Australia, because there was a certain "aloofness" between husband and wife, both having their own interests and spending some of their recreation time apart instead of overdoing the "togetherness."

And an American visitor Hugh brought home recently (male) said, "You women in Australia get such a raw deal from your men. Australia's a man's world, there's no doubt about that. They're always off with the boys, and you just let them get away with it. You don't seem to stick up for your right to have a career or to hold prominent places in public life."

He was quiet for a moment, and I filled in the time making derisive faces at Hugh just to show that, downtrodden as I am, I've still got a spark of spirit left.

Then the American sighed unexpectedly and said, "It's all wrong, but somehow it makes Australian women very nice to be with — they're gentler than ours."

Well, be that as it may, as my grandmother always used to say when she thought praise had gone a little too far, the business of housewives being expected to be able to do everything is certainly gaining ground in Australia.

I know so many who not only CAN cook and sew and launder and solder and paint and carpenter and dig ditches and mend cars, but DO.

In our grandmothers' day women had stronger wills. They laid down certain boundaries beyond which they wouldn't go.

I suppose the secret of it was that there were more pairs of feminine hands around in most households, and so everybody had to be able to shine in some particular field and there was no need for anyone else to horn in.

My grandmother was a marvellous cook, but she "couldn't" make scones (I inherited a strong tendency toward the same affliction); she could crochet and tat, but she "couldn't" knit; she could play chess and halma and dominoes, but she "couldn't" play draughts; she could do a heavy day's gardening even in her old age, but she would have laughed herself sick at the absurdity of anyone suggesting she should be able to paint a room.

In other words she was a lot wiser than most of her female grandchildren, who let themselves be shamed into having a go at all sorts of jobs that they have neither inclination nor aptitude for.

Are you a one-and-a-half dresses a year girl?

SOME market research experts, working for a firm that makes slimming products, have come up with an odd set of facts about the "average" Englishwoman.

Check up on her and see how like her you are.

She spends £4/16/- a year on cosmetics, 19/- a month on shoes, an average of 7/- on a pair of stockings, and £4/17/- on each dress; she owns three and four-tenths corsets, five and one-fifth brassieres, and almost two roll-ons.

She visits her grocer ten times for every one visit to her chemist, sees her doctor five times a year; she buys four lipsticks a year, 15 pairs of stockings, and 1½ dresses; she has a one-in-500 chance of having a divorce, but a one-in-two chance of getting chilblains; her memory is inconsistent.

She will probably never forget her wedding anniversary or her husband's birthday, but of the 30,000 umbrellas lost on English buses last year, 27,000 belonged to women!

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your new carry-away sew-away hide-away Borletti sewing machine

You try it:
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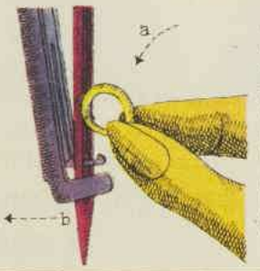
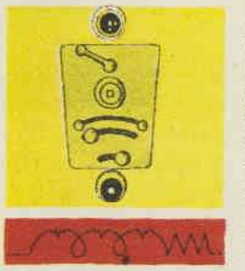
And then, in seconds, to a thoughtfully designed occasional table that slips snugly into your home decor.
You realise you'll never have to bend and strain when you want to move your Borletti to a summer room. Or hide it away somewhere. But enough said.
Now you want to start sewing. You try the lamp, right there over the needle where your eyes do all their work.

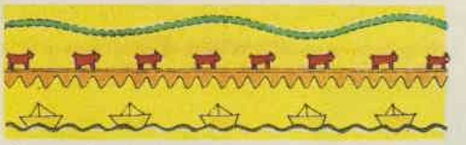


You start to thread the needle. You have always hated doing this, but no more. Not with Borletti. We have an automatic needle threader that really works. In fact after you've used it a few times you'll find that you can thread the needle with your eyes closed.



So now you have to decide which stitch you want to sew. And just by a simple flick of a lever on clearly marked, easily grouped controls you can go from the straight stitch to embroidery, or to zig zag. You can regulate the length of stitch.
Decide on forward or reverse and choose whatever speed you want from very slow to really fast and a thousand speeds in between.

And your Borletti can never go out of date because it works to a simple system that means every new stitch we develop is immediately available for your machine. So there is never a limit to the number of stitches you can sew.

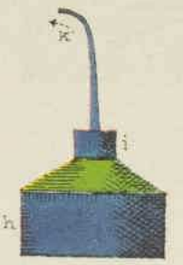


For example: no other machine in the world can sew all these baby embroideries.
Only your Borletti.
Fine you say; but what about all the things you have to sew most times: like button holes.

All you have to do is turn the top knob to 4 clearly marked positions and sew normally.
That's honestly all there is to it. A complete button hole takes less than a minute. And your Borletti sews on buttons too; in seconds.
But right about now you notice that you've never seen or heard a sewing machine run as smoothly as your Borletti; you think it might be delicate.

But it isn't, it's as tough as nails. You can sit on it. You can get your husband (or boyfriend) to sit on it. You can both sit on it. It won't give an inch.
You can turn all the knobs at once; on & off, off & on, right and left, left & right; even while your Borletti is going, and you won't hurt a thing. When you've finished all your sewing (and when you started) you don't even have to worry about breaking the thread. Your Borletti has a built-in thread cutter that eliminates all frayed cottons and tempers.

And whenever your Borletti needs servicing, which isn't very often, you have no worries. Our service is available all over Australia as it is in 75 other countries throughout the world. But in fact, you should never have any major expense with your Borletti because we have given it an international 25-year guarantee against any fault in manufacture. (Plus free service on everything for a year.)



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£1,000 to win—and spend as you wish! Choose furs . . . diamonds . . . model gowns . . . a new car . . . a trip overseas. Or have a new washing machine . . . toys for your children . . . a TV set, furniture, anything you want. Spend like a filmstar!

IT'S EASY! Simply decide which of the 3 stars (shown below) appeared in each of the films listed. Mark your answer in the square provided, and write 25 words beginning "It would be nice to be a film star because . . ." Then send your entry to: "Lux Contest", G.P.O. Box 7061, Sydney, N.S.W.

PRIZES: £1,000 SHOPPING SPREE
4 £250 SHOPPING SPREES

150 cultured pearl necklaces valued at £20 each. 500 vanity compacts valued at £2.5.0. each. **Prizes worth over £6,000**

SANDRA DEE
currently starring in Universal's Ross Hunter Production "I'd Rather Be Rich" likes Lux best for its delicate fragrance. The earlier film in which she starred is (fill in film title A, B or C)

Answer is (A, B or C) ☐

SUZY PARKER
currently starring in United Artists Production "Flight from Ashiya" likes Lux best because it keeps her skin soft all over. The earlier film in which she starred is (fill in film title A, B or C)

Answer is (A, B or C) ☐

CLAIRE BLOOM
currently starring in Warner Bros. "The Chapman Report" likes Lux best for its creamy-rich lather. The earlier film in which she starred is (fill in the film title A, B or C)

Answer is (A, B or C) ☐

No other soap can match the purity of Lux — no wonder it's the choice of 9 out of 10 filmstars.

FILM TITLES: A The Interns B If A Man Answers C Limelight

"It would be nice to be a Filmstar because . . ."
(write 25 words) .....

NAME: .....
(print clearly)
ADDRESS: .....
STATE: .....

L502-4

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. There is no limit to the number of different entries submitted, but each entry must be in a separate envelope and must be accompanied by a Lux Toilet Soap wrapper. Wrappers are not required from residents of any State where their enclosure would contravene State Law.
2. Entries must include the full name and address of the entrant.
3. Contest closes 30th October, 1964, and all entries must be postmarked not later than this date.
4. Chance plays no part in determining the winner and each entry will be compared and examined on its merits by a qualified panel of judges. Winners will be decided on the basis of accuracy, neatness, legibility, and in respect to the 25 word statement—on the basis of its originality, aptness and relevance.
5. All entries received become the property of Lever & Kitchen, and none will be returned.
6. Winners will be notified by mail at the conclusion of the contest and a complete list of winners will be available on request.
7. Employees of Lever & Kitchen Pty. Ltd., and their advertising agents, and relatives of each are ineligible to enter.
8. Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

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LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Soaking in the bath

"WONDERING" (Vic.) asks how long it takes others to have a bath. A nice teenager I know says that it takes her at least an hour. Her father says that if she ever marries, he will say in his speech that he has lost a daughter but gained a bathtub.

£1/1/- to "Waratah" (name supplied), Goonellabah, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

I MANAGE to do the job in 20 to 25 minutes, but my husband takes anything from one to two hours. On one occasion, on investigating two hours' silence from the bathroom, I found him sound asleep.

£1/1/- to "Can You Beat It" (name supplied), Wynyard, Tas.

★ ★ ★

MY daughter and I each take only five minutes. My husband and son both take 15 to 20 minutes. I have often wondered why it takes our menfolk so much longer.

£1/1/- to "Long Enough" (name supplied), Busselton, W.A.

★ ★ ★

AFTER years of nursing, I married, having loved what we used to call "to soak" in the bath in the nurses' home. My husband hung a calendar in the bathroom and when visitors asked why it was there, he would reply, "Oh, so that my wife can see how long she has been in the bath."

£1/1/- to Mrs. Chrissie Sims, Mona Vale, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

MY husband spends up to an hour, sometimes two, in the bath. He takes with him books, magazines, and assorted food and drinks. As he keeps topping-up with hot water all the time, there is usually none left for my three-minute shower.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Martin, Glenroy, Vic.

★ ★ ★

BEING a wife, mother to three sons, landlady to two country lads who asked me to put them up temporarily two years ago, I get very tired and weary and love my bath. With cigarettes, ashtray, and a magazine, I lie and relax for anything up to an hour when time allows, my big toe on and off the hot-water tap.

£1/1/- to "Old Soak" (name supplied), Homebush, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

I SPEND nearly half an hour in the tub. My 18-year-old brother spends about 45 minutes, while my 19-year-old sister spends even longer. My father spends only about 15 minutes.

£1/1/- to "Only 13" (name supplied), Kingsgrove, N.S.W.

Wash-day horrors

SPEAKING for myself (and who better qualified?), the greatest invention of my lifetime has been the washing-machine. I recall with horror washing days of my childhood. Beds were stripped whether occupied or not, curtains torn down, mats thrown into the yard, children trodden on, dogs booted outside—all because it was washing day, when a sort of hysteria gripped the housewife. Meals of cold meat and fried veg. did little to improve the dismal day.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Bowkett, Launceston, Tas.

Sweetie — a tough old canary

WE have a canary who is 13 years old and still whistling, though he can no longer get on his swing. For three years he shared a large aviary with 20 budgies and held his own despite friends' warnings that he would be given a bad time. Sweetie is now back in his own cage, whistling as well as ever.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Strutt, Rainworth, Qld.

Stocking-up for retirement

MY parents, having only a few months now before becoming eligible for the age pension, are well prepared for their coming retirement. Over the past few years they have gathered together a wonderful "glory box" of clothing, household linen, furnishings, and even a stock of tinned food in the luxury class. They also have a good supply of hobby kits and teach-yourself books.

£1/1/- to "Be Prepared" (name supplied), Empire Bay, N.S.W.

Cure for big ears

IN the bus the other day one man complained that his children kept listening to him and his wife when they were having a private conversation. The other man replied: "If you don't want them to hear, pretend that you're talking to them."

£1/1/- to Margaret Lacey, East Bentleigh, Vic.

Favors the smaller kitchen

IN all my 15 years of marriage I've listened to my sisters, aunts, in-laws, and girlfriends longing for a larger, roomier kitchen. I, on the other hand, have always yearned for the tiny, compact kitchenette with just sufficient room to iron, prepare and cook a meal, then moving on to a dining- or living-room to RELAX. Am I odd or do other housewives agree?

£1/1/- to "Just Mary" (name supplied), West Brunswick, Vic.

ETERNAL YOUTH?

● The research director of a British drug firm says there is a prospect of a "youth pill" which will enable women to preserve their looks indefinitely.

Will girls resemble grandmas
When grandmas look like girls,
With smooth, unwrinkled faces
And shining, silken curls?

And will they then (the old ones)
When years are hard to gauge,
Discard well-worn deceptions,
Be frank about their age?

Not likely. More than ever
They'll lie, in accents mild:
"Well, yes, I DO remember,
But I was QUITE a child."

They'll say, when schoolfriends claim them
(A slur they won't let pass),
"But SHE was one of the BIG girls
When I was in infants' class."

— Dorothy Drain

Cheap and useful toy

WITH my two children approaching three and four, I find that one of my most successful toys has been a strong shoebox filled with empty matchboxes. They have spent hours building, and even enjoy putting the boxes neatly back. All this for no outlay.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Stoddart, Belair, S.A.

Young Indian fighters

INSPIRED by what they had seen on TV, my little boy of three and girl of 10 were playing at being on a waggon train going to California. The little boy shouted that Indians were about to attack. "Ring the cavalry, Father," said his sister—which he did on a bright red toy telephone. "Now," she ordered, "sit back and relax and read the morning paper."

£1/1/- to "Indian Fighters' Mum" (name supplied), Emu Plains, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

AT football matches this season I have noticed an interesting new trend.

More people are talking to themselves.

A good example was a man sitting next to me a few Saturdays ago. He was a well-dressed, sensible-looking chap. You could not imagine him talking to himself in a bus or a train. But at the football he never stopped.

Most of his comments were highly critical.

"Look at that!" he said contemptuously soon after the start of play. "They'll never get anywhere if they keep it in the pigs." (This is a phrase meaning to let the forwards have the ball.)

I thought at first he was talking to me and muttered some words of polite agreement. He looked at me with surprise and irritation. I realised that I was interrupting his train of thought.

"They ought to give these logs a football lesson," he continued. "But they won't throw the ball about. That's the trouble. Les has got sticky fingers. He wouldn't pass the salt to his own mother."

THE SOLOIST

Spectators who talk to themselves run a risk — those who overhear them may disagree. This is what happened to my neighbor.

"This ref. needs a seeing-eye dog," he said. "Jenkins was offside there. He's been doing it all day."

A woman in front turned round

and said sharply: "Jenkins wasn't off-side! He's the cleanest player in the comp. I know him — he lives next to my auntie. Why don't you get some glasses?"

He mumbled something to the effect that he would not care to be married to this lady.

People who talk to themselves are not to be confused with barrackers. The barracker has a louder voice and talks to the players.

Once or twice my neighbor lost control of his feelings and barracked a little. He yelled: "Get rid of it, you drongo!" and "Give him don't argue, you pie!"

But most of the time he was communing with his own gloomy thoughts.

The matches I see are all Rugby League. I don't know whether the other codes attract these soliloquising spectators.

My impression is that the fans who watch Australian Rules and Soccer are more pugnacious. Rugby League appeals to the introspective types, the Hamlets of football.

It is not a bad thing, in my opinion. Most of us are told in youth that we should not talk to ourselves. It is said to be the first sign of madness. But I find it does you good.

I sometimes say things like: "Lollylegs is over the hill. They ought to give the kick to Twinkletoes." That is the charm of talking to yourself: the opinions you hear are always interesting.

JUST RIGHT FOR NURSING MOTHERS

Ford Pills are the recommended laxative for nursing mothers as Ford Pills will not cause spasm or pain, flavour natural milk, nor will they upset your baby. Ford Pills are so safe, so sure, so gentle, they are now recommended by those that know, when systems disturbed by pregnancy need a gentle nudge back to regularity. If having a baby has added extra poundage to your weight, follow the Ford Pill Diet Chart to help regain your former slimmer figure.

GET FORD PILLS
in red and gold plastic tubes, 6/6 and 3/9 everywhere.

FORD PILLS

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Step ahead with
Westinghouse

Exciting news for housewives!

White hankie test proves new oven never gets dirty

Watch this revolutionary new Westinghouse oven rotisserie-roast a succulent dinner. Then take your finest hankie and wipe the oven walls with it. You'll find the hankie still so spotlessly clean you'll be quite happy to replace it in your purse for personal use.

It's a modern miracle you may want to see to believe—and your Westinghouse retailer will gladly arrange for you to do so.

In this exclusive major "break-through," Westinghouse designers have achieved the most dramatic development in clean cooking since electricity and gas took over from the fuel stove . . . a rotisserie-roaster that is completely "spatter-free"; that browns vegetables; that roasts all meats—lamb, beef, veal, pork or poultry—yet never soils the oven and does all this so beautifully you'll forget baking dishes along with the chore of cleaning out a goo-ey oven. Big trade-ins and easy terms available at your Westinghouse retailer now!

POINTS OF OUTRIGHT SUPERIORITY IN ALL NEW WESTINGHOUSE RANGES

THEY'RE THE FASTEST. Australia's only ranges with a 1600 watt 6" hotplate that will boil 2 pints of water in only 6½ minutes —40% faster than other hotplates of similar size. Corox hotplates are made only by Westinghouse and are renowned for speed and trouble-free performance.

PERFECT HEAT CONTROL. Westinghouse heat control switches give any degree of heat on any hotplate, from the gentlest simmer right through to full power boiling, and all in a matter of minutes.

EXCLUSIVE BOILER GRILL. Exclusive 2700 watt split boiler grill is the most powerful on any range in Australia. This extra power ensures superb grilling without the need to raise the grill pan for thin cuts. Better and faster griddle grilling and boiling on the top side, too.

THEY'RE THE CLEANEST. All rounded corners and smooth surfaces, plus a hinged oven element, make Westinghouse ovens easy-to-clean. In fact, Westinghouse ranges are easy-to-clean throughout. Lift-up hotplates, removable dress rings and spillage trays—the dished hob and special stain-resistant titanium porcelain enamel finish are features you will really appreciate.

Choose from these Westinghouse models:

Upright

PAE 224 Fully Automatic with rotisserie	£160 5 0
PAE 223 Fully Automatic	£141 0 0
PAE 222R Minute minder and rotisserie	£141 0 0
PAE 222 Minute minder	£121 0 0
PAE 221 Standard model	£99 10 0

Elevated

PCE 424 Fully Automatic with rotisserie	£179 17 6
PCE 423 Minute minder	£148 19 0
CABINETS	£16 15 0

Prices slightly higher in some areas.

You can be SURE if it's **Westinghouse**

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents...

Cake Recipe Book

● This feature contains carefully selected, carefully tested recipes for 25 wonderful cakes. There are luscious Continental cakes you can serve on gala occasions or as a dessert; 12 special afternoon tea cakes which have their recipes on the backs of their pictures; and six small cakes to bake for tea or to pack into cut lunches.

Compiled by our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

TWO CONTINENTAL CAKES with the flavor of rum. Above is a Rum Layer Cake and at right Rum Sticks. The recipes for both are given on page 2.

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CONTINENTAL CAKES

● **Continental cakes are deliciously rich, so should be served in slender portions with coffee, or as a luscious special dessert.**

CONTINENTAL cakes keep well, refrigerated, and are all the better when made the day before they are to be served — this gives the flavors time to blend beautifully.

CONTINENTAL CHOCO-SHELLS. The recipe is given on this page.

DANISH ALMOND CREAM CAKE

(Picture on page 8)

One cup cream, 2 eggs, few drops almond essence, 1¼ cups sifted plain flour, 1 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt.

Almond Topping: Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 1-3rd cup sugar, ¼ cup blanched slivered almonds, 1 tablespoon cream, 1 tablespoon plain flour.

Whip cream in basin until soft peaks form. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition; stir in the almond essence. Sift flour, baking-powder, salt, and sugar. Add dry ingredients to cream mixture; stir until well mixed. Pour into greased and floured 8in. spring-form pan. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes or until cocktail stick inserted in centre comes out clean. During last few minutes the cake is cooking make almond topping: In small saucepan combine butter, sugar, almonds, cream, and flour. Stir over low heat until all ingredients are blended. Pour mixture over cake, bake further 10 to 15 minutes. Remove from oven, allow to cool slightly before removing from tin.

RUM STICKS

(Picture on previous page)

Twelve ounces cooking chocolate, 6oz. unsalted butter, 2 egg-yolks, 1 tablespoon rum.

Chop chocolate roughly, place in double saucepan and heat until chocolate melts. Remove from heat, cool. Cream butter until light and fluffy. Beat egg-yolks to creamy consistency. Gradually add to the creamed butter, about 1 dessertspoon at a time; beat until just blended. When chocolate is quite cool, gradually blend into the butter mixture; beat well. Chill 5 minutes to stiffen slightly. Add the rum and beat until thoroughly blended. Place mixture into piping-bag with plain tube attached, pipe long strips on to wax paper. Place in freezer, freeze until solid. Dip in cooled, melted chocolate coating, return to freezer until chocolate has set.

Chocolate Coating: Eight ounces cooking chocolate, 3oz. white vegetable shortening.

Chop chocolate and shortening roughly, place in top of double saucepan. Heat until melted, blend thoroughly. Allow to cool to lukewarm before dipping sticks in coating mixture.

HAZELNUT TORTE

(Picture on page 8)

Four egg-whites, pinch salt, 9oz. castor sugar, 4½oz. ground hazelnuts, 1 teaspoon vinegar, few drops vanilla, 2 tablespoons black coffee.

Cream Filling: Half pint cream, ¼ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Whip egg-whites with salt until stiff, gradually add sugar, beating all the time. Fold in remaining ingredients. Fill into 2 greased, floured and paper-lined 8in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderately hot oven 35 minutes. Remove from tins and cool. When cool sandwich together with cream filling, stand on serving-plate. Cover top and sides with cream filling, decorate with whole hazelnuts.

Cream Filling: Mix, don't beat, all ingredients in bowl: refrigerate for 1 hour to blend flavors, then whip until mixture holds a soft shape. Use as directed.

DAY AND NIGHT CAKE

(Picture on page 8)

Six egg-yolks, 5oz. sugar, 2½oz. melted chocolate, 5oz. ground walnuts.

Topping: Six egg-whites, 5oz. sugar, juice 1 lemon, 5oz. ground almonds, 3 to 4oz. chocolate melted with 1oz. white shortening.

Beat egg-yolks with sugar until light and fluffy, add melted chocolate and ground walnuts, mix well. Pour into greased 8in. spring-form pan. Prepare topping: Stiffly beat egg-whites, gradually add sugar and continue beating until stiff peaks form, add lemon juice and gently fold in ground almonds. Spoon mixture over chocolate base. Bake in slow oven for 1½ hours, remove from oven, allow to cool. Cover with melted chocolate, allowing it to drizzle down the sides of cake.

COFFEE CREAM CAKE

(Picture on page 8)

Five eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup very finely crumbled day-old white bread, 1 cup finely ground almonds, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons finely grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon almond essence.

Coffee Syrup: One cup water, 1 dessertspoon instant coffee, 1 tablespoon rum, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Topping: Half pint cream, 2 tablespoons slivered almonds (toasted), praline powder.

Praline Powder: One cup sugar, 1 cup unblanched almonds.

Separate eggs; beat yolks until thick and lemon colored, gradually beat in sugar. Mix together breadcrumbs, ground almonds, baking-powder, cinnamon, and salt; stir into batter. Add lemon rind and essence. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold in. Turn into greased 8in. spring-form pan. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Cool in tin on cake-cooler. Cake may shrink slightly.

Coffee Syrup: Bring water to boil, stir in coffee and sugar, simmer 5 minutes, add rum. Place cake on serving-dish, gradually pour hot coffee syrup over until all is absorbed. Allow to stand at room temperature 30 minutes, then chill. Just before serving, whip cream, swirl over cake, sprinkle generously with praline powder, sprinkle with slivered almonds.

Praline Powder: Place sugar and almonds into heavy saucepan. Cook over low heat until sugar has melted and browned slightly and nuts give off roasted fragrance. Pour on to lightly greased slab-tin, cool; then pound with mortar or crush finely until powdered.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce standard cup measure are used in all recipes in this Cake Recipe Book.

RUM LAYER CAKE

(Picture on previous page)

Eight ounces plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 4oz. butter or substitute, ¾ cup sugar, 2 eggs, extra ¼ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, ½ cup orange juice, 3 tablespoons rum, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, 3oz. melted chocolate, whipped cream filling, chocolate frosting, 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts.

Whipped Cream Filling: Two teaspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 2 cups cream, ½ cup icing sugar, 1 tablespoon rum.

Chocolate Frosting: Four ounces chocolate, 1 cup icing sugar, 2 tablespoons hot water, 2 eggs, 6 tablespoons softened butter or substitute.

Cream butter and sugar with orange rind until light and fluffy, beat in egg-yolks one at a time, beating well after each addition. Combine orange juice, rum, and vanilla, add alternately with the sifted dry ingredients to the creamed butter and sugar, mix well. Beat egg-whites to soft peaks, gradually add extra sugar and continue beating until stiff peaks form. Fold egg-whites into creamed mixture carefully. Divide mixture in half, add the melted chocolate to one half. Pour into 2 greased 8in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. Allow to cool in tins 10 minutes before turning out. When cakes are cool, cut in layers by holding a taut piece of cotton between hands and pulling through cake. Arrange white layer of cake on bottom of cake-plate. Spoon on some of the cream filling, add a chocolate layer of cake and another layer of cream; continue in this manner until cake layers are completed. Decorate top and sides with ⅓ of the chocolate frosting; press walnuts on sides of cake. Pipe tiny rosettes round top of cake with remaining frosting.

Whipped Cream Filling: Place gelatine in cold water, dissolve over hot water; allow to cool slightly. Beat cream with sifted icing sugar, gradually beat in dissolved gelatine and rum until just stiff enough to hold its shape. Allow to chill.

Chocolate Frosting: Melt chocolate in top half of double saucepan over hot water, remove from heat and, using electric mixer, gradually beat in icing sugar, hot water, and eggs one at a time, then add gradually the softened butter. Continue beating until smooth.

CONTINENTAL CHOCO-SHELLS

(Picture above)

Shells: Half pound chopped chocolate, 2oz. solid white shortening.

Filling: Quarter cup almond meal, ½ cup crushed macaroons, 1 tablespoon sherry, 1 tablespoon raspberry jam, whipped sweetened cream, strawberries.

Melt chocolate with white shortening over hot water; cool a little. Stand paper patty-cases in patty-tins, spread melted chocolate thickly in each to form a chocolate case. Chill in refrigerator until set. Peel away paper patty-case. Fill with large spoonful of filling, top with whipped cream and strawberry. Dust with icing sugar before serving.

Filling: Combine all ingredients and mix until well combined; add a little more jam if necessary.

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TWELVE AFTERNOON TEA CAKES

● First of four pages of back-to-back recipes. Pictures of cakes below are on the next page.

GINGER TEA CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 tablespoon coconut, ½ cup warm water.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add eggs one at a time, then golden syrup. Sift together flour, cinnamon, and ginger, and fold into creamed mixture. Sprinkle on coconut, add the water, and mix until well blended. Pour mixture into greased 7in. ring-tin and bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Allow to cool on cake-cooler and serve plain or with butter.

LEMON BALL COFFEE CAKE

One pound self-raising flour, ¼ cup brown sugar (firmly packed), ¼ cup white sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ cup melted butter or substitute, 1¼ cups milk, 1 egg (slightly beaten), 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind, extra 3 tablespoons brown sugar, ¼ cup coarsely chopped almonds.

In large mixing-bowl, mix together the sifted flour, brown sugar, white sugar, cinnamon, and nutmeg. In small bowl, combine ¼ cup of the melted butter, the milk, and beaten egg. Stir this mixture into dry ingredients. In separate bowl, mix together lemon rind, extra brown sugar, and almonds. Shape dough into small balls and roll each one in remaining butter; arrange half the balls in greased 8in. square tin, sprinkle half the lemon-almond mixture over the balls, arrange remaining balls on top, and sprinkle with remaining lemon-almond mixture. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes or until cooked. Serve hot.

APRICOT NUT LOAF

One and half cups canned apricot nectar, 1½ cups raisins, 1-3rd cup chopped dried apricots, 1 tablespoon orange rind, 2¾ cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup cream.

Combine apricot nectar, raisins, and dried apricots in saucepan, simmer over medium heat 5 minutes. Add orange rind; cool. Blend butter and sugar together, add egg, and beat well, lightly beat in the cream. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with walnuts and fruit mixture, mix well. Pour into 2 small or 1 large greased loaf-tin and bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes.

APPLE TEA CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1¼ cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons milk, apple slices.

Crumble Topping: Three-quarters cup sugar, 1½ dessertspoons flour, pinch cinnamon, 3 dessertspoons butter.

Cream butter. Sift together flour, baking-powder, salt, and sugar 3 times, then gradually add to creamed butter. Beat together egg-yolks and milk, stir into mixture. Spread into greased shallow 8in. sandwich-tin, cover with rows of apple slices. Top with prepared Crumble Topping, bake in a moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Invert quickly on to plate then turn back on to serving-plate. Serve warm.

Crumble Topping. Sift dry ingredients, rub in butter, sprinkle over cake.

HONEY WALNUT BREAD

One cup milk, 1 cup honey, ½ cup sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 egg-yolks, 2½ cups sifted plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ cup chopped walnuts.

Scald milk, add honey and sugar, and stir over medium heat until sugar is dissolved. Cool the mixture. Beat in softened butter and egg-yolks. Sift together flour, salt, and bicarbonate of soda, and stir into batter; beat well. Add walnuts and pour into greased loaf-tin. Bake in moderately slow oven 1 to 1¼ hours or until cooked through when tested. Cool 15 minutes in tin before turning out on to cake-cooler. Serve sliced and buttered.

CHOCOLATE CREAM CAKE

Six ounces butter, 8oz. plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 4oz. cream cheese, 4 eggs, ¾ cup sugar, few drops almond essence, ¼ teaspoon ground cloves, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon instant coffee, 1oz. dark chocolate (melted), 1 teaspoon vanilla, glace cherries, walnut halves.

Icing: One cup icing sugar, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 tablespoon hot milk (approximately), few drops almond essence.

Cream butter with cream cheese until very light and fluffy. Sift flour with baking-powder and salt, blend into creamed mixture thoroughly but gently, until mixture is very smooth. Beat eggs with sugar until light and creamy, blend into flour mixture with essence. Divide batter in half.

To one half add cloves, cinnamon, instant coffee, melted chocolate, and vanilla; blend well. Spoon into greased and greased-paper-lined 9in. x 5in. loaf-tin. Spoon remaining batter on top, spreading carefully. Bake in moderate oven approximately 45 minutes. Turn out on wire rack, remove paper; cool.

Icing: Add softened butter to sifted icing sugar. Add enough milk to make icing of good spreading consistency, beat well, add essence. Pour on top of loaf, allowing a little icing to drizzle attractively down sides. Decorate top with glace cherries and walnut halves.

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Continuing . . . **TWELVE AFTERNOON**

LEMON BALL COFFEE CAKE

GINGER TEA CAKE

APPLE TEA CAKE

APRICOT NUT CAKE

CHOCOLATE CREAM CAKE

HONEY WALNUT BREAD

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TEA CAKES

● Each cake shown on these two pages has its recipe on the back. Cut it out and you have the recipe on one side and the picture of the cake on the other, for convenient filing.

CINNAMON SNAILS

DUNDEE CAKE

HAZELNUT ROLL

CHOCOLATE MINT CAKE

CINNAMON TEA CAKE

SULTANA TEA CAKE

figure control, gently

Take French Leave wher-

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Concluding . . .

TWELVE AFTERNOON TEA CAKES

DUNDEE CAKE

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. sugar, few drops vanilla, 4 eggs, 8oz. plain flour, 2oz. cornflour, 8oz. currants, 8oz. sultanas, 4oz. chopped candied peel, 2oz. chopped glace cherries, 4oz. blanched almonds, grated rind of 1 orange, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon milk.

Beat butter and sugar with vanilla until light and fluffy. Beat eggs, stir into creamed mixture alternately with sifted dry ingredients. Stir in prepared fruits and half the almonds, which have been finely chopped. Add grated orange rind and bicarbonate of soda dissolved in milk. Place mixture into greased, lined 8in. round or square cake-tin. Arrange remaining almonds attractively on top. Bake in slow oven 2½ to 3 hours. Remove, allow cake to cool in tin.

CINNAMON SNAILS

One ounce compressed yeast, ½ cup warm water, 1¾ cups milk, 5½ cups sifted plain flour, 8oz. butter or substitute, 3 eggs, ½ cup sugar, grated rind of 1 lemon.

Filling: Half cup sultanas, 1 cup brown sugar (firmly packed), ½ cup chopped almonds, 1 dessertspoon cinnamon, 4oz. butter or substitute.

Sprinkle yeast in warm water to soften. Heat milk until lukewarm. Beat together well 2½ cups flour, the yeast mixture, and milk. Allow to rise in warm place until double in size. Melt butter or substitute, beat eggs slightly. Mix melted butter, eggs, sugar, lemon rind, and remaining flour into yeast mixture; chill overnight, because dough is quite soft. Next day make up filling: Mix sultanas, brown sugar, almonds, and cinnamon in bowl. Melt butter or substitute. Place half dough on well-floured board, roll into 12in. x 8in. rectangle. Brush surface with melted butter, sprinkle with half sultana mixture. Roll as for swiss roll. Then cut off 1in. slices with sharp knife. Place slices in greased tin, packing close together (suggested tins, 8in. square or round tin, ring-tin, or lamington-tin); leave to rise in warm place until double in size. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Repeat with remaining dough and filling. While hot, brush on glaze made by dissolving 1 tablespoon each of sugar and gelatine in 1 tablespoon of hot water.

CHOCOLATE MINT CAKE

Two ounces butter, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, ¼ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ cup milk, 4oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, ¼ cup walnuts, ¼ cup raisins.

Peppermint Icing: Eight ounces icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 3 dessertspoons hot milk, few drops peppermint essence.

Mocha Frosting: One pound icing sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 1 tablespoon boiling water, 1 teaspoon butter, milk chocolate.

Cream butter with sugar, add egg, mix well. Add raisins and walnuts. Fold in sifted flour, baking-powder, salt, and cocoa alternately with milk in which soda has been dissolved. Turn into greased 6½in. ring-tin. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes, then turn carefully on to cake-cooler. When cold, ice with Peppermint Icing and Mocha Frosting.

Peppermint Icing: Sift icing sugar into small saucepan. Add hot milk in which the butter has been melted; add peppermint essence, warm to spreading consistency over low heat. Coat cake, allow to set. When firm cover with Mocha Frosting.

Mocha Frosting: Sift icing sugar with cocoa into small saucepan. Mix to smooth paste with coffee essence and boiling water (in which butter has been melted). Warm to spreading consistency over low heat. Coat cake, smoothing frosting with knife dipped in hot water. Decorate with fine lines of melted milk chocolate.

HAZELNUT ROLL

Three eggs, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, grated rind 1 lemon, grated rind 1 orange, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1oz. melted butter or substitute, pinch salt, 1oz. mixed spice, 1oz. sultanas, 1oz. currants, 1oz. mixed candied peel, 1oz. chopped hazelnuts, 1oz. glace cherries, icing sugar.

Beat eggs and sugar to a cream. Add the sifted flour, baking-powder, salt, melted butter, grated lemon and orange rinds, lemon juice, fruits, and nuts. Pour into greased loaf-tin and bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Sprinkle with sifted icing sugar while still warm.

SULTANA TEA CAKE

Two cups sifted plain flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2½ teaspoons baking-powder, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2-3rds cup milk, ½ cup sultanas.

Sift together flour, salt, and baking-powder. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add egg and vanilla. Fold in sifted dry ingredients and sultanas alternately with the milk. Turn into greased loaf-tin and bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes.

If desired, when cake has cooled, top with a simple lemon-flavored glace icing.

CINNAMON TEA CAKE

Two ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2 well-beaten eggs, 1 cup milk, little vanilla, pinch salt, 2 cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder.

Cream butter and sugar together, add eggs, and beat well.

Stir in milk and vanilla alternately with sifted flour, salt, and baking-powder. Fill into greased 8in. sandwich-tin and bake in moderate oven about ¾ hour (or recipe can be halved and baked in 6in. sandwich-tin 30 minutes).

Topping: Mix together 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 3 or more tablespoons of sugar, and 1 dessertspoon coconut. When cake is turned out, spread top with butter while still hot and sprinkle dry mixture on top.

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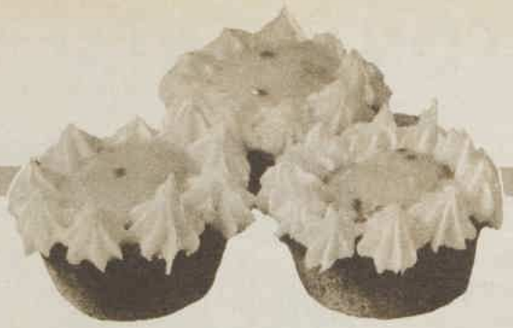
● *Chocolate Creams*



● *Passionfruit Crowns*

● *Butterflies*

SMALL CAKES

● Little cakes, made from a basic recipe, can be decorated in a dozen different ways. We give some ideas below, and also recipes for five types of little specialty cakes—wonderfully easy to make and welcome at any time.

● *Almond Jap Cakes*

● *Honey Butter Crunches*

PEANUT BUTTER CAKES

Three-quarters cup salted peanuts or cashew nuts, 7oz. sifted plain flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 6oz. brown sugar, 2½oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons peanut butter, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs.

Chop up the nuts finely. Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt, stir in brown sugar. Add butter, peanut butter, milk, and vanilla; beat 2 minutes. Add eggs, beat further 2 minutes. Stir in chopped nuts. Fill muffin cups 2-3rds full, bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Cool and frost.

Peanut Butter Icing: Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. peanut butter, ¼ cup milk, 5oz. brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2½oz. icing sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Combine butter, peanut butter, milk, brown sugar, and salt in saucepan. Bring to boil, then boil 1 minute. Cool to lukewarm without stirring, add sifted icing sugar and vanilla, beat until of spreading consistency.

HONEY BUTTER CRUNCHES

Four ounces butter, 2 tablespoons milk, 4oz. plain flour, ¾ cup honey, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup desiccated coconut, 2 cups crisp rice cereal, ½ cup extra coconut.

Melt butter over low heat. Blend in milk, sifted flour, honey, and salt. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until dough leaves sides of pan and forms a ball. Remove from heat, stir in vanilla and 1 cup coconut; cool. Add crushed cereal, shape into 1in. balls. Roll in extra coconut; store in refrigerator until set.

PATTY-CAKE MIXTURE

Eight ounces butter, 8oz. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 eggs, ½ cup milk, 12oz. plain flour, 4 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt.

Cream butter until soft, gradually add sugar and vanilla, beat until soft, white, and fluffy. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in the milk alternately with sifted flour, baking-powder, and salt. Fill into greased patty-tins, bake in hot oven approximately 15 minutes. Decorate as follows:

Passionfruit Crowns: Pipe roses of cream round edges of the patty-cakes, fill centres with passionfruit spread (bought or home-made).

Butterflies: Cut slice from top of each patty-cake, then cut slices in halves. Place spoonful of cream on top of each cake, replace the two small pieces, pressing them lightly into cream to replace butterflies' wings. Dust lightly with sifted icing sugar.

Chocolate Creams: Coat each cake with chocolate icing, toss lightly in coconut. When icing has set, cut each cake half-way across middle and gently force cake open. Fill opening with whipped cream.

Chocolate Icing: Six ounces sifted icing sugar, 1½ tablespoons cocoa, 2 tablespoons hot water.

Put all ingredients in saucepan, cook over gentle heat until of spreading consistency.

ALMOND JAP CAKES

Four egg-whites, 8oz. castor sugar, 1oz. cornflour, 8oz. ground almonds, few drops almond essence, chocolate sprinkles, glace cherries.

Grease and line bottom of two shallow oblong tins with greased greaseproof paper. Whisk egg-whites until stiff, add sugar, beat until thick; fold in cornflour, ground almonds, and essence. Spread mixture in prepared tins. Bake in slow oven 20 minutes, remove from oven, cut mixture into 2in. rounds with cutter, return to oven until pale brown, then remove rounds carefully. Cook trimmings until golden brown, then crush with rolling pin. Sandwich rounds together with butter icing, spread icing over top and sides. Roll sides in the crushed trimmings, sprinkle top with a little chocolate sprinkles, top with half glace cherry.

Butter Icing: Three ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. sifted icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence.

Cream butter, add icing sugar and coffee essence; beat until smooth.

STRAWBERRY BUTTER ROSETTES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1½oz. sifted icing sugar, 1oz. custard powder, 3oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, strawberry jam, extra icing sugar, vanilla.

Beat butter, vanilla, icing sugar together until light and creamy. Sift custard powder, flour, and baking-powder together, fold into creamed mixture, beat until well blended. Put mixture into forcing-bag fitted with large rose pipe, pipe into paper cases with spiral movement, leave slight hollow in centre of each. Place on baking-sheet, bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes; cool on wire rack. In centre of each put a little strawberry jam. Dredge with icing sugar.

RASPBERRY SLICES

Pastry: Four ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 6oz. self-raising flour, raspberry jam.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then sifted flour. Roll out, place in greased tin, spread very thinly with jam.

Topping: One egg, 8oz. sugar, 1 cup coconut.

Beat egg, add sugar and coconut; beat well. Spread over jam with fork. Bake in moderately hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

● *Peanut Butter Cakes*

● *Strawberry Butter Rosettes*

● *Raspberry Slices*

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FOUR CONTINENTAL CAKES

● These four cakes conclude our series of Continental cakes. The recipes for them are on page 2.

HAZELNUT TORTE (right) is of Viennese origin. Layers of crunchy macaroon are sandwiched together with chocolate cream, and the cake is topped with whole nuts.

DANISH ALMOND CREAM CAKE (above) has a beautiful flavor and a tender texture. The special topping, crisp and delicious, is made of almonds.

COFFEE CREAM CAKE (below), typical of the rich tortes of Italy, has a mouth-watering combination of tastes and textures, and is topped with whipped cream.

Color pictures in this feature by staff photographers Don Cameron, Barry Cullen, and Ian Mitchell.

DAY AND NIGHT CAKE (left) is another Viennese recipe. It contains walnuts and chocolate, and the topping is flavored with lemon juice and almonds combined.

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LOW-CALORIE RECIPE FOR DIETERS

● Below is a famous vegetable dish which can be served hot with a grilled steak or chop, or cold as a main-meal salad.

RATATOUILLE

Two onions (chopped), 1 aubergine (sliced), salt and pepper, 1 red and 1 green pepper (cut into rings), 4 tomatoes (peeled and chopped), 2oz. mushrooms (sliced), 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 tablespoon salad oil.

Blanch peppers, combine with remaining vegetables. Heat oil in heavy pan, put in vegetables, season well, cover and cook gently 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove lid, cook further 20 minutes. If too much liquid has formed, drain it off before serving.

Serves 4; calories per serving, 120.

Steak in pastry wins prize

● The first prize of £5 is awarded this week for a recipe featuring fillet steak wrapped in pastry and served with an unusual sauce made of shredded raw cabbage.

A SPECIAL springtime recipe for ice-cream flavored with chocolate and almonds wins £1 consolation prize.

All spoon measurements are level.

STEAK IN WINTER JACKETS

One and a half pounds fillet steak (fat removed and cut into 6 pieces), 3oz. butter, 6 mushrooms (stalks removed), 1 teaspoon lemon juice, pepper and salt.

Marinade: One clove garlic (crushed), 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon parsley (chopped), 6 peppercorns, 1 bayleaf, 1 teaspoon thyme, 4oz. claret.

Mix all marinade ingredients together, pour over trimmed fillet steaks. Steep at least 2 hours. Remove steaks from marinade, brush away solids. Melt butter in pan; place steaks in foaming butter, cook 2 minutes each side, sear edges quickly. Do not overcook steaks. Remove, place on wire rack to drain. Place mushrooms in hot butter, sprinkle with lemon juice, salt and pepper, cook very lightly 1 minute each side. Lift 1 mushroom on to each steak, allow to cool.

Pastry: Ten ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 5oz. butter (cut into 1in. squares each ¼in. thick), 4oz. water, cooking oil.

Prepare pastry jackets: Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt into large basin. Add butter pieces one at a time, coat each with flour. Squeeze out each piece of butter by pressing between forefinger and thumb. Do this lightly and quickly. Add water all at once, combine into dough. Roll out on to floured surface to about ⅛in. thickness and, using lid or dish, cut out 12 circles each 4½in. to 5in. diameter. Place a cold steak with its mushroom topping on the pastry round, cover with another round. Lightly brush edges with the little water. Press edges of pastry, crimp together to seal completely. Enclose other 5 steaks in similar fashion. Put 1in. of cooking oil in pan and heat. Place in pastry steaks very gently, cooking 5 minutes on each side. Remove to serving-platter, serve with Springtime Sauce.

Springtime Sauce: One cup shredded raw cabbage, 1 dessertspoon parsley (finely chopped), 2 teaspoons grated onion, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 4oz. cream (whipped), 1 teaspoon lemon juice, salt, pepper.

Blend together cabbage, parsley, onion, salt and pepper. Dissolve sugar in vinegar, add to cabbage mixture; beat cream, add lemon juice. Lightly fold all ingredients together. Serve very cold with hot winter steaks.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. H. Mitchell 17 Mabel Street, Camberwell, Vic.

PARTY ICE-CREAM

One teaspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 cup milk, ½ junket tablet, 1 large can evaporated milk (chilled), 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 tablespoons cocoa, ½ cup chopped blanched almonds, ½ cup chocolate.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Make up junket with milk and junket tablet. Beat chilled evaporated milk until very stiff. Gradually beat in sugar, then add dissolved gelatine. Beat until mixture is thick, add junket. Freeze ice-cream ½ hour, then re-beat, adding vanilla, cocoa, nuts, and chopped chocolate. Freeze until firm.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Pemberton, 4A Bent Street, Bentleigh, S.E. 14. Melbourne.

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Hair beauty consultant writes

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Anne Bryant

Hair Beauty Advisory Service
Nicholas Marigny Pty. Ltd.
699 Warrigal Rd., Chadstone, Vic.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● These household hints from readers win £1/1/- each.

TWO brightly striped tea-towels, bought for 1/- each at a sale, sewn together and buttoned at one end, made an excellent linen-type pillowslip for a boy's bed. — Mrs. E. Sherringham, 100 Holterman St., Crows Nest, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Before machining a hem on plastic material, rub lightly with petroleum jelly then fold the hem; it will stay in place to take the machine stitching.—Mrs. M. B. Maddison, 32 East St., Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Brush a little clear nail varnish over the locks of your suitcases. This prevents them from getting rusty.—Mrs. H. Scott, 29 Loranne St., Bentleigh, Melbourne.

★ ★ ★

To clean bottles or jars which have had strong-smelling substances in them, wash well with soap and water then soak in a solution of 1 teaspoon of dry mustard to 1 gallon of water.—Miss Betty Allenden, North St., Miriam Vale, Qld.

★ ★ ★

If a blanket is too short, sew a wide piece of flannel on the bottom of it. This will give plenty of "tuck-in" for cold-weather use.—Miss B. A. Smith, 102 Faithfull St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Remove tea stains from inside silver and aluminium teapots by rubbing gently with plain steel-wool (not the soap-pad type). — Mrs. R. Ross, 5 Highland Ave., Tumut, N.S.W.

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(TOP) "Sorceress". Show up in the sheer witchery of miracle Bri-Nylon knit with Lycra. The perfect blouson with delightful figure control, gently belted at waist. Fitted with Catalina's beauty secret, lace moulded bra cups. Eleven intoxicating colours. £6-19-11.

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(BOTTOM) "French Leave". Show up cute, where the action is, in Catalina's two-piece this summer. Take French Leave wherever you go. Glorious combinations of stripes and plains made from Bri-Nylon and Lycra knit. £6-10-0

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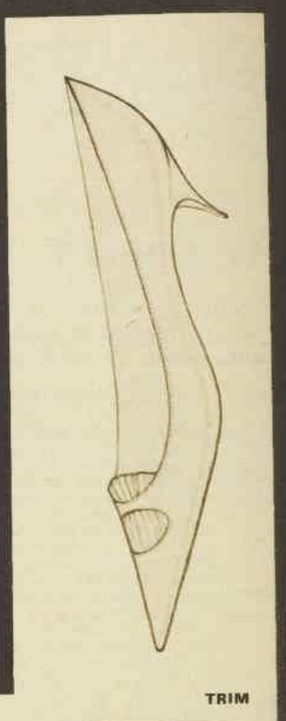

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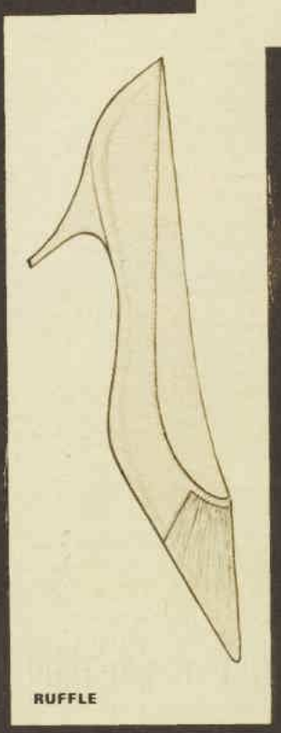

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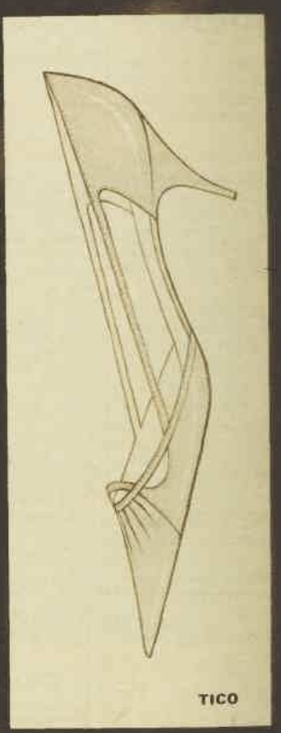

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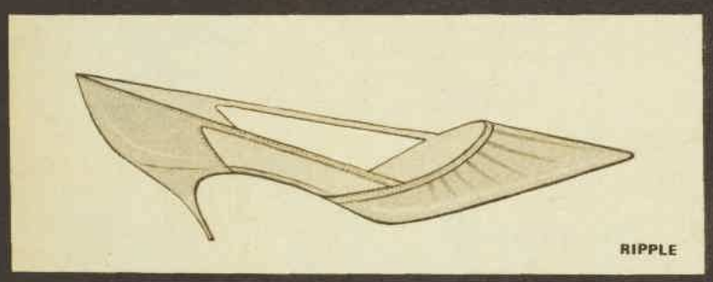

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Pleats to pamper the young at heart

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Children should learn to help pay their way

● Many parents think they're spoiling their children by allowing them to live at home scot-free once they start working, but I think it's cruel of parents not to take board —even when they can afford to do without the money.

IT is, in my opinion, grossly unfair to young people to let them imagine they have no obligations to their parents or the community, but only to themselves when they first start earning.

A sum of money, no matter how small it may have to be, should be handed to mother to assist with their keep and should be increased when they can afford it until they are paying their way.

Only by doing this can the child be prepared to cope with life and its responsibilities.

It's a protection in case he or she is suddenly thrown on his or her own resources without any previous experience in what it costs to get along in this tough old world.

What a tough time the youngster is in for if suddenly, in place of home with good old mum, who will do anything in return for a hug and a kiss, he has perhaps a room in a boarding-house with a stony-hearted landlady who charges to the hilt.

Here such amenities as use of television, telephone, bath, etc., all have to be paid for separately, and tubes of toothpaste and tablets of soap have to be bought out of his own pocket.

Then there's another important factor to consider. In our home at least, and I imagine in almost every home, every penny for years has gone on the children.

Mum and Dad have come a bad second in such items as new clothes, holidays, etc.

We all know how expensive those high - school years are with the extras we like to provide so that our children shall not miss out the treats like weekend camps, end-of-term socials (a new dress and shoes for daughter every time), and so on.

But when the children start to earn it is time for Mum and Dad to start thinking of themselves.

We, at any rate, are badly in need of clothes, blankets, pillows, curtains, and all sorts of things.

Is it right to let our children go gaily on their way spending freely on themselves while we get worse and worse off?

It's unfair

Is it right to get ourselves into the position where we will eventually reach retirement age in such a state that we shall have to ask for financial assistance — just when the young ones are starting homes of their own?

From my own experience I think this is as unfair to the children as it is to ourselves.

In 26 years of marriage my husband and I have never known what it is not to be putting our hands in our pockets for elderly relatives who need help. And it has been a great hardship at times.

We don't want this to happen to our children.

We believe it's far better to take the money now while they can afford it than to subject ourselves to the humiliation, and the young ones to the inconvenience, of handouts when they are trying to raise families of their own.

Rule for all

Of course many people are in the fortunate position that it makes no difference whether they take board or not.

I would still advise them to do so for the following reason.

Until recently I worked as head typist with a large firm, where I learned a great deal about young girls and their attitudes to paying board and to their parents generally.

A case that sticks in my mind is of a girl earning a good salary who paid her mother 25/- a week.

One day she went out and paid £9 for a complete beach outfit and only 2/6 for a gift from a chainstore for her mother, who was ill in hospital.

This is an extreme case of selfishness, but I have noticed many others almost as bad and have heard many girls grumbling that their board money was not really needed at home.

How sad that they had grown so inconsiderate when their parents were doing so much for them.

I resolved that my daughter would be under no delusions that her board money was unnecessary when the time came for her to start earning.

That day came at the beginning of this year, when both our son and daughter started work.

We had a round-table conference at which I laid before them a list of our expenses for one year, together with a note of our total income.

For the first time both children knew just what we had to live on and how it was spent. It was an eye-opener.

For instance, neither had known of the payments we make to help our elderly relatives to live in reasonable comfort.

Neither knew just how much it costs to keep the car on the road; the television set insured and licensed; or how much the rates and taxes and repayments on the house come to.

Our daughter (because of a misunderstood remark she had overheard years ago) was under the impression that my husband's fortnightly salary was his weekly salary.

(No wonder when she was at school she had boasted we were well off.)

After studying all these figures closely and discussing each child's earnings, a sum for them to pay weekly was amicably decided upon.

Happy family

Both our son and daughter assured us that they would gladly pay more as soon as they could afford it, as they fully realise that the sums they can pay at present are insufficient to keep them (although my husband and I assured them that they will be a big help to us).

All of us are now much happier.

The children feel they are helping us and we know that if for any reason they are suddenly thrown on their own resources they will be able to cope.

In the meantime my husband and I can prepare for retirement — even though it is still a good many years off.

And we're in the happy position of knowing that when that times comes we shall be independent of our son and daughter and may even be able to help them over any rough patches when they start their own homes and families.

A READER'S STORY
(The writer has supplied her name and address but wishes to be anonymous.)

KEEP your skin smooth and pliant by using vitalizing cream every night. Smooth over the skin in a gentle upward and outward movement to feed vitalizing elements to skin cells and replenish a dwindling natural supply. Dry wrinkles will be eased away as the Ulan Vitalizing Night Cream brings youthful softness to the skin.

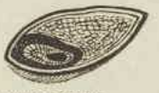
The Bulletin
INCORPORATING THE AUSTRALIAN FINANCIAL REVIEW
THE MAGAZINE FOR INTERESTING PEOPLE!

★ This week we introduce a new weekly cartoon feature: a Sydney artist's view of "The Boy Friend." You might recognise him at times if you've one of your own; we hope you'll enjoy his adventures!

"Beau Brummell's here!"

What is Hovis?

Hovis Bread is made from special Hovis Flour. This flour has added to it lightly toasted Wheat Germ so that Hovis Bread contains about eight times the amount in ordinary wholemeal. Hovis is not a blown-up fluffy bread, but a compact, wholesome and satisfying loaf.



WHY WHEAT GERM?

It's the very heart of the wheat grain — the embryo from which the new plant will grow. It might well be compared with the yolk of an egg. Wheat Germ is nature's richest source of Vitamins B, and E, with protein, iron and "unsaturated" Wheat Germ oil.

WHAT ABOUT FLAVOUR?

Hovis has an entirely new and distinctive bread flavour. The Wheat Germ is lightly toasted for flavour, then added back to the flour. The nutty taste of Hovis comes directly from its *natural* goodness.

GOLDEN Hovis

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Creamy new formula—twelve tantalising shades

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Cyclax

AT SELECTED STORES AND PHARMACIES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

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"As a matter of interest, who slapped these duds on you?"

"Miss O'Riordan."

"I thought as much." He shook his head in slow disparagement. "You know, caper, if you don't watch out women'll be the ruin of you. You've got to learn to stand up for yourself, and not let them run you, or you'll be under their thumb for the rest of your life."

Terence's homily was not altogether comprehensible but as it seemed to manifest some interest in my welfare I took it as a compliment to my bereaved state. He seemed indeed to be on the point of offering me further sage advice, however, at this point Nora appeared with a plate on which lay a thick outsize slice of prime raw steak.

"You'd better hurry, Terry. There's a crowd outside with their tongues hanging out."

"Ah, let them wait, it'll strengthen their thirst. I want to show caper the Joker." Holding off the hound, whose whip-like tail lashing had now become intense, he took the plate from Nora and placed it on the ground.

"You ought to see him play lame just before I match him in a race."

TERENCE was interrupted by a violent banging on some outer door and a voice shouting:

"Open up, will ye, for the love of heaven. We're all parched out here."

At this Terence lounged to his feet. In three swift snaps the steak had gone.

A somewhat hollow silence followed this remarkable demonstration. It was broken by my mother calling me from the head of the stair.

Apparently we had been pressed to stay the night with Uncle Bernard, but to my disappointment, since I harbored an extraordinary inclination to resume my acquaintance with Nora in the hen house, Mother had declined. And now, as it was just four o'clock, she said we must leave for our train.

While she was getting her coat and hat, Leo, who had not spoken to me once, had not even appeared aware of my existence, came slowly toward me. While his tall, sad, enigmatic presence loomed above me, he produced from his shiny trouser pocket a short handful of silver, amongst which, after a diligent search, he found a threepenny bit.

"Here, boy," he said. "Don't waste it. It's hard-earned money. And always remember this: Your best friend is your own bank book."

So far I had not been at all favorably impressed by Uncle Leo, but now, discovering him to be so poor — a suspicion I had already entertained — yet willing to spare me this coin, albeit the smallest in the realm, and as I now observed, thin, darkish in color, and slightly bent, all of which made me dubious of its negotiability, I felt a twinge of sympathetic pity, and thanked him profusely.

"It seems Bernard has you in hand," he said impassively,

Continued from page 29

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

though his lips were twitching again. "There's no end that he means to do for you. I've a poor sort of business myself, but if ever you should need a job or want to learn a trade, come to me. I've told your mother."

Without saying goodbye he turned and went off.

Nora and Terence, now released from duty by his father, came with us to the station. How pleased I was when Nora took my hand, swinging it as we walked along. I reddened with gratification when Terry asked me if I could still run fast. It was good to be in the open again with a fresh breeze to blow away all the strange and conflicting impressions so summarily forced upon me. Mother's step seemed lighter, too, as though she had not been at ease in Bernard's house, and that while she had supported it with calm and fortitude the day had been for her a fearful ordeal.

As we sat together in the corner of a third-class compartment she did not speak. Gazing intently into her face I felt sadness descend upon her. What were her thoughts? Of my father, no doubt, and perhaps of how blessedly different he had been, as was Simon, too, from those other brothers. Or did she think of the strangeness of her life, contrasting her upbringing and early background, both so proper and correct, with all that she had experienced and endured today? I could not guess. Then, all that mattered was that she held me close to her as the train rumbled past the Lomond Vaults, and, gathering speed, bore us through a pale serene sunset toward the darkening valley of the Fruin beyond.

. . . . . .

In the second week of April

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM

Notice to Contributors

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Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words, articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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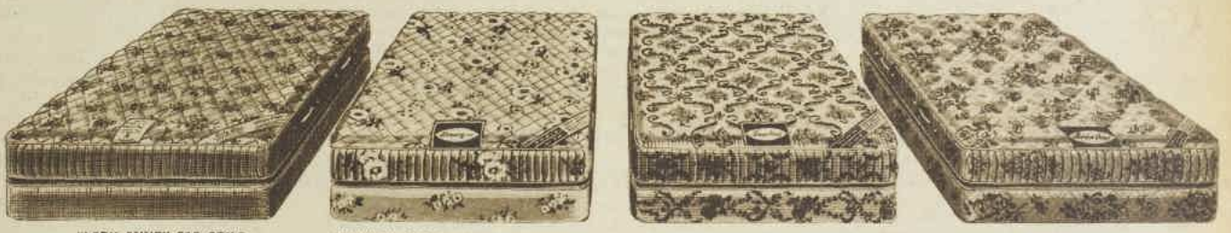

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Catherine

● Two-piece suit with slim skirt and back-buttoned jacket. The twosome is made in woven rayon cotton. The color choice includes yellow, powder-blue, white, pale pink, and royal-blue. Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £6/15/6, 36 and 38in. bust £6/18/-. Postage 6/- extra. Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £4/17/6, 36 and 38in. bust £4/19/11. Postage 6/- extra.

Linda

● Front-buttoned one-piece with an embroidered motif trim. The dress is made in striped cotton. The color choice includes pink and white, blue and white, navy and white, and olive-green and white. Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £6/10/6, 36 and 38in. bust £6/12/6. Postage 6/- extra. Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £4/19/11, 36 and 38in. bust £5/1/-. Postage 6/- extra.

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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Mother and I moved down to Miss Greville's house — a memorable transition, not in domicile alone, but also in our lives. The accommodation so graciously offered was pleasing and, everything considered, well suited to our needs. At the back of the first floor of the spacious maisonnette we had two nice rooms, not large but well lit and cheerful since both overlooked the lawn, and an adjoining smaller room, actually a deep alcove which Miss Greville, by installing a gas cooker and a porcelain sink, had converted to a small but practicable kitchen. A bathroom, too, was conveniently near on the half landing.

Care had undoubtedly been taken and thought expended to make us comfortable, and while I had no exact knowledge of the sum Mother paid in rent, it must of necessity have been disproportionately modest, representing, in my view, Miss Greville's wish to help us, rather than any sordid desire for gain.

Here, then, in this miniature lodging, our new life began. Every morning Mother rose at seven o'clock and made our breakfast. Usually I had a cereal called grape-nuts, then we each had a boiled egg and hot buttered toast. I drank a glass of milk while Mother had several cups of very strong tea. She confided in me that she could never do without her morning tea. It seemed to brisken and fortify her, although she still looked sad. She had not yet lost the pinched look that startled me when I returned from Port Cregan.

After breakfast she washed the dishes and I dried them, then while I finished dressing she put on her new business suit, a costume of dark grey material, and how relieved I was to see her out of that sinister funeral black which she had wisely decided would be prejudicial to her work. At quarter past eight we left the house together, Mother resolutely to take the eight-forty train for Winton, I reluctantly to go to school. I need hardly add that I was still attending St. Mary's—our position at the moment was too uncertain to justify any change to a better school.

Nevertheless, if that cherished dream seemed deferred, I was amply compensated by a new and striking departure from my dull routine. Since my poor mother was away all day, did not in fact get home until six o'clock at night, and made the best of some kind of lunch at one or other of the city tea-rooms, Miss Greville had suggested, had indeed insisted, that I take my midday meal with her. Lunch with Miss Greville became then the fascination and, at least in the beginning, the bane of my existence.

On the first day, when I arrived breathless at half-past twelve, having hurried all the way back from school for fear of being late, she was waiting for me in the dining-room, standing erect with her thumb in her waistband. She glanced at the curious bronze and porcelain clock on the mantelpiece.

"Good. You are punctual. Go and wash your hands. And brush your hair."

When I returned, she indicated my place. We sat down. The food, served by Campbell, the silent elderly maid who behaved as though I did not exist, was delicious, hot, and startlingly strange. The table appointments, among which twin silver pheasants were outstanding, no less than the arrangement of the heavy silver cutlery, embarrassed and intimidated me. I dropped my stiff napkin and had to grope under my chair. When I had retrieved it Miss Greville addressed me pleasantly.

"We are going to have our first little talk, Carroll. You observe that I call you simply Carroll. As you are now the only Carroll in this vicinity you have no claim to be known as young Carroll."

To a boy endearingly denoted Laurie, and only on the strictest occasions referred to as Laurence, I could only regard this repeated use of my second name a brutal assault on my feelings.

"To resume. When we go to table you must in future withdraw my chair and see that I am properly seated before you seat yourself. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss Greville," I said, abjectly.

"Again, during our lunches, which I trust will always be agreeable to you, we must cultivate the art of conversation. We shall talk of current events, of sport if you wish, of natural history, books, music, and of people. The first person to be discussed, Carroll, is you."

I turned hot all over.

"To begin, I assume that you have no desire to become a confirmed brooder. You know, of course, what that is?"

"Some kind of a hen," I faltered.

"Apt, Carroll, if erroneous. A creature perpetually wallowing in self-pity. Would you wish to be like that?"

"No, Miss Greville."

"Then you must stop being sorry for yourself. Fond though I am of your mother, I regard you as suffering from an excess of maternal leniency. I therefore propose to introduce you to the Spartan ideal. Doubtless you know of the Greek city of Sparta, where weak children were simply exposed and left to perish? Or better still, simply thrown over the cliff."

"Oh, no," I gasped.

"I," said Miss Greville coldly, "have seen the actual cliff. Now, Carroll, do you want to be thrown over the cliff or to live like a real Greek boy?"

"And how did he live?" I tried to express contempt.

"From the day he went to school at the age of seven he spent a considerable part of each day exercising under trained supervision in the palaestra. He wrestled, ran, punched a ball filled with fig seeds, rode bareback, learned to throw missiles and ward them off, his interest being kept alive by innumerable competitions for boys of different ages. But enough of history. For the present it will suffice to suggest to you the virtue of a cold bath every morning, of strenuous exercises, of endurance tests that harden the body and summon up the blood. The uncomfortable truth is, Carroll, that I find you a soft, spoiled, spineless, and abnormally solitary boy."

Outraged beyond belief, I felt my eyes filled with water.

"If you weep, Carroll," she said firmly, "I shall, from this instant, utterly disown you."

Repressively, I bit my lip hard. Cruelly maligned though I was, I did not, strangely, wish to be disowned. Besides, indignation was beginning to seethe in me. The phrase "abnormally solitary" stuck in my throat.

"Perhaps you will tell me," I said carefully, so as not to break down, "how a boy in my position can help it. Who can he not be solitary with?"

"With me. I am going to take you in hand." Miss Greville regarded me calmly. "Do you know anything of botany?"

"No, I don't," I answered sulkily.

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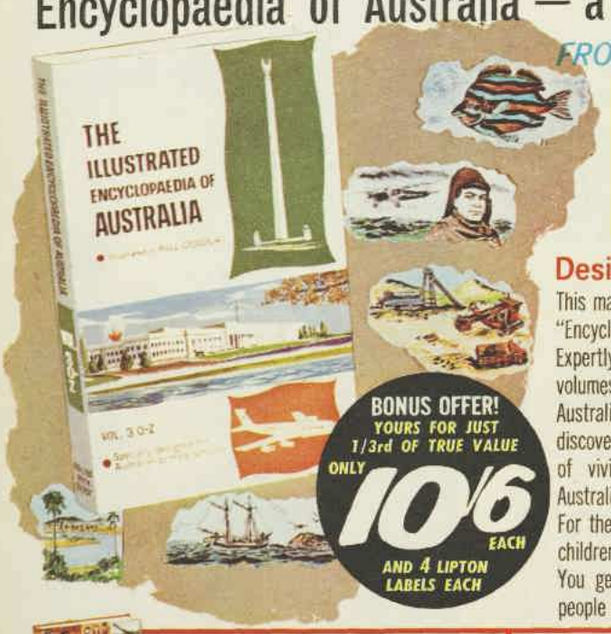

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"Then tomorrow, as it is Saturday, you shall begin to learn. Be ready at nine sharp. And now you must have another cutlet. Only, remember that your fork is not a shovel. The prongs are to be utilized. Do not scoop. Impale."

Having thus reduced me, Miss Greville now appeared to withdraw into herself. With a faint, peculiar smile on her lips, her mood seemed focused on the invisible. Her eye, however, remained on the clock. When it struck one she rose and, taking the cup of coffee that had been served her, advanced to the window. Spellbound, I watched her take her stand behind the long lace curtain where, partly concealed, she slowly sipped her coffee. Suddenly the cup was arrested, her smile deepened, remained. At last she turned and with a satisfied, almost a gay expression, put down the cup.

"You may go now, Carroll," she said pleasantly. "And don't forget. Tomorrow morning at nine."

That afternoon in school, instead of attending to Sister Margaret Mary, who was endeavoring to instruct us in the principles of compound fractions, I brooded darkly, almost heroically, on the insults I had received, and in the evening, when Mother returned from Winton, I informed her that I wished to be no party to the plans Miss Greville had conceived for me.

"I think you should go, dear," Mother said soothingly. "I'm quite sure Miss Greville means well by you."

Thus it became apparent that Mother was in league with my tormentor.

NEXT morning, between apprehension and expectation, I kept my appointment. Miss Greville presented a somewhat singular figure. She was wearing an oatmeal Harris tweed skirt much shorter than I thought proper, revealing muscular calves encased by a strong pair of weatherbeaten high-laced brown boots. Her green Tyrolean hat, turned up at one side and perched on her head, sported a tiny ornament indistinguishable from a shaving brush, and over her shoulder was rakishly slung a curious black japanned container.

"That," she explained, reading my expression, "is a vasculum. And that is our lunch. You may carry it."

Handing over a bulging knapsack as weather-beaten as her boots, she helped me to strap it on my back, then we strode off at a cracking pace along the terrace and into Sinclair Road, which led straight up the hill, Miss Greville using a curious jointed walking-stick covered with little silver badges. I wanted to ask what they were, but so furious was her assault upon the slope I thought it wiser to save my breath.

Besides, I was horribly conscious of the odd glances directed toward us by the passersby, looks of amused recognition which my companion studiously ignored.

Up we went, without a word exchanged between us. Soon we had passed the last big villas that were widely spaced in their extensive grounds among the first of the big pine trees. Civilisation now lay behind us. We were totally in the pine woods. Sweat had started to run into my eyes, my breath made a sharp whistling tune, and when I saw that even this remote wood was not far enough, that she meant to take me to the high moors, I almost wilted.

But I would not give in. Whatever puny spirit I possessed had been spurred by this abominable yet absorbing woman. I meant to show her that I was not the sort of boy to be chucked off-hand over that Spartan cliff.

With a dry throat and a pumping heart I kept on, sometimes at a half-trot, refusing to lag behind, and when at last we broke out of the woods on to that great wide expanse of moorland that ran on and on for many miles, free and undefiled across Glen Fruin to the shores of the Loch, I was still, though completely blown, at her side.

Here, mercifully, she drew up, looked at me, then took her watch out of her waistband.

"One hour and twenty minutes," she announced. "We'll do better as you progress. Are you fagged?"

Continued from page 50

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

"Not in the least," I said untruthfully.

Inspecting me closely for the first time, she actually smiled.

"Then we'll start on the real business of the day." She spoke with animation. "It's been an open winter, and with luck we should find some interesting things for your collection."

Without enthusiasm, I followed her as, with bent head, she stalked off slowly into the heather.

"You know, I'm sure, the commoner heath flowers. The ericas, not yet out, the yellow gorse, the broom, and the cotton grass — these white tufts blowing in the wind." She paused. "But have you seen this?"

"No, I haven't," I said sourly.

Kneeling down, she had parted the grass and exposed a delicate little plant with pointed green leaves and starry, bright golden yellow flowers.

"The bog asphodel. Narthecium ossifragum. One of the Liliaceae."

Quite against my wishes and inclination I was impressed, not only by her manifest erudition, but by the sudden uncovering of this hidden, sparkling and wholly unsuspected flower.

"Shall we dig it up?"

"Decidedly not. But we'll take one raceme for pressing." And she snipped off a single stem which, rather to my surprise since I had decided not to co-operate, I accepted and tucked away in the vasculum.

We proceeded for some minutes without incident, then she stopped again.

"Here is something rather striking. The round-leafed sundew. Drosera rotundifolia."

As I gazed questioningly at the graceful little rosette, she went on: "Each leaf as you see bears several rows of crimson hairs, terminating in rounded head, like a sea-anemone's tentacles. Indeed, they serve a similar purpose. They secrete a clear sticky fluid which entraps small insects crawling over the leaf. Their efforts to free themselves irritate the hairs, which bend over the insect so that it is

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secured, digested, and assimilated by the plant."

"I say!" I exclaimed in a tone of wonder. "A fly-eating plant!"

"Precisely. We shall dig this one up—I have no love for the sundews—plant it in peat moss and you may observe it in action at home."

"May I really, Miss Greville?"

"Why not?"

She allowed me to wield the trowel taken from the vasculum and, when the plant was safely stowed, made a gesture of liberation.

"Now that you're launched, Carroll, you may go off on your own. Call me if you find anything that looks exciting."

I started off with a willingness I would not have believed possible, eager to demonstrate my tracker's skill. To my chagrin, although Miss Greville seemed to be having suc-

Continued from page 51

cess, my untrained eyes found nothing.

But at last, suddenly, I stumbled on a splendid bloom, starting up from among the withered grass, big as a hyacinth and of a deep, rich glowing purple.

"Quick, Miss Greville," I shouted. "Please come quickly."

She came.

"Do look, Miss Greville. Isn't it a beauty?"

She made a generous gesture of assent.

"The spotted Orchis maculata. Tubers palmate, bracts green, three-nerved. A first-rate specimen. I congratulate you, Carroll. If only we can find its neighbor, the morio, we may count ourselves fortunate."

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

I blushed with pride, watching as she carefully snipped two flowers from the spiky stem and, with some other specimens she had collected, permitted me to stow them away.

We were now in a grassy saucer of the moor, probably an old sheep dip, sheltered on one side by a marbled ridge of rock. She glanced upwards. The pale sun was now directly overhead.

"Does this strike you as a suitable spot for lunch, Carroll?"

I immediately approved the terrain.

"Then see what Campbell has given us."

I unpacked the knapsack, reverently handling the damp, napkin-wrapped packages, noting with enthusiasm that several home-made sausage rolls were included. Finally, tucked in beside the flask of coffee, a splendid bottle of lemonade was revealed. This foresight touched me so acutely that involuntarily I exclaimed.

"Oh, Miss Greville, you are terribly kind."

"Campbell," she replied calmly.

"But Campbell does not like me."

"Campbell does not show her feelings."

"But, Miss Greville, Campbell does not answer when I speak to her."

"Campbell is not naturally predisposed to conversation. Besides, she is rather deaf."

With Campbell disposed of, we began lunch. As this exceeded my expectations, I ate a great deal, an indulgence made possible by the fact that Miss Greville herself appeared rather indifferent toward the sausage rolls. She had removed her hat and, sitting erect with closed eyes and that faint withdrawn smile, had surrendered herself to the spirit of the moor.

From time to time, while eating steadily, I gazed at her with awe. The wind was singing in the heather, overhead curlews were circling and calling against the blue sky. No other sound but the faint hum of an early bee.

"May I tell you something, Miss Greville?" I ventured, taking up the last egg and cress sandwich. "I think I am going to like doing botany very much."

Imperturbably, she inclined her head.

"Then we shall do some more presently. We still have to find an Orchis morio to match your maculata."

After we had rested for a while we started off again, not deeper into the moor, but across, toward the road. Charged with botanical ardor, I surpassed myself. We found the masculated orchid, and specimens of bog myrtle, yellow pimpernel, and St. John's wort, for all of which Miss Greville knew the Latin names. She also showed me a lapwing's nest with four eggs, and a bed of whortleberry shrubs that in a few weeks would yield us fruit.

The afternoon was fading into an umber haze as at last we struck the road. But now, though long, it was all downhill. My legs were tired but my chest felt full of fresh air. This inflation and an intoxicating sense of achievement supported me during an unexpected encounter — which otherwise might have unnerved me — with Mr. Lesly, the vicar of St. Jude's, Miss Greville's church.

ALTHOUGH I felt myself automatically suspect by all clergymen of denominations other than my own, this was a pleasant man to whom, when questioned, I identified myself as a Papist in a manner Miss Greville subsequently commended.

"Mr. Lesly is exceptionally gifted. Broadminded, too." She continued in the same strain of praise. "And, of course, Carroll, we Catholics at St. Jude's are in many respects in accord with you Romans, although naturally celibacy is not imposed on our clergy."

After that we were soon home. With effusive thanks I parted from Miss Greville and dashed upstairs with the vasculum.

"I've had such a time, Mother. I found a rare orchid. We got a plant that actually eats flies, and all sorts of other specimens. Miss Greville's going to show me how to mount them, and to cut sections, too, for her microscope."

She was seated at the table adding figures on a sheet of paper. As she raised her head, her expression remained so preoccupied that I called out: "Mother, what's wrong? Didn't you hear me?"

She recovered herself immediately.

"Yes, dear, of course I did." Drawing me toward her she held me tight. "And what fine red cheeks it's given you. Now sit beside me, very close, and tell me all about it."

. . . . .

During that spring and summer I spent entrancing hours of happiness and well-being on the moors, sometimes with Miss Greville, more often alone. My passion for natural history had at least the merit of improving my health. Or perhaps this was due to the light dumbbells Miss Greville had placed in my room, and those morning cold baths which, though Mother demurred, I now persistently endured under the admonitions of my patroness, who, with compelling instances of the austerities endured by runners training for Olympia, continued to fire me with the Greek ideal.

"You have not been endowed with too remarkable an anatomy, Carroll. You must make the most of it."

While no visible muscular bulges appeared, and it was mortifying when Miss Greville sought vainly for the first sign of my biceps, nevertheless I did at last begin to grow.

To page 57

All new...
all Birds Eye...
and all ready

Vegetables with the extra special touch.

Delicious. And altogether new. Vegetables with a difference. Your favourite Birds Eye vegetables combined with excitement. Prepared with imagination. Peas, whole kernel corn, and beans, each in a creamy butter sauce sparkling with selected seasonings and spicy herbs. And there's nothing for you to do but heat them in a little water. So put a little excitement into tonight's dinner. They're at the shop with the Birds Eye sign now.

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● **Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' inquiries about their antiques.**

● ***Trinket box***

Can you please identify my trinket case, which came from England with my grandmother early in the century?—K. Waller, Townsville, Qld.

Your delightful Victorian box (above) was made in the 1870 to 1880 period. It was used on ladies' dressing-tables to hold their trinkets and jewels.

★ ★ ★

Could you tell me the age and maker of my English bracket clock? It is walnut, with brass inlay on the front and brass fretwork sides and back.—D. Nicholls, Preston, Vic.

Your clock is early 19th century. It was made during the Empire or Regency period. Usually the cases are made of mahogany and brass inlay, which is characteristic of the period. It is unusual to find only the makers' initials "W. H. & Son." It was probably made by William Hunter and Son of London, who occupied premises at 156 Fenchurch Street, in 1804.

★ ★ ★

I have a cup, saucer, and plate whose age I am curious to know. "Allerton's England, Old English Bone China" is marked on the saucer.—Mrs. P. Cope, Birmingham Gardens, N.S.W.

Your china is an Allerton cup and saucer, made about 1910-1915.

Charles Allerton established a factory at Longton in 1831. His fine bone china and earthenware productions were unmarked until 1870 and "England" does not appear on any pieces until after 1893.

Could you please give me any details about my jugs?—Mrs. G. Draper, Orange, N.S.W.

Your pair of brown "Jasperdip" jugs (right) were made in Staffordshire about 1860-1875. Josiah Wedgwood produced and perfected a fine-grained unglazed stoneware in 1775. Normally white, it could be stained with different metallic colors, which comprise chiefly blue, sage-green, and black (basalt). In about 1780 a superficial coloring was produced. Wedgwood's Jasper ware with applied decoration in relief, usually with neo-classical subjects in white, was much copied by other potters. The Adam brothers, of Tunstall, made jugs, etc., similar to yours.

The jug of tapering, cylindrical shape, with small projecting lip and twisted, cable loop handle, was fashionable in latter half of 19th century.

● ***Pair of Jasper jugs.***

IRON-ON TRANSFER

DUTCH skating motifs in red and blue from Iron-on Transfer No. 202. Order from Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 1/6 each or 2 for 2/9, plus 5d. postage.

New! GALA 'SHEEN' colours for the young, gay luminous look...

There's a new look for lips and nails - the shimmering 'SHEEN' colours by GALA . . . fashions newest delicacies with a soft lustrous glow, that make it become summer on your lips and nails all year round! *Lipstick in new complete golden case 9/6, with toning pearl nail colour 12/6, — or the new 'Little Gem' size nail colour 6/9.*

33 sun sheen
34 tawny sheen
35 pink sheen

GALA OF LONDON

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WIN A MORRIS 850 IN THE KOLYNOS BANDSTAND CONTEST!

(or one of 257 other valuable prizes)

How to enter: There's always a lot of fun on the "Bandstand" set! Just look at that photo of Brian Henderson trying to be a whole band by himself!

Bandstand stars Col Joye, Judy Stone, Sandy Scott and Laurel Lea had comments to make and each comment contains the title of a song. All you do is match the number of each comment with the name of the artist who recorded the song.

Comment 1. Brian, *you're just a little too much,* only experts play by ear.

Comment 2. I *listen to my heart* and it says you're a bit off beat.

Comment 3. With all this noise *you'll never know* how I sing.

Comment 4. I can't recognise that tune, but *what I don't know won't hurt me.*

Make your choice for each, then write what you believe is the most apt comment from Brian Henderson himself. (For example: "I always play by ear.")

Your sense of fun can win you the Morris 850, the Honda Scooter or one of the other 256 exciting prizes listed below.

FIRST PRIZE: Morris 850 Motor Car. **SECOND PRIZE: Honda 50** c.c. Motor Scooter. Plus 256 other valuable prizes! **2 Wallace surfboards,** from W. W. Campbell's Surf Shop, built to the winner's specifications. **3 Philips** "Partygoer" portable transistorised radiograms. **6 Philips** "Musictime" portable transistorised clock radios. **20 Vanity Fair** hair dryers. **50 Christine Lynch** Sterling Silver, turquoise and cultured pearl bracelets. **75 Philips** Grammy Award-winning 12" LP recordings. **100 Savlon** Presentation Packs from I.C.I.

Send as many entries as you like, but enclose the end from a Kolynos toothpaste carton with each. (Except where this is contrary to your State law.)

Judging: Entries will be judged by an independent judging organisation on the basis of—

1. Placement of comment number with correct names.
2. Suitability, originality, interest and neatness of your comment for Brian Henderson.

Judges' decisions are final and no correspondence will be entered into. All entries remain the property of International Home Products (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., and none will be returned.

Employees (and their families) of I.H.P., their advertising agency and the judging organisation are not eligible to enter.

Winners will be notified in writing 6 weeks after closing. Winners' names will be in the Women's Weekly on or about November 11.

HOW TO MAIL: Print your entry on the form given or plain paper and send to P.O. Box 220, Crow's Nest, N.S.W.

CLOSING DATE: Entries received after October 5 will not be considered. No responsibility will be accepted for entries delayed, damaged or lost in transit.

KOLYNOS BANDSTAND CONTEST

ENTRY FORM

Fill in this coupon and address it to: P.O. Box 220, Crows Nest, N.S.W.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

_____ STATE: _____

JUDY STONE SAID _____ Comment number ☐

COL JOYE SAID _____ Comment number ☐

LAUREL LEA SAID _____ Comment number ☐

SANDY SCOTT SAID _____ Comment number ☐

WHAT YOU THINK BRIAN HENDERSON SAID: _____

KY394

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

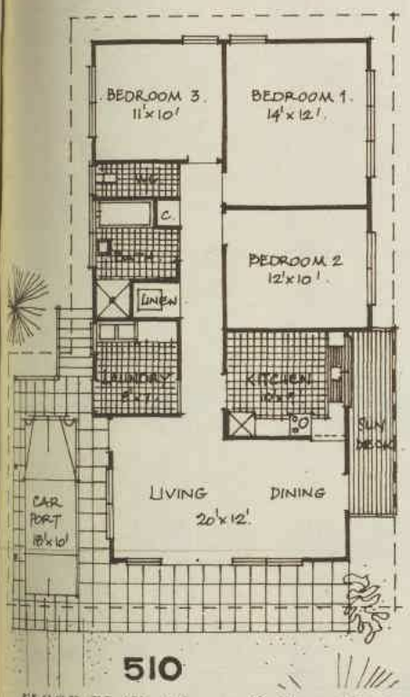
ARCHITECT—DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

Designed to suit a budget

● ***Plan 510 this week shows a house owned by Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Leyshon in Kenmore, Brisbane. The basic design is economically planned, but the house can be extended in the future.***

HOUSE in Kenmore, Brisbane (left). Below, interior shows how sloping ceiling and use of glass increase size of budget-planned living areas.



FLOOR PLAN of house. Gable roof extends to give ample shade to full-height windows.

THE budget-planned house, owned by Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Leyshon, is illustrated this week to give encouragement to other young couples who may have the same need for economy in planning initially, but can extend their home in the future.

This house, situated in the Brisbane suburb of Kenmore, has a resale value in excess of its cost—an important point to many prospective home-owners whose work may necessitate possible transfer to other towns or interstate.

The house plan is simple and straightforward. Extra money was spent on extending the roof across the front and sides to form a carport and shaded terrace. The owners believe the cost well worth while because of the extra sense of spaciousness achieved.

"The carport provides a covered play area for the children," Mrs. Leyshon said, "as well as affording us complete cover from the car to house in the rain."

A small sundeck at the side of the house is just large enough to cater for outdoor entertaining (there is a convenient sliding window in the kitchen).

However, if the budget allows, the deck could be made larger so family groups could be catered for more adequately.

The kitchen is of ample size with a built-in cupboard. There is direct access to the dining area through a small telephone recess, and the telephone is within easy reach of the kitchen and main rooms.

Directly opposite the kitchen, across the passage, is the laundry. Mrs. Leyshon finds this the most practical position for it, because she does a lot of washing at night. The laundry is readily accessible, and this eliminates the need for going outside in the cold or the dark.

To increase the feeling of spaciousness and to emphasise the unity of the house, the color scheme was carefully chosen. Ceilings are white throughout, and walls are pastel blue or green.

Outside the house has a clean, bright exterior of white paint. Yellow roof-tiles give a gay, fresh appearance to the home.

The house covers an area of 10.2 squares when built in timber (excluding the deck and carport) and 10.8 squares if built in brick.

Our Home Plans Service

HUNDREDS of home plans are available to readers at our architect-directed Home Planning Centres. All these plans can be modified to suit individual needs. Our Centres in Victoria, Tasmania, South Australia, and Queensland are recognised by the Royal Australian Institute of Architects.

- Full plans and specifications from £10/10/-.
- All normal architect's services available.
- Alterations to suit site if wanted.

Phone or call at your local Centre at—
Sydney: Anthony Horderns (Box 58, P.O., Brickfield Hill), 20951, ext. 220.
Melbourne: R.V.I.A. Small Homes Service, Age Building, 233 Collins St. (63-0341, ext. 322). Mailing address, G.P.O. Box No. 257C.
Hobart: FitzGeralds (27221).
Adelaide: 47 South Terrace (51-1798). Hustone, 4th Floor, John Martin, Rundle St. (8-7641).
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St. (Box 409F, G.P.O.). (22-691.)
Toowoomba: 409a Ruthven St. (2-2496).
Perth: Western Building Centre, 10 Milligan St. (21-4788).

Or fill in coupon below and post it to your nearest Home Planning Centre.

Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service." Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

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☐ Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)
☐ Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)

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Swing into spring with a new Kelvinator

Spring is bustin' out all over. And so are we. To celebrate our 50th year as leaders in design and engineering, we are offering this new exciting 2-door model — *years ahead in refrigeration.*

So swing into spring with a new Kelvinator. This is your best time to buy. Right now your Kelvinator retailer is celebrating our 50th Anniversary by giving you a very special trade-in offer.

Kelvinator 50th Anniversary

Choose from 4 spectacular models — Model 694 (illustrated above), 14 cu. ft. 'NO FROST' — 315 gns. Model 693 (as above), 14 cu. ft. Cyclic Automatic Defrost — 299 gns. Model 493 — 12 cu. ft. Cyclic Automatic Defrost — 269 gns. Also available: Model 993 — 15 cu. ft., with 2 upright doors, 'NO FROST' — 359 gns. Other models from only 199 gns. Prices slightly higher in some areas. Available with left or right hand door.

Kelvinator 2-door Foodarama with exclusive 'NO FROST' system

At the top a big separate deep freeze that safely stores up to 98 lbs. of frozen foods for months at a time. And, for the first time in Australia, it has exclusive 'NO FROST' system. There's never any frost on walls, shelves — not even on frozen food packages! And packages just can't stick together.

Below, there's a big, family-size refrigerator that's frost-free, too. Packed with features that make life easier. Little wonder this 2-door Foodarama is called "fabulous". It opens up a whole new world of luxurious living. And, its 2 separate doors give faster freezing, better refrigeration.

CHOOSE **Kelvinator** FOR BETTER LIVING

REFRIGERATORS • WASHERS • FREEZERS • AIR CONDITIONING

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And beyond this, I became shardly expert in moorland lore. I knew, and had found, practically every wild flower between Ardfillan and Glen Fruin, could spot the subtle difference between a Cinquefoil and a Tormentil.

My solitary wanderings through the heather had failed to afford me my greatest wish, the congenial companionship of someone my own age, but they had brought me, incredibly, the friendship of that spectre of my early childhood, a gamekeeper. After a painful introduction when, observing my figure against the horizon, keeper John Mackenzie had come striding in pursuit to charge me with "herrying" grouse eggs, the contents of my vasculum had partially reassured him, and the botanical jargon which I gabbled in excuse probably convinced him that he was dealing with an oddity.

On subsequent occasions, watching through his stalker's telescope, he must have assured himself of my innocence and took occasion to sit up with me, to sound me out, and, when later on he found me useful in locating outlying nests for him, to have a companionable chat. His keeper for Glen Fruin his task was to provide a maximum of birds for the twelfth of August. I think in the end I earned his respect, for he took trouble to tell me many interesting things about his work, which provided me with stimulating topics for my lunchtime conversations with Miss Greville.

"Do you know something, Miss Greville?" I would begin, having sampled with relish my first spoonful of a red soup which was apparently called borsht.

"I know a great many things, Carroll; to which of these do you refer?"

Continued from page 52

"Grouse, Miss Greville."

"Yes," she replied meditatively. "I am familiar with that bird, both on and off the table. My poor father shot a great many of them on the Yorkshire moors."

"But do you know, Miss Greville, that when the young bird flies only five days after hatching it couldn't exist without two things."

"The young green shoots of the heather?" she suggested.

"And?"

She shook her head.

"Midges!" I exclaimed.

SHE looked up from her soup. "Good heavens, Carroll. You startle me."

"I thought I should," I said triumphantly. "That's one of the reasons the old rooty heather must be burned off and the damp patches kept on the moor as a breeding ground for the protein-rich insects."

I was rather proud of that word "protein" — Mr. Mackenzie was quite a learned man. "Water is needed, too, Miss Greville. The hen bird drinks a lot when she's sitting. Of course the sheep are Mr. Mackenzie's greatest curse; he's always counting them."

"Does he sleep badly?" she inquired blandly.

"Oh, not that, Miss Greville. The sheep grazing on the moor. Only a certain number are supposed to be allowed, and they eat the young heather day and night. They're worse than the hooded crows. They never lose their appetite."

She at last allowed herself to smile.

"Well, I'm glad you haven't lost yours. Have some more soup."

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

In these adventures I should have been happy all through the long school holidays but for the change in my mother that suddenly became apparent to me. Because I loved and trusted her best in the world, I had always taken her for granted, and I had imagined that she had "got over" Father's death. Nor could I guess what deprivations she endured beyond the loss of Father's companionship and support. Absorbed in my own pursuits, I had barely noticed her lost look when she returned from Winton in the evening, or how at times she would sit, her gaze detached, a finger pressed against her cheek, her lips moving slightly, as though she were talking to herself.

"Come, Grace," Miss Greville would remonstrate, making a sudden appearance upstairs.

"This melancholy moping won't do at all. You must come down to me. Miss Gilbraith and Alice Charteris have called and we're going to have music."

"I'm rather tired," Mother would say, "and don't really feel like it. You'll manage very well without me."

"Nonsense, dear Grace. We all want you. And it will do you a world of good."

These friends of Miss Greville's were mistresses at St. Anne's, desirable in every way, and when she yielded to persuasion, these musical evenings did take Mother out of herself.

Yet there were responsibilities of which I realised nothing that could not be relieved by a Haydn quartet. To me it seemed simple and natural that Mother should have taken over Father's business. Everything was settled, and would continue as before. Not a breath of financial stress was in the air.

One evening the post brought a letter for Mother, an event unusual enough for me to wait expectantly while she opened and read it. Suddenly I heard her gasp, saw her press a hand to her forehead.

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed, in a pained voice. "This is too bad."

"What is, Mother?"

Overcome, she sat down, holding the letter.

"Your Uncle Bernard has sent me the bill." Mother was almost incoherent, but I saw that she must speak to me. "Before your father died he told me he wanted, yes, insisted on a simple burial. But Uncle Bernard would not have it. He took all the responsibility. So we had all these unnecessary, hateful, expensive trappings. And now the unpaid bill, that I thought was settled long ago, has come to me, with the threat of a summons."

"Is it much?"

"Terribly much."

I felt myself go hot all over with indignation.

"He must pay it. He promised he would. I heard him say so."

"He says he can't. That they've condemned his property, that he owes other people, that he's very hard pressed."

"What a beastly thing to do. Mother, he must be a . . . a perfect cad." This was a word I had learned from Miss Greville, and was in this case entirely misapplied. My Uncle Bernard was a soft, muddled, impractical, self-indulgent man, always in debt and skirting the edge of disaster, yet somehow managing to live well and to do well for his children. Moreover, like others of his sort, he was full of good intentions. Perhaps Mother felt this, for she sighed.

"He meant well, I suppose, and I daresay he hasn't the money. He says he may have to go bankrupt."

To page 62

Fashion FROCKS

● *Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.*

"YVONNE".— This delightful casual dress, featuring large skirt pockets with button trim, is available in purple, charcoal, aqua, pink, blue and navy denim-finished cotton.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/16/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/19/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/6/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/9/6.

Postage 6/- extra on all garments.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 75. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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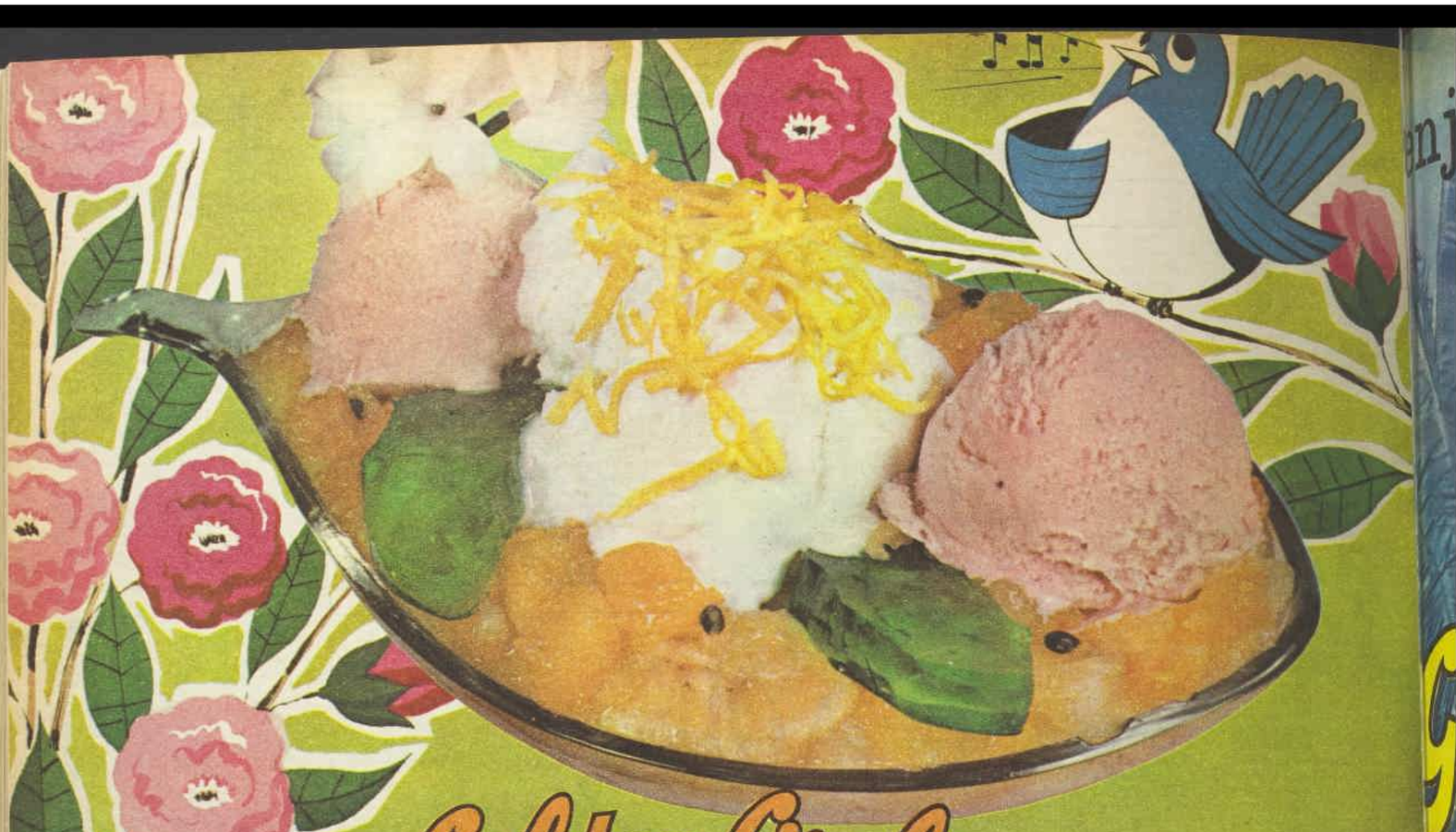

Golden Circle SUNDAE SPECIAL for September "Spring Feeling"

HOW TO MAKE "spring feeling"

Make up these other popular Golden Circle Sundaes, this summer.

"SMUGGLERS' SURPRISE"

1 Fill sundae dish nearly to rim with Golden Circle Pineapple Pieces. Reserve some pieces, cut to half thickness, for top. Place ice cream scoop in centre, dust with crushed nuts and surround with chopped red jelly. Quickly press cut pineapple over ice cream and add top of angelica pieces.

"GLASS BOTTOM BOAT"

2 Pile Golden Circle Crushed Pineapple and blancmange (or milk jelly) in a wide-bowl sundae dish. Place small scoop each of lime and vanilla ice cream on top and pile red jelly towards centre. Dust each scoop with hundreds and thousands and chopped angelica.

"SUN WORSHIPPER"

3 Fill a parfait glass with alternate layers of Golden Circle Pineapple Pieces, chopped jelly and marshmallows and chocolate ice cream, finishing with jelly ringed with pineapple. Top with a dob of whipped cream. Garnish with a cherry and angelica.

Fill a boat-shaped sundae dish to rim with Golden Circle Tropical Fruit Salad. Have ready, lime jelly set in shallow tray. About a quarter-inch thickness of jelly would be ideal. Top fruit salad with scoops of ice cream—one vanilla, two strawberry. Garnish centre scoop with coconut, add "leaves" of lime jelly (use pastry cutter) and add a white plastic flower for the touch of Spring.

"STAR GAZING"

4 Line a boat-shaped dish with Golden Circle Pineapple Pieces, bringing to peak in centre. Add chopped red and green jelly. Add two scoops of ice cream (one lime, one orange) and pile whipped cream in centre. Dust with crushed nuts and garnish with jelly stars. Cut stars with pastry cutter from shallow-set jelly.

"CORAL SURPRISE"

5 Spoon vanilla ice cream and raspberry jam into dish, taking it up the sides. Fill to rim with Golden Circle Crushed Pineapple. Top with a scoop of strawberry ice cream and surround with petals ready cut from lime jelly set in shallow tray. Dust ice cream with crushed nuts and top with a jelly cube.

1 to 5 illustrated on opposite page

THE GOLDEN CIRCLE CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.

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SUNDAES

(and no two the same)

glamorous, tropic-tasting desserts you'll make in moments with

Golden Circle

tropical PINEAPPLE PIECES, CRUSHED PINEAPPLE and TROPICAL FRUIT SALAD

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Wool is safe in *Softly*! So safe that the Australian Wool Board advises you to use this remarkable new powder for every kind of wool.

Quite a recommendation! In fact, *Softly* is the first washing product to be recommended by the Australian Wool Board.

You'll know why the very first time you use *Softly*. Woollens come out of the wash in perfect shape, feeling beautifully soft and supple. Now you can wash woollens you've never dared wash before . . . in *Softly*.

SLI/02WWHPM

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Guide to selection and growing of—

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

● Exhibition seedling "Joyce," raised by Mrs. V. Cuneo, of Auburn, N.S.W., and named after her daughter. This lovely flower is a cross between "Louisa Pockett" and "Patricia Barnett."

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 73

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Many magnificent plants have come from China and Japan, but few surpass the chrysanthemum for color and usefulness.

SOMETIMES called Flower of the East, it was cultivated in China and mentioned by Confucius about 500 years before the Christian era.

Introduced into Japan many centuries later, it became an object of the skill and patience of Japanese gardeners, who, by selection and hybridisation, developed it a long way from the original simple flower.

Toward the end of the 18th century it was introduced to France and England, but it was not until 1862 that Japanese varieties, the product of a thousand years of development, gave a fresh impetus to the chrysanthemum cult.

From then on English horticulturists developed their own varieties, and here in Australia growers have added interesting novelties.

Chrysanthemums bring brightness and fragrance to our autumn gardens. Quite easily grown in most parts of Australia, they are among the mainstays of the florist during autumn and early winter.

There is a large variation in the type of chrysanthemums grown, about nine sections being now recognised. These range from the large flowers of the incurved **Exhibition**, with their symmetrical perfection, to the small button-like flowers of the **Pompones.**

The **Decorative** varieties may have incurved or recurved petals, and are largely grown for garden decoration and for supplying florists.

Anemones have one row of ray petals accentuated by a centre cushion of tubular or quilled petals, often of contrasting color.

The **Singles** are colorful and popular, the flowers having not more than five rows of ray florets and ranging in size from two to five inches across, but a medium-size bloom is best for most purposes.

Spider or **quilled** varieties are often grown.

Cascade varieties are trained to a trailing habit of growth, bear masses of small single flowers, and are useful for spilling over walls.

The graceful **Koreans,** comparatively new introductions, are hardy and free-flowering and have a good range of colors.

Colorful massed effects can be obtained by growing one variety or using tall varieties at the back and smaller ones in the front.

Chrysanthemums prefer a moderately light loam, although fairly heavy soils give good results. Beds should be well dug and enriched with manure or compost, but make sure that any animal manure is old and well rotted.

Superphosphate and lime can be added before planting, and side dressings of a complete fertiliser applied later. Regular application of liquid

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 74

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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● "Gertrude," hirsute Decorative variety.

● "Paynham Rose," quilled variety, a strong grower.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 75

● "Flame Symbol," medium to large Exhibition.

● "Patricia Barnett," large incurved Exhibition variety.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 77

● "Golden Bendigo," quilled variety. A sport of "Bendigo," golden bronze.

manure is beneficial when the buds are developing, but should be discontinued once the colors appear.

A sunny position protected from wind provides the best site.

Good drainage is essential, and there are advantages in raising the beds 4in. to 6in. above the general level.

The root system is fibrous and mainly near the surface, so cultivation, apart from removing weeds, is not desirable. A mulch of humus, compost, or old leaves will conserve soil moisture, keep down weeds, and assist watering.

Never overwater, although the soil should be kept slightly moist.

Propagation is from suckers, cuttings, or seed. Probably the most common method is to use suckers which appear round the parent plant and are removed when 3in. or 4in. high.

Cut just below the surface to obtain a few roots if possible, usually in September or October.

Best results are often obtained from cuttings taken from the sucker growths or stems. These should be 3in. or 4in long, short-jointed, and cut just below a joint and the lower leaves removed.

Strike in soil of light texture or even coarse sand, placing the cuttings about 1¼in. deep and shading with hessian until growth appears.

Disbudding

By striking the cuttings in pots, sturdy plants can be grown, which will be ready for planting in their permanent position.

Staking is usually necessary with the larger varieties.

Don't tie tightly around one stake, as there will be insufficient air movement, resulting in unhealthy plants.

Some stopping and disbudding may be advisable for producing sturdy plants.

Normally, about November, a sterile

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● "William Turners," beautiful white Exhibition variety.

bud forms at the top of the stem, which causes laterals to break. If plants show no tendency to branch, the growing part should be pinched out.

For Exhibition plants three good lateral shoots are selected, all others being removed.

Decoratives and Singles are given four main branches, which are again stopped when about 12in. long. When the clusters of terminal buds appear, only the large central bud is retained.

Growing chrysanthemums in pots is well worth while, as they make a fine display.

Use a mixture of good garden loam, well-rotted cow manure, compost or leafmould, coarse sand, and a little lime and fertiliser.

Make sure the drainage is good by using plenty of gravel, cinders, or broken crocks.

Chrysanthemums have their quota of enemies, and the gardener should be on guard particularly against leafspot, rust, and nematodes.

Leafspot shows up as dark brown spots on the leaves, rust as blister-like swellings which break to show dark brown dusty masses, while nematodes in the early stages show symptoms like leaf rust.

For leafspot and rust, spray with Bordeaux mixture 1-1-30, and for nematodes, E605 or Parathion.

Virus diseases may also cause spotted wilt, stunting, or greening. Thrips and aphids can also give trouble.

● *Pictures on Gardening Book pages 75 to 78 were supplied by Mr. M. Spencer, of Hobart. Mr. Spencer has sent chrysanthemums by air to the Royal Chelsea Flower Show in London two years running, 1962 and 1963. There they are a novelty among the spring flowers, belonging as they do to the opposite season on the other side of the world.*

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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

"He always seems to be going bankrupt, Mother." I was still unforgiving. "And doing very nicely out of it, with lots of good food and fine clothes, and all sorts of comforts, like we saw at the funeral."

"Some people live like that, dear. Anyway, it is my responsibility. I'll settle it at once."

Bernard's letter must have made Mother feel very much alone. Uncle Simon was cloistered in Spain. We never by any chance heard a word from Leo. It was natural for her to seek encouragement elsewhere. Although she never once wrote to her home, she could get in touch with Stephen, her youngest brother, at the Winton University Union. Such a letter was sent; I posted it for Mother.

Stephen came on a Saturday afternoon and was exactly as I remembered him on his rare visits to Ardencaple—a pale, quiet, and thoughtful young man, with well-cut, regular features and a fine intellectual forehead inclined to furrow in a studious frown, not saying much, but so glad to see Mother, holding her hand for a long time and looking questioningly into her eyes. Only to see them like this was to be made aware of the affection that existed between them.

A good high tea with cold ham and potato salad had been prepared, and when we had finished Mother gave me sixpence and said I might go to the town for a box of toffee. I knew they wanted to talk so I did not hurry, but when I got back they were still talking, with their heads bent over a pile of papers on the table.

"You really mustn't worry, Grace," Stephen was saying. "Things are going quite well. When everything is paid off, including the defaulted bill, you'll still have one hundred and fifty pounds in the bank."

"It's little enough. With Laurence's education to think of."

"But you have your job. Hagemann's been very fair in guaranteeing deliveries on the same terms as before. The business, as I see it, is extremely easy run. And your orders have more or less kept up."

"They only give them because they're sorry for me. And because they liked Conor so well."

"They like you, too," Stephen said.

Mother shook her head, yet not so despondently as before.

"I can't go in and be hail-fellow-well-met with them over a bottle of beer, like poor Con."

The idea of Mother with a bottle of beer was so comic I gave a shout of laughter which made them both look up, and in a moment Mother smiled back at me. She gathered up the papers.

"Did you know that your clever young uncle has taken his degree with honors and won another special research bursary at the University? You'll do that, too, won't you, dear?"

I had no doubt I would do it.

Stephen stood up and said it was time for his train. Then, with a guarded look at me, he said, in an undertone, to Mother: "I don't want to press you again, Grace, but won't you consider Father's offer?"

"What's the use?" Mother said. "Am I to go back and pretend that I'm sorry, that I made a terrible mistake, but now I'll be good and make up for it?"

"I think I could promise you'd be welcome. You'd have a comfortable home again, your own folks around you."

"But on their terms? I couldn't bring myself to accept them."

"Is that one point as important to you as all that?"

Mother, looking down, seemed to be debating some question with herself.

"Oddly enough, it is. And certainly it is for . . . you know whom. What in all the world would he think of a mother who suddenly recanted and said, now you've got to forget all you've been brought up to and knuckle under and become something else? Besides being cruel, it would be an act of horrible disloyalty to . . . to the dead." Mother shook her head. "What's done is done. I don't regret it. And there's no going back on it."

There was a longish silence. Then Stephen said: "I believe you're right, Grace. I respect you for it."

This conversation which I did not understand made me feel extremely uncomfortable. I was glad when Stephen asked me to walk with him to the train.

ON our way to the station he encouraged me to stick at my lessons. He had heard that I was clever, and for any boy who hadn't a father behind him, hard work was the road to success. He told me he was going to have a shot at the Indian Civil Service, not necessarily to go to India, for if he got a high enough place in the examination he would be kept at home. But he was modestly pessimistic about his chances.

Finally, just before the train pulled away he said to me in his cautious way: "Don't worry your mother, Laurence, for things you don't actually need. She has enough to look after at present. And she's making quite a few sacrifices for you."

I promised faithfully to be considerate, prudent, and vigilant. Yes, in all possible ways, to cherish Mother. Did I not love her with all my heart? Alas, my promises were easily made, and soon I was careless of them. Now that the weather had finally broken and winter was drawing near, a new passion had begun to absorb me.

Miss Greville had an extensive library, inherited from her father, to which I had free access. It was, I imagine, a typical English country house library of the period, well bound, full of things both good and bad, and with a sporting flavor. During that cold, wet, and sleety winter — climatic conditions normally found at that season in such latitudes — I read with ever-increasing voracity.

In the recollections of those who, like myself, have ventured into descriptions of their early years, nothing has bored me more than those long, tedious, and particularised listings of the books the author has read and which led, in the end, to the formation of a literary taste that was demonstrably excellent. For this reason I refrain from presenting a catalogue and state simply that I read everything.

But the manner of my reading may be worthy of note if only because it was so bad. Lying flat on my face in a secluded and therefore dark corner of the room with my nose pressed close to the volume, I read at a great pace, a technique of speed that increased with habit.

Whatever the mental results of these endeavors, and my imagination seethed with hectic visions amidst which I strayed as in a trance, the physical effects were soon apparent. My eyes stung and reddened, I had headaches, developed a permanent crick in my neck, and tossed my bed into disorder when asleep. Yet I

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persisted, would not or rather could not give up, so firmly was I in the grip of the drug.

One Saturday in March when the first pale fingers of spring sunshine were feeling their way into the room, I looked up mistily from my prone position on the floor. Miss Greville was observing me with distaste.

"This won't do, Carroll."

"What won't do, Miss Greville?"

"This bookworm business. Don't you see that the sun is out? Where is my Spartan youth?"

"Yes, but this is so awfully good, Miss Greville."

She relented slightly and left me. However, in the afternoon, just as I was again nicely settled, she returned.

"You still have that ball I gave you?"

"Yes." I had in fact never used it. "In a drawer in my room."

"Get it," she commanded.

With great unwillingness I obeyed, submitted while she led me to the garden.

THREE cricket stumps had been pitched at the far end of the lawn, while a fourth, against which a bat reclined, stood at the house end. Advancing, Miss Greville picked up the bat and flourished it.

"This is now yours, Carroll. See you keep it well oiled. Mind now, only pure linseed oil."

Although my knowledge of the game was rudimentary, I knew I had a good eye, and the bat felt extremely comfortable in my hands. To Miss Greville's grand manner had put my back up and I resolved to hit her out of the garden and, if possible, since she would be responsible, through a window.

"Play," she called, and with a short, fierce run, bowling underhand, launched the ball toward me.

I took a vicious swing, missed, and found my wicket in ruins.

"That was a sneak," I protested. "A yorker, boy."

My humiliations during the next fifteen minutes were acute. She had been brought up on cricket, had played with her brothers as a girl, had attempted even to introduce the game at St. Anne's, an unapproved act that may in part have contributed to her resignation from that prim establishment. She bowled leg-breaks, off-breaks, lobs, more yorkers, at which, enraged, I swiped crookedly and in vain.

Only when, in this manner, she had convinced me of the necessity

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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

of a straight bat did my instruction begin, and with such good effect as to enable me after a further quarter of an hour to experience the delight of striking the ball sweetly with the bulge of the bat and driving it hard beyond her to the backdoor steps.

One of the qualities of this remarkable, and, alas, unfortunate woman was her ability to communicate her enthusiasms to me. I fell madly in love with the game of cricket, and played endless games with Miss Greville, a willing victim, throughout that mild dry spring. Gone now were my expeditions to the moors, my ambition to excel in natural history. I wanted to be a famous cricketer, like George Gunn, of Notts., whose name was on my bat and whose scores I followed with a passionate interest in Miss Greville's "Winton Herald," sharing his triumph whenever he scored a century, bitterly downcast when he made a duck.

One afternoon in early June, after I had made a particularly handsome square cut that buried the ball in the currant bushes, Miss Greville looked reflective and, although she made no remark, I observed her that evening in conversation with my Mother, who seemed pleased. Afterwards Mother said to me: "Hurry back after school tomorrow, Miss Greville wants you."

Next day, in expectation of our usual game on the lawn, I got home in good time. Miss Greville was waiting on me, but she was dressed, though sportingly, for the street, and her bicycle, with my bat strapped on the carrier, stood at the gate.

"Hop on the back step when I get going," she told me.

Miss Greville's bicycle was a first-class and expensive machine, but one with its unusually high seat and unorthodox frame so distinctly original in design as to compel attention on the road. With Miss Greville aloft, in her Tyrolean hat, pedalling hard and myself hanging on by the back step, we were soon afforded evidence of presenting a unique combination to the public gaze. But these amused stares were easily ignored when at the west, superior end of the town I discovered that she was taking me to Willow Park, the ground of the Ardfillan Cricket Club.

Miss Greville swung through the open gate into the select, immaculately mown enclosure. We dismounted at the neat white pavilion. With appalling disrespect Miss Greville leaned the bicycle against the flag-staff. In the middle of the green oval a man in yellowish white flannels and an old sweater was slowly pushing a roller. Cupping her hands to her mouth Miss Greville shouted: "Heston!"

He came over, hastening and touching his peaked blue cap when he recognised my companion.

"How are you, Heston?" She held out her hand.

"Pretty spry, thank you, ma'am. Haven't seen much of you lately. Not since you had me over to St. Anne's."

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TULIP

Make this new 2-in-1 Jiffy Continental Cake with Tulip, Australia's quality margarine

JIFFY CONTINENTAL CAKES: 6 ozs. TULIP, 4 ozs. P/Flour, 3 Eggs, 2 tablespoons Milk, 6 ozs. Sugar, 4 ozs. S.R. Flour, pinch Salt.
'A' MIXTURE: 2 ozs. Chopped Cherries, Red Food Colouring, few drops Lemon Essence.
'B' MIXTURE: 1 oz. Grated Cooking Chocolate, ½ teaspoon Vanilla.
METHOD: 1. Grease and flour 2 ribbon or bar pans. 2. Cream TULIP and sugar. Add eggs one at a time and beat well. 3. Stir in sifted flours and salt alternately with milk. 4. Divide mixtures in half — to one half add MIXTURE 'A', mix well. Add MIXTURE 'B' to remaining half. Spoon into prepared pans. 5. Bake in mod. oven 35-40 mins. Turn ribbon pan cake upside down to ice. TO DECORATE: Cover cake 'A' with a warm icing, using 8 ozs. icing sugar and a few drops red food colouring. Pipe Vienna cream down centre, place toffee-dipped almonds decoratively in cream, or cherries. Cake 'B', melt 3-4 ozs. cooking chocolate over hot water — brush over cake. Pipe Vienna cream down centre and decorate with chocolate half circles.

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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

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He was a brown, thick set, close cropped, tight lipped little man just short of middle age, whose skin seemed made of tough leather. He combined, as I well knew, the duties of professional and groundsman to the Ardfillan Club.

"You're still doing a bit of coaching, Heston?"

"Oh yes," he admitted. "Quite a few of the Beechfield boys come round. Especially in the holidays."

"I want you to take on this boy. Give him three or four nets a week and send the bill to me."

He looked at me, and under his doubting eyes I felt my chin quiver.

"He's small, Miss Greville."

"You are not large yourself, Heston."

He gave a faint, dry, self-contained rather sad smile which as I afterwards discovered was his nearest approach to a laugh. No, never once did I see Heston laugh.

"All right," he said, in an off-hand manner. "We'll have a look at him. Now, if you like."

We went into the pavilion, where he tossed me a pair of boy's pads. On the inside, printed in ink, I saw the name Scott-Hamilton, and beneath, Beechfield School.

"Put these on. Or one of them. No, not the right leg."

I buckled a pad on my left leg, so nervously I could scarcely fasten the straps. The pad was too big for me, it felt difficult and flapped as I walked to the practice ground. Miss Greville was already there, behind the net.

Heston began by tossing me some ridiculously easy balls, clearly indicating his opinion of my ability. The first was a soft full pitch. I attempted feebly to block it, missed completely, and it hit the off stump.

"Don't be an ass, Carroll," said Miss Greville encouragingly. I began to hit out at everything. For five minutes Heston continued to bowl at an easy pace, then he increased his run and bowled faster, so fast indeed that I flinched away from the crease. Now it was not a question of hitting, although I made one good hard square cut off a short ball, but of keeping my wicket intact. At the end of the half-hour Heston had knocked out my stumps only three times, and I saw with satisfaction that he was sweating.

I knew that I had done well and fully expected praise or, at least, congratulation. But, although Heston had a private talk with Miss Greville, whom he seemed to regard with favor, to me he said no more than: "We'll have to teach you not to run away from the fast stuff."

But this indication, grudging though it was, that I could continue with him was enough to raise me to the heights. On the way home the bicycle seemed to soar. Arrived, I rushed upstairs.

"Mother, Heston's taken me. Not counting the full toss, he only bowled me twice." I considered myself justified in subtracting one I had played on to my wicket.

She had just come in and, still in her outdoor clothes, was beginning to make our tea. She looked even more pleased than I had expected. Amongst her other anxieties she had been worrying about the summer holidays and what she should do with me during the long two months of the school vacation, a situation complicated by the certainty in her mind that we could not afford to go away for a change of air.

"So you can go to Willow Park in the holidays?"

"Yes," I said boastfully and with unutterable selfishness. "You'll not see much of me, Mother. I mean to go there every day."

The summer was unusually fine. The long, sunny days diffused a golden light. By some further quite unrecognised personal economies, Mother had bought me in Ardfillan a second-hand bicycle that gave the impression of being almost new. From Winton one evening she brought and unwrapped a parcel containing white flannels, a navy blazer, and a blue-and-white cricket belt with a silvered snake clasp. Alone in my bedroom I tried on this rigout and studied myself carefully in the looking-glass—Miss Greville had instructed me never to say "mirror."

I decided that my general aspect was that of a cricketer, and, although hitherto I had entertained grave doubts of my own appearance, often wondering how two such handsome parents could have had so insignificant a child, I was rather taken with this unusual reflection of myself.

DESPITE her eccentricities, Miss Greville had a definite status in the town. Amongst the members of the club I passed as a visitor, staying with her—perhaps her nephew—for the holidays. The keenness with which I fielded and made catches won an approval that sanctioned this view.

With the Beechfield boys my situation was more critical. Many of these boys, whose parents were stationed with the Army in India or elsewhere in what was then proudly referred to as the Empire, remained at the school during the holidays, and there were others living in Ardfillan, notably the boy called Scott-Hamilton, whose pad I had worn, and his younger brother, who came often to the ground for a scratch game. At first their attitude was stony, but one day, after I had held a particularly hot return, Scott-Hamilton, a strong, tall boy of thirteen who was captain of the Beechfield eleven and like myself a cricket maniac, lounged over with his brother.

"Would you care to join us in a game? You're here for the holidays with your aunt, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"By the way, what school are you at?"

This was a question I had long anticipated and to which, with premeditated cunning, I had prepared the answer, knowing that if in effect I had admitted to attending my unspeakable little school in Clay Street I would be damned and cast off on the spot.

"I have a tutor," I lied calmly, yet excusing myself with the thought that, after all, Miss Greville, if not my aunt, was a sort of tutor.

"Oh, I say," said Scott-Hamilton in a tone of sympathy. "Have you been ill?"

"Chest." I tapped my ribs in an off-hand manner.

"Hard cheese!" murmured the younger brother.

"Anyhow, it hasn't jolly well interfered with your cricket," said Scott-Hamilton. "Let's pick sides."

I breathed again. It had come off. I was accepted.

Heston, of course, could have given me away. But, beyond the fact that I often came down in the mornings to help him with the roller, mark the crease or put up a new net, Heston was on my side of the fence. The sense of equality between the amateur and the professional that developed half a century later was then not even dreamed of, and Heston's position was that of a paid servant who must inveterately "sir"

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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

his masters and be subject to their command and abuse. But Heston, if he suffered, was imperturable, the most impassive man I had ever known.

All that summer I played cricket with the Beechfield boys, in whose companionship the sweet sound of bat on ball became sweeter still. At last I had friends, the kind of boys I had always wanted as my intimates. The sun burned me a deep Indian red, real muscles appeared on my arms and legs, I had never felt or played better.

Most delicious of all, an achievement beyond my wildest dreams was the patronage, verging on friendship, with which the elder Scott-Hamilton, my senior by three years, had come to favor me. Friendship existed on my side, a longing for affection and companionship, but it was never returned in kind. He had a code of casual, superior, slightly bored indifference that must never be infringed. His favorite epithet of disparagement was the word "toad."

INEVITABLY there were dangerous moments, but I carried everything before me. Miss Greville, who from the first failed to esteem my cricketing belt with the snake clasp, had suggested a more stylish support for my trousers, and to this end she gave me an old tie of her brother's—after his death a great many of his belongings had been returned to her.

"I say," commented the younger Scott-Hamilton, who was more impressionable than his brother, "Carroll's sporting an old E tie."

I then elaborated further, ignoring Spion Kop but bringing in Kenya, creating relations, all with a fertility of imagination and an off-hand use of Beechfield slang that quite startled me. Was I a snob? No. I was elevated far above myself. But most of these boys boasted arrogantly and quite naturally, Douglas bragging of his father's steam yacht, a yellow-funnelled monster that lay in the Gareloch, and young Colquhoun never failing to remind us that his parents kept fifteen servants in Bengal.

I had nothing to boast of, so, instead of exaggerating, I invented. But all that I said and did was defensive, the fervent, ridiculous, and pathetic expression of a lifelong longing for social acceptance and equality.

I could not bear to think that autumn would bring the cessation of my joys, yet as the season drew to a close that sting was palliated by the thought of the final game, the traditional annual fixture between the boys coached by Heston and the second eleven of the club. Scott-Hamilton had picked our side: ten Beechfield boys and myself. True, I was last man on the list, but that did not seem to matter. I was in the eleven.

From now on, as the afternoons drew into early dusk, our practice at the nets became intensive. Although his attitude was casual, verging between boredom and a kind of sleepy indifference, I knew that Scott, as I now called him, wanted desperately to win this match. Not only was this his last year at Beechfield before going to Fettes, he had a special animus, amounting to a vendetta, against one of the Beechfield masters, Cunningham by name, who was captain of the club eleven.

The morning of the match was crisp and sunny with only a faint autumnal haze, which gave promise of a fine, still day. It was, of course, a single innings game, and was due to start at 11 o'clock. To my sorrow Miss Greville was debarred from seeing me perform by an engagement at the vicarage where Mr. Lesly, with extremely bad taste, had chosen this particular day for St. Jude's annual garden party. Yet in a way I felt slightly relieved at this enforced absence of my "aunt," since there was always the horrid possibility that one or other of her more outspoken observations might expose the true nature of our relationship.

Now the game cricket is presumably not a matter of passionate interest for every reader of this book, nevertheless this particular match was an exciting one, and since its upshot proved even more memorable, I must briefly describe it.

A coin was spun in front of the pavilion, and Cunningham, having won the toss, elected to bat first. Our opponents, with a jocularity that we found offensive, were prepared to treat us lightly. They began by offering catches in the deep field which to their surprise we accepted. When they settled down to be serious it was a different matter. But our bowling was steady. Douglas, son of the yachtsman, had a particularly deceptive off-break, and our fielding, of the swift dash and one-handed pick-up variety, kept the score down, besides bringing frequent bursts of hand-clapping from the spectators. Although Cunningham, unfortunately, carried his bat for fifty-seven, which included eleven boundary hits, they were all out just after one o'clock for a hundred and thirty-nine.

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"I call it 'Leftovers a la Trudy'."

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

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After the luncheon interval it was our turn to bat. Scott, a first-class batsman and good all-rounder, had bowled without change at one end. Now, with Bethune, he went in to open our innings. How I admired him as he walked elegantly to the wicket and calmly took centre. He played the first over confidently, scoring two off the last ball.

Seated on the pavilion verandah with the others, applauding that strong, clean, cover drive, I felt a rising hope that I should not have to go in. Although in my usual fashion I had built extravagantly on a spectacular performance, now that deeds might be demanded of me, the prospect of that lonely walk to the wicket had begun to intimidate me. Thus far, while I had made no catches, I had fielded extremely well. My reputation might rest on that with safety. Bethune, having taken middle and leg, was now set to receive an over from Cunningham, who, taking an alarmingly long run, delivered his first ball. Fast and well pitched up, it knocked out Bethune's middle stump. One out, and only two on the scoreboard—it was a shock.

"Well, if I dialled the wrong number why did you answer?"

When Bethune returned, to averted glances, while I entered a painful nought in my scoring card—which I have retained to this day—Colquhoun followed. Next to Scott he was our soundest bat, one who could be relied upon to stay. Unfortunately, on this occasion, he remained for a bare ten minutes and a stodgy nine. The next batsman's effort was equally short, and even more uneventful. He contributed three. A chill air of despondency had now settled on the verandah bench.

My agitation was increasing by the minute. Once the rot started the sorrowful procession continued, and was held up only by Hailey, our wicketkeeper, who made a solid ten, all singles, before being caught and bowled by Cunningham. A final, momentary respite was provided by Douglas, the spin bowler, who, hitting out at everything, scored fourteen, including three wild but valuable boundaries that sailed over second slip's head.

When Douglas left, out to a catch at long leg, the score stood at no more than eighty-two for eight wickets, of which Scott-Hamilton had made forty-six. And now I shivered as the younger Scott-Hamilton, who immediately preceded me on the batting order, went swaggering out to the pitch in a manner that made me envy his cheek. There was a good deal of the clown in Harry, he liked to raise a laugh even if against himself. On this occasion he succeeded.

After taking guard in exaggerated fashion, he walked up and down patting imaginary imperfections in the bone-dry pitch. Having succeeded in amusing the spectators, who as the afternoon wore on had grown in number, he took guard again and faced the bowler. The ball was a slow leg-break. Harry turned to pull it to leg, missed his footing, and sat down on his wicket.

The result was an enormous shout of laughter in which, irresistibly, even the fielders joined. So in this atmosphere of hilarity I would have to go in. My pads were already on. With a frightful hollow in my stomach I put my bat under my arm and stumbled down the wooden steps of the pavilion into that wide green arena.

I WAS so wretchedly nervous when I went to the wicket that I forgot to take guard. The game had degenerated into farce and in the interests of cricket must be terminated at once by my dismissal. The first ball shaved my wicket, the second hit me a sad crack on the elbow. It was then the end of the over.

While the field changed, Heston, who was umpiring at my end, strolled toward me, hands in the pockets of his long white coat.

"Straight bat," he said mildly. "Don't run away from them."

In the events that followed, Scott-Hamilton was the hero, I merely the accessory to the fact. It is enough to report simply and briefly that, with incredible good fortune, I stayed there for more than three-quarters of an hour, surviving by the skin of my teeth, while Scott hit up another thirty-eight runs. His score was eighty-six, my total no more than a miserable nineteen, but beyond keeping my wicket intact I had one moment of glory when, off what proved to be the last ball of the match, I ventured on a square cut that somehow sped past cover point then trickled to the boundary. I did not realise that it was the winning hit until I saw Scott waiting for me to walk to the pavilion.

In the pavilion, as we took off our pads, he brushed off all congratulations.

"I never believed I would have the misfortune to know such a blank collection of blankety toads. You, Harry, were the toadiest of the lot. Lucky there was one toad," he announced, "who wasn't altogether toadish." Then turning to me: "You'll come home to tea with me, won't you, Carroll?"

The invitation went to my head like wine. This was the final accolade, an honor and an intimacy I had never hoped to attain. My powers in the game had already raised me well above myself. Now I floated, disembodied, an elected member of the elite.

When we had changed we set out, Scott, Harry, and I, sauntering toward their house, which stood quite near in a secluded position behind the wood. On the way over we discussed the match. Harry with his usual sense of fun, Scott mockingly amused at Mr. Cunningham's discomfiture. To me the master had not appeared at all upset at the defeat of his side, rather the contrary, and apart from his unfortunate teeth he seemed a genuinely nice sort of man. He had clapped me heartily on the back and said "Well played" as we came off

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"Although I am 76, I still lead a normal, active life," says Mrs. Muriel Tippet of 33 Waite St., Blackwood, S.A. *"All Bran for breakfast each morning keeps me really fit and lively!"*

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See this week's new architect-designed home on Home Plan page.

Continued from page 67

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

the field. But it was enough that for reasons of his own Scott detested him. Strolling along easily in my new-found arrogance I derided the unhappy Cunningham, inventing comic names for him, of which one, "Rabbit Teeth," won approval. Scott said that it would stick.

The grounds of the house were imposingly large. We went along an avenue of chestnut trees that revealed a paddock on one side and distantly on the other the fruit and vegetable garden, where two men were working, and beyond which I made out an inviting row of glasshouses. A shrubbery and a rock garden appeared next before finally we came to the house, a half-timbered mansion draped in virginia creeper, fronting a wide stretch of lawn flanked by twin herbaceous borders.

A woman, tall, thin, with greying hair and a distinguished look, was crossing the lawn as we approached. She was wearing gardening gloves and carried a trug in which lay a profusion of full-blown roses.

"Mother," Scott said, "this is Carroll. I've asked him to tea."

She smiled pleasantly, viewing us all, not with the outgiving affection my own mother would have shown, but with a certain aristocratic, faintly amused contraction of her brows which, to my shame, I now preferred.

"How did the match go?"

"We won, naturally," Scott said offhandedly.

"Behold the two heroes, Mother. I made a duck."

"Oh, you wretch, Harry. Never mind, you'll have tea with me when I've finished cutting." Turning to go, she said: "Then you may tell me all about it."

Scott led the way into the house, through the hall and along a passage at the back to a green-baize-covered service door.

"Let's have a drink," he said, pushing open the door. "You won't mind coming in here?"

Gaily, in a free-and-easy manner, I followed them to the kitchen, which was large, white tiled, and well lit. At the window a smartly dressed maid was polishing silver while a stout cook, with her back to us, was at the stove bending over the oven.

"We'd like some ginger-beer, Bridgie."

"Take it then," said the cook, over her shoulder. "But leave these pancakes be, Master Harry, they're for the mistress' tea."

Harry, who knew his way about, had supplied us with glasses of stone ginger-beer, when the cook swung round, straightened, exposing to us a full red amiable face set with a pair of button-black eyes. I stiffened, choked on my ginger beer. I recognised her instantly.

Bridget O'Halloran, staunch devotee of St. Mary's and leading member of the Guild of St. Teresa. Did she know me? Idiotic, futile question. Had she not sat beside me in church, walked in the same procession, even passed me occasionally on her afternoon off as she went to the church and I emerged from school? If this damning evidence was not enough, her stare of wondering surprise that plainly said "What is he doing here, where he doesn't belong, with Master Scott and Master Harry?" would surely have convinced me. And now her expression had changed.

I saw that she distrusted and resented my upstart appearance in a society so far above me, a sphere where as an old and privileged servant she had the right to feel at home. I was an offence against the sound established order that she believed in as firmly as she did the Communion of Saints.

SHE placed herself in a conversational attitude, one hand on her hip.

"You have a new friend, Master Scott?"

"Decidedly," he agreed, drinking deeply.

"That's nice. He'll be at the Beechfield with you?"

"No, Bridgie," Harry interposed. "For your private information, he has a weak chest and doesn't go to school at present."

"Indeed now, that's interesting. And where does he get his education like?"

"He has a tutor."

"A tutor, is it?"

Disregarding Master Harry, who was now helping himself to pancakes, she fixed me with a chilly, penetrating stare. Yet her tone was persuasive as, in a meditative manner, she queried: "But surely . . . haven't I seen you in Clay Street with a school satchel?"

I affected an incredulous smile. It was a feeble effort.

"Of course not."

"Strange," she pursued. "I could have sworn it was you. Down by St. Mary's school?"

I was pale. The smile had stiffened on my lips. Ineffectually I tried an edging movement toward the door.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"You're sure it wasn't you?"

"I'm dead positive," I said violently. "What the dickens would I be doing down there?"

She considered me for a long moment, then said slowly: "And the cock crowed thrice."

Master Harry went into a fit of laughter.

"Silly Bridgie. And the cock crowed. Cock-a-doodle-do."

But Scott-Hamilton, unsmiling, was looking at me very curiously.

"Shut up, Harry. Let's clear out."

Tea in the drawing-room, where, basking in glory, I had hoped to shine, was a torment. Despite Mrs. Scott-Hamilton's puzzled efforts, conversation flagged and died. As soon as I could, I said that I must go.

"Must you?" said Scott, getting up immediately. "Pity you have to leave," he said with cold politeness, having escorted me to the front door.

"I have to meet someone," I said.

He raised his eyebrows with a faint, contemptuous smile.

"The tutor?" These were his parting words.

I went out of the house and along the avenue, past the two gardeners, the peach house, and the twin tennis courts. Sick with shame and blind with rage I saw nothing. All the hot bitterness of my burning heart was directed against Scott, against all the Scott - Hamiltons, against Beechfield, the cricket club, the entire world, most of all against myself.

I loathed and despised myself with a searing and corroding violence that, while it must end in abysmal misery, kept me striding instinctively, in some such manner as the murderer is compelled to return to the scene of his crime, toward St. Mary's. Had Bridget's final words stung so fiercely as to stir in my perfidious soul emotions of compunction and contrition that could be assuaged only by a solitary visit to the church? If so, I did not reach that haven of penitence.

Beyond the Victoria Library at the junction of the main road and Clay Street a game was in progress, a low, common vulgar game of "kick-the-can" played in the public thoroughfare by a ragged scattering of my schoolfellows. My eye dilated. Here, I thought, are my compeers. Welcomed by acclamation, unmindful of my patrician clothes, I flung myself into the game, running, sliding, kicking, falling in the gutter, shouting and sweating, revelling in the awareness that I was shedding the spurious veneer with which for the past two months I had encased myself.

The game proceeded until dusk. I did not give up until I felt myself completely purged. Then, pledging myself to more games when school took up next week, I set out for home, with a tear in the knee of my flannel trousers, exhausted, dirty, and sad, but for the moment at peace.

. . . . . .

Oh, the dreariness of that ensuing winter when, under perpetually weeping skies, I passed, with lowered head, a shadow of myself, to and from St. Mary's School, travelling by the unfrequented back road, avoiding all that pertained to Beechfield. Unhappily, this alternative route presented me, on occasions, with a painful reminder of my fallen state, since it was unpredictably the choice of St. Anne's junior "crocodile," thus confronting me at a turn of the road with a double line of young girls, swinging along in their fetching green uniforms, aristocratic, arrogant, yes, all of them arrogant to the point of insolence, and to whom I must yield the pavement by stepping humbly into the gutter.

As I stood there, an ignored obscenity, one in particular held my eye, a captivating little blonde with long, double flaxen pigtails that swung with her dashing step. She it was who, by her fascinations, confirmed my outcast state. By chance I even learned her name. As she swept past with her indubitably snub nose in the air and never a side glance, her partner in the parade remarked, in the high, affected Ardfillan voice: "Oh, I say, Ada, how absolutely jolly!"

Resuming my way, Ada became the touchstone of the unattainable, the token of my miseries, the central figure in fantasies which I created, not only by day but more

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FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal."***

— Matthew 6:19.

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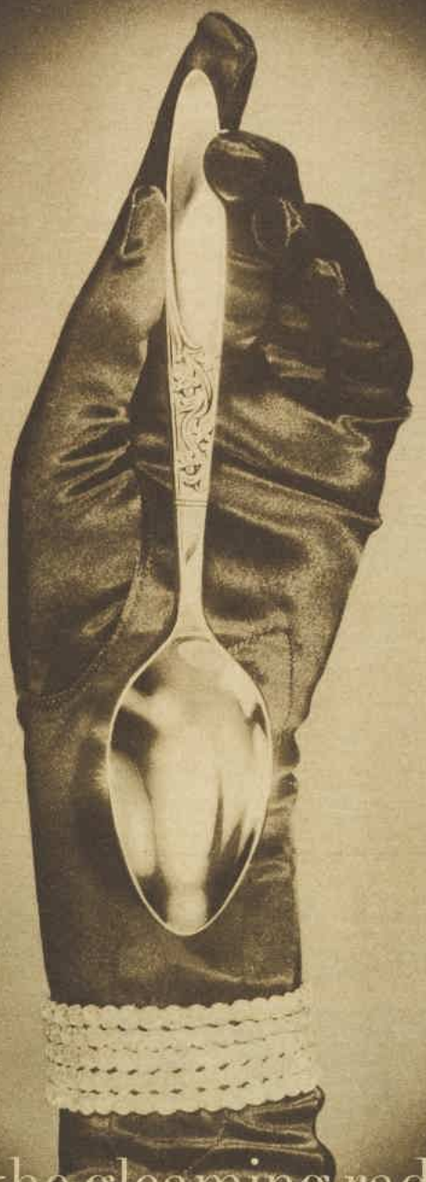

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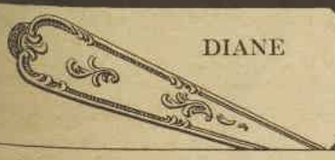

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GRETEL

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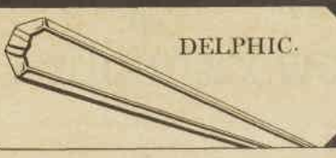

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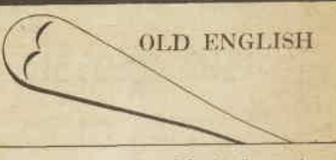

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* CHRISTINE: Slim, sweeping lines combined with a graceful, finely carved daffodil design. Complete 44 piece setting with silver handles £22/19/6, with pearlex handle knives £17/15/-, with xylonite handle knives £16/9/6.

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Continued from page 68

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

often at night, in bed, before I fell asleep. Then Ada, dear Ada, watched rapturously, in company with Heston and George Gunn, while I carried my bat for a century at Lords.

Fortunately, after some weeks, Ada was supplanted by a humbler being, possibly more worthy of my affection. I had fallen in love with Amoeba Proteus.

The chance discovery of an elementary textbook of zoology of Miss Greville's entitled Pond Life had sent me, idly at first, in pursuit of the protozoa. But it was a chase which, to my salvation, soon became a passion, supplanting my botanical researches of the past year, convincing me that I must become a scientist.

As spring came in I returned from my moorland expeditions not with a packed vasculum but with scum-filled jars that teemed with fascinating life and which, once my eye was glued to the tube of Miss Greville's microscope, gave me the entry to an unknown world peopled with amazing microscopic creatures whose elaborate activities, from the swallowing of diatoms and formation of food vacuoles to the halving of chromosomes and division of the nucleus in the final act of partition, filled me with wonder, an emotion that intensified as, passing from these primary cells, I came upon rarer and wilder inhabitants of this subaqueous jungle, the solitary volvox, the whirling rotifer, the shapely polystomella.

And what joy when, one March evening, a glorious paramecium, with all its cilia waving, swam majestically through the green algae into my field of vision.

This was the interest that truly sustained me during a period of dullness and uncertainty when I felt that I was getting nowhere. I realised that St. Mary's could take me no further and that I was soon due to leave. I dared not ask my mother what the future held for me. In her face now there was a reserve that forbade my question, an expression that I did not wish to read yet which instinctively I recognised as an omen contrary to all my hopes.

At first, through sympathy for her, and the general regard for Father, she had done well enough with the agency. But gradually the decline had set in, competition increased, and more and more she came back with a thinning order book and a set, harassed expression, the presage to increasing economies that dispelled the blessed ambience of security in which I had hitherto lived.

As the months went on it became more and more apparent how painfully short we were of money. Particularly in our diet was this stringency noticeable, for although worse was in store for me, Mother now concentrated on the cheapest and most nourishing foods, such things as baked beans, boiled salt codfish, and cottage pie, which I accepted with an added sense of grievance, since it must now be revealed that those sustaining lunches with which Miss Greville had regaled my pampered stomach had practically ceased.

THIS, indeed, touched another of our problems, a mysterious enigma, surrounding my benefactress, that passed my present understanding. Miss Greville, caught up in new and unforeseen activities, was seldom in for lunch, and I would find a pencilled note left by Mother: Soup in the pot on the stove for you to heat, dear. And some cold rice pudding in the cupboard.

What, I asked myself repeatedly, was happening to Miss Greville? Toward Mother and myself she was more forthcoming, more gaily affectionate, than ever. Yet it seemed as though in this effusiveness Mother found something oppressive. At first she had been pleased to be invited to those little tea parties, and even to play and sing there.

But now, returning tired and dispirited from Winton she was apparently in no mood for such festivities, and only once during the previous six months when Miss Greville had entertained her few St. Anne's friends to a musical evening had she attended, with reluctance, and then because she felt it an obligation to play, or at least to accompany Miss Greville's performance on the cello. After this event she had returned depressed and with a disinclination for further social intercourse.

It was difficult to escape the conclusion that the more Miss Greville offered intimacy, the more my mother had withdrawn from it, not obtrusively, but rather with discretion, as though anxious to moderate these approaches. I particularly noticed this reserve in Mother's manner on Sundays when, Miss Greville sumptuously dressed for church in a high-waisted cream costume, an enormous exuberant hat on top of her chignon, a parasol in her white-gloved hands, and exuding a faint smell of Parma violets, came upstairs to be approved.

"Does this suit me? Will I do, Grace? Am I fit to be seen?"

Envisaging that full, richly moulded figure, Mother repressively replied: "You will certainly be seen."

"I believe so." Miss Greville smiled confidently. "And why not, dear Grace?"

Of course, Miss Greville had always been an assiduous churchgoer, and her penchant for remarkable attire was no secret to me, yet in these over-elaborate Sunday toilettes there must surely be some meaning which so far had escaped me. Nevertheless I, as opposed to Mother, welcomed every sign and symptom, no matter how displayed, of Miss Greville's partiality. Not only did I admire her intensely—"look up to her" is perhaps the better phrase—I knew all too well what she had done for me. And I dared to hope that she would do more. Indeed, her interest in me now seemed the only chance of bringing me what I most desired.

This thought was in my mind when one March day, as still occasionally happened, I was lucky enough to find Miss Greville at home. Lunch was being served. Rejoicing that I need not, for once, face up to cold rice pudding, I washed and brushed my hair with unusual care before entering the dining - room. She greeted me with a bright appraising smile. If sadness reigned in our part of the house, here surely the reverse held sway. Miss Greville, during these past deadly months, had been consistently animated.

"You are presentable, Carroll," she remarked approvingly, as I placed her chair. "Indeed, extremely so. Rather a different person from that scrubby little window breaker of . . . how long ago?"

"Four years, Miss Greville."

I do not recall how our conversation developed after that promising opening. I do not doubt that it was interesting, since this remarkable woman had an extraordinary gift of stimulating and often bizarre talk and had even taught me to respond in a civilised manner and, apparently, with intelligence. Today, however, I was at first too busily engaged with some excellent roast beef to give her my complete attention. But of the ending of that lunch my memory is exact, my recollection unforgettably clear.

She had proceeded to the window with her cup of coffee according to invariable habit, and after remaining rather longer than usual returned to the table in a mood which I rightly judged to be communicative.

"You are remarkably discreet, Carroll," she began, looking at me intently, yet amiably.

"Am I, Miss Greville?"

"And, thanks to me, well mannered. So often, during our moments of agreeable intimacy, you have observed me to go to the window, yet never once have you chosen to inquire why."

"That would not have been polite." Falling into her mood I mouthed this appalling answer like a well-behaved little prig. For the roast beef, with my eye on a second helping, I would have made myself a triple prig.

"But you've been curious?" she pressed, unwilling to dismiss the subject. "Admit the soft impeachment."

Scarcely knowing whether it would be to my advantage to admit or deny I eventually inclined my head soberly.

"I was curious, Miss Greville."

"But you didn't guess?"

"I imagined you were waiting for a friend, who passed here regularly every day."

"You know Mr. Lesly, of course. Our vicar at St. Jude's"

"Why, certainly, Miss Greville. I often see him in the street. And you remember he stopped and spoke to us that first day we were coming back from Glen Fruin."

"Of course. You liked him?"

"He seemed an awfully nice young man."

"Not nice, Carroll. Not that deplorable word. Charming, if you wish, intelligent, sympathetic, handsome. And not so young. He is coming to tea next Saturday. I want your mother to meet him."

A considerable silence ensued. When I finished rolling my napkin and hopefully putting it in its silver ring for possible future use, she was gazing at me benignly.

"What age are you, Carroll?"

"Thirteen, Miss Greville."

"As I was saying, you have improved. I regard you, in a manner of speaking, as my own creation. And I wish you to understand this. Whatever changes may be

To page 72

"I never wanted that woman in my house again!"

At my birthday party, my son Billy said, "You know Mum, Aunty Joyce looks younger than you!" She is my older sister — but she was younger looking! I could have died.

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY, week starting Sept. 16.

ARIES MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, lilac. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

★ Events could take a turn for the better. There could be a desire to drive forward. Do so, because this is a lucky week. Social whirl and legal affairs favored, especially 18th-20th.

TAURUS APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, grn., brown. Lucky days, Friday, Sat.

★ In a fortunate week—one freed from tensions—you come out of it more successfully than most. Personal matters, romance under smiling stars. Make the most of 18th-20th.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, navy. Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.

★ This is a good time to relax those trigger-taut nerves, as a strong and lucky aspect brings a lessening of stress. Wonderful time for courtship, partnership, and marriage.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

★ You could solve many problems this week affecting home and family. In fact, some are inclined to solve themselves. The jobholder could get concessions and opportunities for progress.

LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors orange, red. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

★ This could be a top-level success period for planners with initiative to take the long look. Any project, particularly if concerned with entertainment, could succeed, especially 18th-20th.

VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, silver. Lucky days, Fri., Monday.

★ Of all the signs, this week has been tailor-made for you, giving you the green light to go ahead full-steam. Luckiest period is 18th-20th. Those born 18th-20th especially fortunate.

LIBRA SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

★ There is harmony in the heavens, and this could be as balm to the soul of the Libran. It should be a bumper week. Hopes could come true beyond belief. Friends assist.

SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, blue, tan. Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

★ The stars smile on all to do with the family and home. A good time to expand in all directions and push forward to achievement. The 18th-20th very good.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, grey, green. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

★ Expansion, exploration, enterprise are the key words—and what Sagittarian does not enjoy striding toward unknown and wider horizons? Also a good time for legal matters.

CAPRICORN DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

★ Capricornians can afford to let their hair down a little and proceed more boldly toward objectives. The zodiac is in a benign, relaxed mood and assists endeavor. Romance favored, too.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, gold, navy. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ In a fortunate week, many married folk will receive help and benefits from close associates and friends. Excellent for marriage and mateship. Cherished wishes could come true, 18th-20th.

PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, red. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

★ In a week free of stress, you may boldly pursue objectives. Rich rewards await confident Piscians willing to work hard and seek openings career-wise. Make important moves 18th-20th.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Painful Haemorrhoids?

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★ Two tablets after meals three times a day to be swallowed whole.

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Continued from page 70

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

effected in the immediate future I mean to do something for you."

All at once my heart came into my mouth. Did I interpret her meaning correctly or was I merely carried away by my own expectations? Surely asking how old I was had been significant. She had often said that fourteen was the proper age to . . . I did not dare ask, yet the longing in my soul made me falter out the words: "In the way, perhaps, of sending me to a decent school, Miss Greville?"

"What else, Carroll? A very good school." Then quickly seeing an idiotic wildness in my eye: "No, not there, Carroll. You would not, I fear, be altogether comfortable in that establishment. You must go to one of your own persuasion."

"Blackrock . . . perhaps . . . Miss Greville?"

"Why should we send you to Ireland? If you insist on the Jesuits, you'll do better in Yorkshire at Amplehurst, which is not a bad little institution in its own way."

Amplehurst! Beyond question the best Catholic public school. Stricken dumb, I gazed at her with glistening eyes.

That afternoon I could not be still, could not think of returning to imprison my bounding spirits in my malodorous Clay Street classroom. I simply played truant, put on an old pair of shorts and a jersey and went out for a long run in the rain. I liked to run and believed, with some justification, that I could run fast.

Miss Greville had encouraged me to take these cross-country chases and, like the morning cold bath which I shiveringly endured, they had become not the expression of my devotion alone, but of the authority she exerted upon me in forming a regime, quite foreign to my nature, that I had now come to enjoy. As I flashed along the sodden by-ways, leaping the puddles as though each were a Beecher's Brook, I wished, though vainly, that I might encounter Scott-Hamilton to convey to him in that brief moment of transit the brilliant change in my fortunes.

Mother was annoyed with me when I got back. She had returned by an earlier train and was at the stove making our supper.

"Oh, Mother, not beans again!" I protested.

She looked at me coldly.

"Where on earth have you been? And soaking wet, too."

"Don't be cross," I told her expansively. "I'll go and change. Then, Mother dear, I have some rather interesting news for you."

A few minutes later, when we were seated at our narrow table in the alcove, I related, with impressment, my conversation with Miss Greville. Mother, gazing over her cup, from time to time taking sips of tea, heard me in silence. But when, finally, or perhaps as a kind of postscript, I conveyed Miss Greville's invitation to her for Saturday, she gave a short disturbed exclamation.

"Mr. Lesly is to be there?"

"Of course. Why are you so surprised? Don't you know that Miss Greville and he are great friends? Why, every day at lunch they smile at each other through the window."

Mother made to speak, but checked herself and was silent. But her expression remained decidedly odd. This, and the manner in which she had received my announcement, offended me. I did not offer to wash the dishes and instead went into my own room.

What could be wrong between Miss Greville and Mr. Lesly? It was painfully evident that Mother was upset by the idea of this invitation and had no wish to accept it. Naturally, I was not blind to Miss Greville's oddities. These, especially in the early stages of our relationship, had fascinated me. Her unusual personality awed and stimulated me so that I had come to regard her as a brilliant eccentric, and for this reason was prepared to accept her unconventional behaviour.

But having her vicar to tea was not unconventional. Why then, all this fuss? I should not have been at all surprised if she had asked someone like Buffalo Bill, or Harry Lauder, rather than the estimable Mr. Lesly, the more so since, despite my pretence of ignorance, I had sensed that she valued him.

Nevertheless, when Saturday came a vague uneasiness creeping over my skin made me want to be out of the way that afternoon. It was fine, a good day for another run, I told myself, especially since the Harriers were out in a paperchase to Stair Head. These Harriers, made up of young men who were clerks, apprentices, shop assistants and the like, were now, more properly, my friends, and in the previous autumn I had established myself amongst them by winning the Junior Steeplechase open to boys under fourteen.

After Mother had made me a scrambled egg on toast I slipped out of the house in my shorts and jersey. I was late. The meet had started at the edge of the Darvie Woods and soon I was amongst the pines following the paper trail that had been laid down. The excitement of picking up the track, losing it, then striking it again soon absorbed me. A thrill of pride shot through me as I overtook some of the club stragglers, and with my chin up and elbows pressed in, ignoring the stitch in my side, left them floundering behind. Yet the very merit of my speed proved my undoing.

WHEN, still trotting and spotted with mud, as the afternoon drew to a close, I swung into Prince Albert Terrace, I saw that I had misjudged my time. The door of No. 7 was open, revealing Miss Greville and my mother with Mr. Lesly in the very act of leaving. He was a handsome, measured kind of man with an exact middle parting of his hair, who looked rather like an actor. But now he appeared flushed and terribly uncomfortable as he hurriedly shook hands, and he almost stumbled as he came down the porch steps. Contrary to his usual civil habit, he did not recognise me. Perhaps he did not see me. If ever a man seemed anxious to expedite his departure it was the Vicar of St. Jude's.

I went into the house. Mother and Miss Greville were in the hall and, as I slipped past hurriedly, for the situation appeared to have got out of control. Mother, in a low tone of remonstration, said something which I did not hear but to which Miss Greville replied, with a burst of joyful animation: "It's not what was said, dearest Grace. Did you not see how he looked at me!"

Mother was a long time coming upstairs. When she came she sat down heavily at the table and put a hand to her brow. She alarmed me. I had been sweating and now I began to shiver.

"Mother, what's wrong?"

She raised her head slowly and looked at me.

"It will never end for us, Laurie. Never, never. Miss Greville is going out of her mind."

To be continued

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BLUE EYES AND A BIRDCAGE

Continued from page 25

She probably finished the sentence, but the helmet toppled off the armor again at that moment. I ignored it and trotted to the window. She was pointing at a pistol which lay beside a ratty old ornate birdcage.

"A fine old weapon," I said. "It's in unusually good condition." I picked it up and showed it to her. "See that? Octagona barrel. The trigger guard is German silver. It's in working order — ten and a half inches overall; five-inch barrel."

She tried not to smile. "Very interesting," she said. "But I was inquiring about the birdcage."

My composure was slipping. "Oh," I said, "the birdcage?"

"The birdcage," she repeated.

"Still," I said, "you've got to admit it's a nice pistol."

"Very nice," she agreed.

I put the pistol back and picked up the birdcage. It was a peculiar-looking thing. The bars rose out of the roof in fantastic curls and loops. Holding it up to the light for her to admire, I asked, "Do you know anything about birdcages?"

"I'm afraid not," she said. "I like it because it looks so weird and unusual."

"This one," I told her, "is Elizabethan. Early. People in the trade have suggested this was the cage presented to Queep Elizabeth by Drake after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. It contained two lovebirds. The Queen is reported to have said, 'We are not amused,' when she received it."

"I thought it was Victoria who said that," was the girl's comment.

"She must have heard the story and thought it was a remark worth repeating."

She looked at me with a slight frown. I stood in the shreds of my nonchalance wearing my scholarly expression. "How much is it?" she asked.

"I'd take ten for it," I said, "but it's worth much more."

"Ten pounds?" she queried.

I nodded.

"Is it made of gold?" she asked.

"No. But it's of historical value," I replied.

"I was going to paint it black and hang it in my window. I didn't realise . . ." She was a bit off balance now and no longer smiling. "Just for decoration," she said.

"Five, then," I said, "because I like your face."

"That's very nice of you but I don't think I can afford as much as five pounds."

"What sort of a price did you have in mind?" I ventured.

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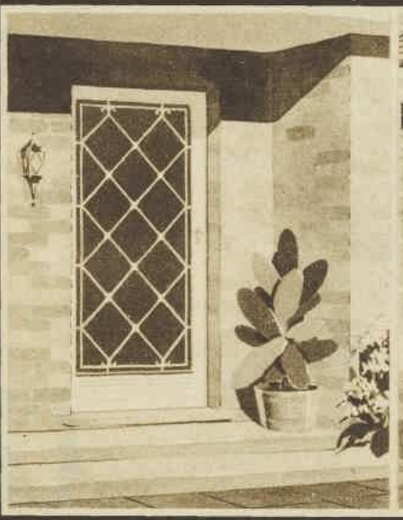

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BLUE EYES AND A BIRDCAGE

"I've got . . ." she paused, looking at me with an embarrassed expression, "three pounds fifteen on me."

"Sold to the lady with the blue eyes," I said. "You strike a hard bargain."

Three minutes later I was alone again, three pounds fifteen richer. I picked up the helmet. "Am I crazy?" I asked it. "Did I really do that?" The helmet didn't answer, but it was wearing a silly grin. I set it back on the armor, facing the wall.

The girl had taken the sunshine with her, and I felt worse than before. A lot of people do stupid things, but I was the supreme champion. If only I had dropped the businessman act and been more friendly I might have found out her name, maybe even arranged a date. I lifted a Pacific Island hardwood club from the wall and swung it in my hand.

The grey giant had been rampaging across the countryside and had made off with the King's daughter, the beautiful, fair-haired, blue-eyed Penelope. No, Eleanor. For the man brave enough to slay the grey giant a thousand pieces of gold and my daughter's hand in marriage. Who will say aye? Aye.

Armed only with a club (hardwood, overall length 36in., extremely sound condition), I sallied forth alone. The grey giant jeered when he saw me, but the fear that filled the blue eyes of his prisoner gave me courage.

The fight raged for hours. The sounds of battle rang over the hills. Finally the grey giant crashed to the ground. The fair princess Eleanor—no, Jennifer—ran to me and flung herself into my arms.

That was all right, but I had to sort out all those bits of armor and fit them back on the stand.

Then I shut up shop and went home. That evening it rained. The next day I still felt depressed, remembering her and the way she looked, and even selling a bust of Napoleon, which had been giving me an inferiority complex for weeks with its stony stare, failed to lift my spirits.

But at twelve-thirty my luck changed. I went to close the shop and do something about the rats that were gnawing in my empty stomach when an old lady came in. She was interested in a Doulton china figure that wasn't really Doulton at all. I tried to explain it was an imitation, but she was as deaf as my Aunt Kate's cat.

I was beginning to get worked up, motivated by hunger and the feeling that we were not speaking the same tongue when I looked out the window into a pair of clear blue eyes which might or might not have had diamonds set in them.

"You're really an angel in disguise," I said to the old lady. "Bless you."

She looked at me, grasping the figure in her wrinkled paw. "Yes," she said. "But it's a bit chipped at the base."

I ran to the door, opened it, and stuck my head out. "Hey," I said to the girl, "I want to talk to you."

She looked at me without much surprise. "All right," she answered smiling.

I didn't know what I was going to say once I had her in the shop, but that was a minor problem now. This time I had her. As she entered, the old lady snorted and put the figure down on the table with enough force to chip a bit more off the base.

"Young man," she said, "that is not Doulton at all. It's a copy. And a poor copy at that. You should be ashamed of yourself, trying to pass it off as an original."

"I told you," I shouted. But she just snorted again and swept out.

I shrugged, giving the girl my you-know-how-it-is smile. She regarded me coolly with a slightly amused expression.

"What did you want to see me about?" she asked politely.

"Well," I said, thinking wildly, searching for a good reason. "As a matter of fact, it's about that birdcage."

"Oh," she said. That wasn't very helpful, so I plunged on. "A buyer came in this morning who wanted it for his client, an American. It seems he has documentary evidence that it is the birdcage presented to Queen Elizabeth by Sir Walter Raleigh . . ."

She lifted an eyebrow. "Drake," she corrected.

"Pardon?" I faltered, feeling a little uneasy.

"You said it was Drake. After the Spanish Armada."

It was my turn to say "Oh."

"It isn't true, is it?" she said gently, looking me in the eye

I surrendered, my dreams of impressing her crashing all around me. "No," I replied. "I picked it up with a load of junk. It was instinct that made me talk like that to you."

"Do you always do that?" she asked curiously.

"No," I stuttered, trying to tell the truth. "I wasn't trying to swindle that old lady—honestly. I told her the figure was imitation, but she was stone deaf."

SHE still had that expression of amusement, but there was something else now as well. "I believe you," she said. "Did you call me in just now to buy the birdcage back?"

"Yes, and no. Will you tell me your name?"

"Is it important?" The amusement was gone now, and in its place was another expression which intrigued me, but which I could not define.

"Not really," I said. "It might have been. It's not Jennifer, is it?"

She shook her head. "No, I'm afraid it's Margaret."

"I've been wrong before," I said. "I'm getting used to it. Okay, Margaret, this is the truth, for what's it's worth. I wanted you to come in yesterday. Not to buy anything, but so that I could talk to you. But I got carried away, nervous or something. I made a mess of it. I'd like to take the cage back."

"I think I'll keep it," she said. "I like it."

"Let me give you your money back, then. At least let me do that."

She smiled gently. "No. It doesn't matter."

She opened the shop door, then looked quickly back at me.

"I suppose," I said weakly, "we couldn't discuss this another time? Tonight, for example."

She smiled again, and the diamonds shone in her eyes. "Do you want to?" I nodded dumbly, not willing to trust myself with words.

"All right," she said. "But I don't think you'll make me change my mind about the birdcage."

"Who said anything about a birdcage?" I asked, wanting to sing and shout. The sun was shining again. There were real diamonds in Margaret's eyes, I was sure of that.

The sail billowed above us. "Sail due west, cox'n," I said. "Aye, sir." I stood on the bridge with my arm round blue-eyed Margaret. Flying-fish glided colorfully across the bow of the ship, dolphins frolicked alongside. With a cargo of diamonds and birdcages we were heading home.

"I couldn't possibly sell it now," Margaret said later—much later. "Just think of it's sentimental value!"

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57 It does matter whose baby foods you buy

When baby's development says it's

TIME FOR CHEWING

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My mother asked the doctor

The doctor approved

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Do you understand your child?

Most days 10-year-old Tom is fun to have around. But sometimes he's miserable and cranky, won't eat a bite of his dinner. Fortunately, Tom's Mummy is very understanding. She knows that when young tummies are upset, young tempers fray, too. To keep Tom regular, she gives him safe, gentle Laxettes. You see, she knows that each milk chocolate Laxette square contains an exact dose of the safest, surest laxative you can buy—and youngsters love that chocolate flavour. So she gives Tom one Laxette at bedtime. Next day there's a smooth, thorough motion—no griping or embarrassing urgency — and Tom's happy and well again. When your youngster's upset, when Nature forgets, you'll remember Laxettes. 3/3 at your chemist.

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HUNDREDS OF HOME PLANS are available from our Home Planning Centres located in leading retail stores throughout Australia.

See this week's new architect-designed home on Home Plan page.

DECORATIONS WILL BE WORN

Continued from page 27

"Ah, I thank you, madame! I thank you. Nosegay. With the flowers, yes? I learn English some funny places, some funny times."

"Well, he doesn't look very oppressed," Edna commented as Pepe bustled away to the hotel.

"Pretty remote spot up here. Different down in the port, I imagine, or the other end of the island, in the capital. Still, none of our business, we're on holiday."

ANTONIO carried out his special duty with unfailing charm and courtesy. Each morning, a knot of freshly gathered flowers on her breakfast tray, each evening one choice blossom placed on her dressing-table.

"This is spoiling," she sighed on the last evening of their too short stay, pinning a delicate white orchid to her dress. "How am I going to face the drab realities of home after this?"

From the other side of the room her husband called to her, "Edna, where's my blazer? I could have sworn I saw it hanging here, and now the damn thing's disappeared."

"Have you worn it since we've been here?"

"No. Didn't need it on the ship—but I thought, tonight, for the band concert . . ."

Edna rose and went to the vast wardrobe. The blazer certainly was not there. She rummaged thoughtfully in a chest of drawers.

"I must have forgotten to pack it."

"Dammit all, the tie's gone as well! That's dashed odd. Better see if your jewellery's all right."

Edna smiled. Her jewellery—trinkets was a better word—consisted of a watch, a brooch and a string of pearls, all of which she had on.

"I know! It's that young feller, what's his name, the gardener's boy. He's about my build."

The major had a slender, trim figure of which he was quite proud.

"Boy!" he continued wrathfully. "Old enough to be doing a decent job somewhere, instead of twaddling around making corsages for women."

"But, dear," Edna protested, "I'm sure Antonio's not a thief. And what on earth would he want with an Old Alleynian blazer and tie?"

"Going to cut a dash with the girls, after we've gone. Oh, he fancies himself."

"I don't believe it," she said indignantly. "I'm quite sure you're mistaken. I think I forgot to pack both the blazer and the tie, that's the obvious explanation."

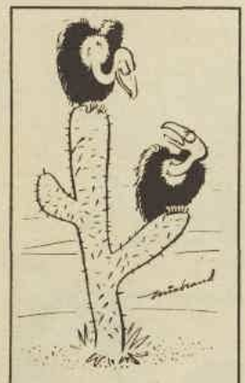
"Aha, he's got you where he wants you. I've seen him looking at you."

"Don't be ridiculous, Ernest! It's just their way."

But she was blushing, nevertheless.

"I'll have a word in Pepe's ear," her husband went on.

But she answered hastily, "You won't do anything of the sort. It's our last night here and I won't have it spoilt. We've nothing to go on. I'm not even sure I remember seeing the blazer or the tie. You can't make wild accusations against that boy. I'm sure we'll find the things at home when we get back."



"Stop looking at me like that!"

"Oh, very well," he assented, aware of the implacable opposition that could be aroused under that soft, pretty face. "Perhaps you're right."

But he could have sworn he had seen the blazer hanging in the wardrobe, the tie among the others on the tie rail.

Pepe had made great efforts with the dinner and poured some local "champagne" into their glasses with more abandon than professional skill.

"On the house," he proclaimed, regarding the foaming liquid with satisfaction. "You come again, that's for sure, eh?"

"Oh, yes, we'll come again," Edna told him. "We've been so happy here."

"And next time, improvements!" Pepe flung an arm toward the garden. "Improvements everywhere. Not just here. Everywhere."

. . . . . .

He insisted on driving them down to the port personally the next morning, in the hotel car, a ramshackle open tourer in which they were liable to arrive covered in dust. But they could hardly refuse the kindly gesture.

"One favor," Pepe asked when the bill had been paid and the luggage stowed. "Antonio — it is his off-day. You permit he ride with us to the port?"

"Certainly," Edna assented cordially, giving Ernest no time to object.

"We pick him up a little way along," Pepe said. "He has to change his clothes, you know."

They collected him down a side road. He had changed his clothes to an extent that left the major speechless and Edna gasping. He was arrayed in an Old Alleynian blazer and tie. Sunglasses with a snappy panama hat completed the transformation. You wouldn't have known him.

Pepe hopped out of the car and fingered the flannel approvingly. "Is a good fit, yes?"

"Well, I'll be damned. Look here—"

PEPE'S manner changed suddenly. He looked at them with his bandit face, the grin gone, a cold glitter in his black eyes.

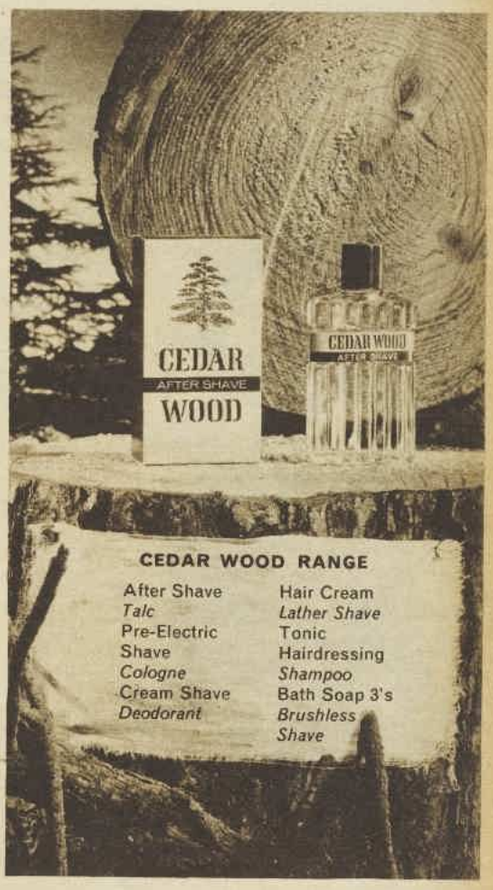
"This, sir, madame, is Antonio Mattiu — son of our leader that was killed. Now he is our leader. But he is hunted. Valdez would have him killed, too, because the people are behind him. They hate Valdez, as you know. He is a crook, surrounded by crooks. He must go. So this is why we take your clothes without your permission.

"Antonio is English tourist now. No one but English tourist wears these kind of things. He can go through the barrier at the port and no one stop him or recognise him. There is a yacht waiting; on the mainland there are men—exiles—with money and equipment. When he comes back, soon, Valdez goes! This time it is for certain, this time there will be no failure!"

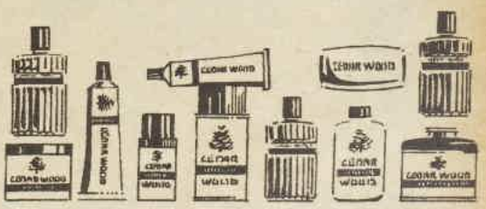
It took the major only a moment or two to appreciate the situation. "Get in, get in!" he cried. "What are we waiting for!"

To page 76

NEW ZESTY CEDAR WOOD FOR MEN



Cedar Wood has the kind of zest a **man** likes. The pleasant sting of After Shave. The masculine tang of Talc. The protective powers of a (men-only) Deodorant. And there are nine other new Cedar Wood toiletries for men. See smart gift packs — and single items — at chemists and department stores. Buy him new zesty Cedar Wood. You'll both like what it does.



For the moment, the new Cedar Wood packs are not available in Qld. and W.A.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

158

No. 158 — MATERNITY SLIP

Comfortable and easy-to-make maternity slip is available cut out to make in white plisse, with lace supplied. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £1/2/3; 36 and 38in. bust, £1/7/6. Postage and dispatch 2/6 extra.

No. 159 — DUCHESSE SET

Pretty duchesse set is cut out clearly traced to embroider with a waterlily design on green, cream, and white Irish linen. Price is 9/11 plus 1/- postage.

No. 160 — CHILD'S FROCK

Cute shift frock is available cut out to make in good-quality printed cotton. Colors are white with turquoise, with royal-blue, or with tangerine. Sizes 2 and 4 years, 19/3; 6 and 8 years, £1/0/6. Postage and dispatch 2/- extra.

159

160

● *Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

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HERE HE IS!

THE MAN IN WHITE

WITH

SUPER Rinso

"Greatest advance in washing powders," says Man in White.

Cleanest, whitest wash GUARANTEED!

Even in the hardest water. Super Rinso suds last and last — proof of the staying power and improved cleaning action that guarantees the cleanest, whitest wash — and only Super Rinso can make this remarkable guarantee!

The Man in White has just flown in with the washing news you've been waiting for. News about *action*. The improved cleaning action in Super Rinso.

Wash Results Guaranteed. Super Rinso guarantees the cleanest whitest wash because it has suds with *improved cleaning action* — cleaning action that's guaranteed to wash out dirt completely. You'll find Super Rinso has more cleaning action in its suds than any other product. Prove it next time you wash!

SUPER Rinso GUARANTEES THE CLEANEST, WHITEST WASH

RO1/45 WW144E.

DECORATIONS WILL BE WORN

Continued from page 75

"Of course, you could see he was no ordinary gardener's boy," the major used to say afterwards. "At least, he didn't fool me."

Edna would smile, and remember the rough ride down to the port, the thrill of a perhaps dangerous enterprise. She did not feel fear because of an instinctive conviction that all would, all must go well.

At the dock gates there was that tense moment—the guards were tough-looking men, and armed — when behind them some commotion caused the guards to wave them through peremptorily while they dealt with the disturbance.

"An old trick," the major observed later, "creating a diversion to draw attention from the quarry. But it works, you know, nine times out of ten."

Pepe had driven them to the quay where the ship lay awaiting them. Passengers on deck looked down as they climbed out of the car and shook hands with Antonio, as if he were a friend seeing them off.

The major went so far as to slap him on the back. "Have a good trip yourself!"

Pepe said, "He wishes me to tell you he will never forget your help in a time of great necessity."

But he had. For although the coup was successful in removing Valdez and replacing him by Antonio Mattiu and his advisers, and the island regained its liberties, not a word for the major.

Ernest made out he didn't mind. Fortunes of war, anyway; they were foreigners. But Edna felt it deeply. What if Ernest hadn't had a blazer? They might have had to wait a long time for the next English tourist with a blazer. The chance for Antonio might have been finally lost for want of it.

POOR Ernest, so worthy and so often passed over. This offhand snub seemed to epitomise his career; he did his best and other people always got the credit.

"Why don't we go back?" she asked one day, a decade after. "I'd love to see the island again."

"Hmm. Cost a bit more than it did then . . ."

But he was taken with the idea and by insidious persuasion she achieved her object. A month or two later they were once more in that magical garden.

Improvements, Edna noticed sadly, had certainly been carried out. A ritzy swimming-pool where a single plume of water had glittered like a diamond aigrette among ferns and lilies. A smart canopied bar under the tulip tree. The battered old ironwork tables and chairs had given place to elegant cane and chintz. There was a gardener's boy; he was no Antonio. And there was no Pepe.

The new manager informed them that it was still Pepe's hotel.

But now he had others. That big new hotel on the waterfront, they had seen as they came from the harbor, that was Pepe's. Also a new luxury hotel being built at this moment on the other side of the island.

SO Pepe had climbed on the bandwaggon. Well, good luck to him, said the major. Nice chap, quite a character. But he might have remembered, Edna thought resentfully.

After they had rested in the garden for a while they went to their room to change for dinner, only to find maids carrying their things away.

"What's going on?" Ernest demanded. Beckoning, one of them led the couple into their quarters, which appeared to be the bridal suite. A bedroom, dressing-room, sitting-room, and sumptuous bathroom, plus a balcony overlooking the garden.

On the dressing table stood a box containing a spray of orchids, on an occasional table a bottle of champagne in an ice-bucket.

They were looking round them in bewilderment when the manager appeared, carrying a cardboard box. He was beaming and making noises like a pigeon.

"Cokooooon," he cried. Cokooooon! The name! This impossible name in the register! I have seen it. I have telephoned to Pepe. He know you come back one day. Everything on the house, he say, and everything of the best. And please — you open this . . ."

Inside, embalmed in tissue paper, lay Ernest's blazer and tie. Not quite as last seen. Attached to the left lapel, a shiny medallion dangled from a brilliant ribbon.

"Well, I'm damned," said the major.

"What is it, Ernest?" Edna asked. They had remembered!

Ernest inspected the medal. "Companion of Honor, at a guess. First-class, too. What d'you think of that, Edna?"

Her heart swelled with delight, but she merely said primly, "It's no more than you deserve."

(Copyright)

HAZEL . . . **. . . by Ted Key**

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Meet the Rolling Stones

• They've been called everything from "a menace" to "the ugliest group in Britain."

NEWSPAPERS ask their readers, "Would you let your daughter marry one?" Managers of ballrooms and theatres, who have experienced the hysterical scenes that accompany their appearances, visibly tremble at the mention of their names.

Yet, despite the seemingly constant stream of abuse and bad publicity, the Rolling Stones' careers go from strength to strength.

Their first album, released in April, earned their disc company £200,000 and their latest single went out to advance orders of 500,000 copies.

With a film and a second tour of America coming up, plus the prospect of an Australian visit next year, the Stones stand second only to The Beatles.

There are five of them—Mick Jagger, Charlie Watts, Bill Wyman, Keith Richard, and Brian Jones. Between them they earn well over £5000 a week Hairy and suitless — for the Stones never wear special stage clothes and won't dress up for anybody — they are adored feverishly by their fans and detested by many parents.

Smart, respectable

Behind their often-bad public image they are five highly intelligent and respectable lads. Four come from London. Brian Jones comes from Cheltenham. Two went to art school, one worked in an architect's office, another was an engineer, and the fifth went to the London School of Economics.

They drifted together two years ago because of a mutual interest in "rhythm and blues," and since then their records, like "Not Fade Away," "It's All Over Now," and their latest, "Five By Five," have shot to the top of the charts.

Their attitude to work and life is simple: "We think alike, we dress to be comfortable, and we have gone out to please teenagers with our kind of music," they say.

The Stones are not a talkative group and are wary of strangers at first.

"We have this public image of being hooligans and layabouts," said Brian Jones, "but we're all very interested in clothes — casual ones, especially. They say we're scruffy because of our long hair, but we wash it regularly. Parents don't understand us, but our fans know that we're genuine and we go out to please them."

The reaction of the teenage audiences to the Stones has to be seen to be believed. Not content with just touching their idols, girls rush on to the stage and try to pull a Stone off with them. Now wherever they appear a 50-strong bodyguard of burly men, reinforced by heavy wooden barricades, stand between the Stones and their fans.

Yet, not even these precautions could prevent riots recently at Blackpool and New Brighton.

At Blackpool, where teenage youths tried to smash the Stones' equipment, there were fights, and one senior police officer said: "They must never come here again."

At New Brighton more than 100 teenage girls were taken out by ambulance workers during a Stones' concert. Some were weeping hysterically, others lay in a state of shock. "It's like a battlefield," said an ambulanceman. In Stockholm, recently, there were similar scenes.

Even away from the bandstand the Stones are capable of provoking riots. When lead-singer Mick Jagger appeared at a Liverpool court on driving charges, teenage girls fought to get into the courthouse and mobbed him as he came out.

It was 18 months ago that the Stones emerged as a potential threat to The Beatles. They were spotted playing in a Richmond coffee house by Andrew Oldham, a 20-year-old with red hair and American-style, wrap-around glasses. Two years ago Oldham handled publicity for Mark Wynter and The Beatles.

Oldham worked on the early publicity for John, George, Ringo, and Paul before Brian Epstein opened his own publicity office. In those days Oldham lived in a small flat and had a job to make ends meet.

Today he estimates he has saved £10,000 and he operates from a smart West End apartment and runs a chauffeur-driven Chevrolet. He owns four music companies and directs all the Rolling Stones' record sessions, as well as cutting records with his own orchestra.

"None of this was planned," he said recently. "You can't plan anything like this, anyway, because things are always liable to go wrong. I suppose we were lucky to meet up at the right time because immediately I saw the Stones I knew we were on to something.

"Their music is for youngsters, which is why adults don't like it. I want to keep them this way — away from the adults, because that's the way they were meant to be."

The Stones have another manager, Eric Easton, a veteran of a music business, who became interested in co-managing them on Oldham's suggestion.

Easton, who lives with his family in a quiet London suburb, enjoys the Stones. "They are interesting and intelligent lads," he said, "even though they think I'm a bit of a 'square'!"

Despite the criticisms of the Stones, they've become an accepted part of the pop scene.

Two of them, Keith and Mick, were invited to a cocktail party at No. 11 Downing Street, thrown by Caroline Maudling to celebrate the British Budget.

Her father, Chancellor of the Exchequer Reginald Maudling, spoke with the boys.

"Great future"

Two other Stones went to the party that followed The Beatles' film premiere of "A Hard Day's Night." There they chatted like old friends to Paul and George.

Composer Lionel Bart believes that the Stones have a great future and he is involved in bringing them on to cinema screens with a screenplay he is writing.

Even in print the Stones' image wields an influence over the fans. Recently, Mick Jagger commented unfavorably on a rhythm-and-blues record by a new group, the Zephyrs.

The result, according to the Zephyrs, was a crop of cancellations in orders for the disc. Jagger subsequently apologised.

Teenagers love the Stones' rebellion against adult opinion. So far as the boys are concerned their image is the right one. They've seen plenty of groups and singers who, once adopted by adults, have quickly faded from the big money contributed by the teenagers.

Even the name, Rolling Stones, comes from "The Rolling Stones Blues," by negro singer Muddy Waters, a name held in high regard by the Stones.

How do the Stones view their public image of unwashed, unhealthy idols? Said Oldham: "They get sick and tired of being asked by people whether they have a bath. I know they have a bath and I know they wash their hair. They like a lot of hair and they loathe it to be greasy. So they buy and use shampoo."

What lies in the future for the Rolling Stones, rebels in a world of pop that is gradually becoming more acceptable to adults?

American success

Andrew Oldham sees them continuing to please their teenage fans and at the same time broadening their appeal, as people come to realise that it is the music, and not the people who play it, that counts.

For, make no mistake about it, the Rolling Stones' earthy brand of rhythm-and-blues can appeal to all ages.

In America particularly, the home of "R-and-B," their music has met with approval. Their hit disc, "It's All Over Now," was cut in a Chicago studio and the Stones hope to go back to America to recapture the "fantastic sound" which the Americans can offer.

Among the American fans the appeal of the Stones has been staggering. On their first tour they played dates in New York, Hollywood, and California.

It was in Hollywood that they had their toughest battle on a show, which starred Dean Martin and Donald O'Connor.

O'Connor told the television audiences: "When I clapped eyes on the Rolling Stones I didn't know whether to applaud them — or set traps!"

But the Stones aren't worried by such remarks. In fact, they thrive on them. They can cheerfully point to their remarkable incomes, their record sales, and the fact that in the past few weeks over 60 fan clubs have mushroomed in the U.S.

In London, their first film is well into the planning stages, and there are feelers out for them to star in a Christmas show in London, similar to The Beatles' Christmas show last year.

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Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Only child asks for tolerance

AN only child, I find that being in this position can present quite a few problems. When you are an only child you live more in the adult world and therefore are inclined to appear slightly older than you are.

This is a disadvantage, because some people imagine that you are trying to be older than you really are, and try to take you down for it.

Many only children are shy and reserved when in the company of those in their own age group, and this is often mistaken for being snobbish, when in reality it reflects an inability to mix easily with one's age group.

So next time you are tempted to jump to an adverse conclusion about the "onlies," do please think a moment as to whether you are justified in making such a decision.— *"Only Child," Randwick, N.S.W.*

The Beatles

WHEN I went to see The Beatles in their film, "A Hard Day's Night," as well as hundreds of teenagers, there were many adults and old people present. While the teenagers screamed and shouted, the old people laughed and were amused by the film.

I think this goes to show that The Beatles provide good entertainment for both young and old. I thought the film was fabulous, and so did all my friends. — *Coral Hepworth, Subiaco, W.A.*

Italian customs

MY parents are Italians and so I am made to follow the customs of Italy. I am not allowed to go to dances and parties unless all the family comes. With the exception of going to church and visiting relatives, I seldom go out.

Everywhere I go I am always chaperoned. If anyone wants to marry me they will have to ask my parents for my hand. And even if I become engaged, my family would still have to come everywhere my fiance and I went. — *"Chaperoned," Mirboo North, Vic.*

Old-style dancing

I AM a 16-year-old girl and a great lover of dancing. My girlfriend and I can do all the latest dances out, the stomp, the mods'-nod, and the shake. But all teenagers (specially boys) should learn ballroom dancing, even if they think it mad at the time.

What would happen if you were asked to go to a ball or a cabaret with some fantastic boy or girl, and you couldn't dance? Old style will always be in. What do other teenagers think about learning ballroom dancing? — *S. D. McMahon, Daw Park, S.A.*

Matchmates

IN answer to G. Scanlon, who wrote about match-naming pets: I know of goldfish being called Cleopatra and Mark Antony, budgerigars Bodgie and Widgie, and guinea pigs Adam and Eve and Snugglepot and Cuddlepie.

We had a cat called Ginger and a dog called Meggs, and friends of ours called their kittens Sampson and Delightful. — *L. Sweeny, St. Ives, N.S.W.*

Likes teaching

AFTER leaving school I still hadn't decided on a career, and when a vacancy appeared in a local bank I applied and got the job. However, at no time during two months there did I become enthusiastic about my new position.

Notified of a Teachers' College scholarship which I had gained, I accepted the scholarship after much thought, and now have completed two terms training at college, with practice teaching sessions.

I enjoyed every minute of practice teaching, and since then have never regretted my decision, and can now see the essential difference between the two jobs. I feel I would like to pass this on to other prospective school leavers, as it may help them reach a decision.

In the bank a pound is a pound, and they are all the same shape, size, and value, whereas all children are different. To teach a class something, no matter how small or insignificant, and to have the children look up to you in respect gives a person a real feeling of achievement and satisfaction. — *Graham Day, Bathurst, N.S.W.*

IDEAL AUSTRALIAN BOY

● **Reader Pat Mason asked for a description of the perfect Australian boy, and below is published a selection of the answers.**

ONE who is natural and happy. I don't like a sad sack or a square, but I don't approve of rockers or surfies. The perfect boy should be a good clean-cut kid. I like boys to have good maners and speak well. My parents like a boy who talks to them. I share this view. He should be smartly dressed, not necessarily expensively, but he should look and be clean. I like a boy to do reasonably well at school, but he doesn't have to be a brain. Also one who goes in for sports, especially football, swimming, and tennis. — *Lynne Mitchell, Croydon, N.S.W.*

OF average height, long hair (jazz style), grey slacks, cotton navy skivvy, grey lambswool jumper, and, of course, his duffle coat. He also wears black socks and bone desert boots. He usually has an old bomb, of which he is quite proud, and spends most of his time with it. He loves all sports, specially football and surfing. He is also very clothes - conscious. — *Patricia Day, Elwood, Vic.*

MY idea of the perfect Australian male is one who is slightly square. He is a few inches taller than myself, and I don't mind what color his hair is, as long as it is not greasy. His eyes are either blue or brown, and he wears conservative clothes.

READERS REPLY

Most important of all, he is kind, courteous, with a well-developed sense of humor. He is neither surfie, rocker, nor anything else — except normal. He plays sport and appreciates the better forms of music, while still enjoying modern hits.

They're practically extinct, but boys from country areas usually fill the bill best, as well as foreigners. — *Rae Chisholm, Mona Vale, N.S.W.*

THE perfect boy should be fab-looking, of course, have his hair in a modern style, but not too long. He should have good manners and dress smartly and neatly — at least when taking a girl out on a date, although I think it is all right to wear jeans around at weekends. — *Jill Rayner, Devenport, Tas.*

HE has to be the gear in all respects. He must have a Beatle haircut, and black duffle coat, boots, black socks, high-collared striped or small-checked shirts, slim ties, and tight, faded blue jeans. For special occasions he must dress smartly and modernly. A car is not a necessity, but is a point in his favor. And, of course, he must like The Beatles and mods — but not rockers. — *Margaret Zanker, Hindmarsh, S.A.*

Land surfing

I AGREE with Graeme Hollis that "land surfing" (with a board on roller-skate wheels) is a thrilling and daring sport. Just as with surfing, one develops one's particular goofy footwork.

However, I and my friends use planks that are only about 18in. long, and I think that a landplank that is 3ft. long is overdoing it a bit. — *Peter Moore, Blacksmith West, N.S.W.*

NEXT WEEK:

● **The Beatles are back. See a collection of candid shots of the Fabulous Four during their U.S. tour.**

● **There are color pictures, too, of a wonderful new wardrobe of young and casual stripy cotton-knits.**

*● As third term begins, students face end-of-year examinations. Here is some helpful and topical advice from educationists PETER O'MEARA, DON SHIRLEY, and R. D. WALSHE, Authors of "How to Study Better"**

"To avoid desperate last-minute cramming, a student needs to begin his exam preparation early in third term. Barely two months are available. Three-quarters of this time will be given to revision and organisation which gets everything ready for the final effort of the last two or three weeks." —P. O'M., D.S., R.D.W.

PREPARE FOR YEARLY EXAMS

NOVEMBER is exam time for most students—and it's coming all too rapidly.

The time to begin intensive exam preparations is six to eight weeks before the Big Day. Whether it should be six or eight or more or less depends, of course, on how well you have worked all the year.

So YOU make a decision. But please make it now! First, work out how many weeks are left between today and the exam; second, deduct two or three weeks for the "final burst"; third, use the remaining four to six weeks to get your notes in such good order as will enable you to make the most of that "burst."

Here's a plan to help you get organised:

1. **Survey the Problem.** Look through your notebooks to see just how much needs to be done. Ask questions of your teacher and of the best students in your class. Work out for each subject a list of topics that should be covered.

2. **Make a Timetable.** In the light of what you must cover, draw up a Timetable for Revision. Decide how long you will study each evening (or morning, if it suits you). Then set down specific tasks, allowing more time for the weaker subjects.

Divide each evening into 30-45 minute sessions, with five-minute breaks between. Try to achieve a definite amount each evening, but don't attempt too much. Change your timetable in the light of experiment if you wish, but do keep to a plan.

3. **Know the Exam.** Be clear about the kind of exam you face. Your half-yearly exam was probably in the same form as the yearly will be. If you are sitting for a public exam such as Matriculation, obtain copies of the papers set in past years to see the kind of questions asked.

4. **Get Notes in Order.** If you missed or neglected a topic that you find is likely to appear in the exam, take action to write it into your notes. Borrow a friend's book, or dig the work out of the textbook, or ask your teacher for help if, say, it's a method in maths.

5. **Cope with Current Work.** Right up to the last couple of weeks you must go on doing new work in class and also a lot of homework. How can you get revision done? That's one of the toughest problems of this period. And there is no easy answer.

The main thing is: Try to get all your current work done at school, leaving time at home for revision. Work very hard at school during these weeks. If you still have unavoidable homework, try to get it done in the afternoon before tea, so that the evening is left for study. This effort is connected with an attitude of—

6. **No Self-pity.** These weeks are a rugged, difficult time—a test of your character as well as of what you know. Keep at it and chop down any little thoughts of self-pity that come to mind. You'll learn a lot . . . and you'll have all summer to recover!

7. **Opportunities at School.** As well as trying to get notes and homework done in any spare time you have at school, make the most of your opportunities to ask questions of your teachers, clear up any shaky points, get practice in writing essays, improve your neatness and writing.

Now, if you are fully organised, let's look at the methods that bring you results from study . . .

1. **Work actively.** Don't just browse through your notes passively. Underline the main points. Jot down new ideas. Draw a diagram or sketch. Argue back at what you read. Take out a summary of main points. And above all—

2. **Continually Practise Recall.** This is the most important single act of study. At least half of your revision time should be given to recalling what you read. Instead of just reading on and on, stop periodically to recall and recite section by section. Perhaps you'll find it best to close your notebook and jot down the main points of a topic. In maths you will practise exercises after you have revised a method of working a problem.

3. **Prepare Summaries.** After you've read your notes a few times, done some underlining, and practised recall, it is time to prepare a first-rate summary of the topic. We advise you to make a goal right now to turn every important topic into a summary. What a strong position you will be in if you have all your topics summarised two weeks before the exam!

You could spend that last fortnight memorising your summaries. You would be as well prepared as the skilful debater who has thoroughly prepared his subject and goes before the audience with just a few points written on a card. The ideal summary is one that fits on a single sheet of paper so that you can "see it whole."

4. **Plan Anticipated Answers.** When you've completed your summaries you can go a step further and plan the answers to a series of anticipated questions. Write out a definite question, then set out the main points of an answer underneath. This is an act of intelligent preparation, not a shallow "tipping" of the paper. You might plan a dozen such answers if the exam papers require you to answer six.

5. **Practise Essay Writing.** Because more than half of the exam questions asked in secondary schools require essay-type answers you must get a lot of practice in essay writing.

Finally, the best advice in the world for students is: Stop worrying—start working. Every minute spent in thinking over all there is to do is a minute lost. Work at a specific topic now and the work will get done.

● **In October 21 issue: THE LAST FEW WEEKS and EXAM TECHNIQUE.**

*"How to Study Better and Pass Exams Confidently," published by Martindale Press, 57 Woronora Crescent, West Como, N.S.W. Price 3/6, plus postage.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4936392

WHEN SCHOOL'S IN, SINGING IS "OUT"

● "I'm not dumb — yet I'm not academically minded, either," said wide-eyed TV singer Olivia Newton-John, who lives in Melbourne.

"MY father, mother, and brother are the brains in our family. I'm more interested in the theatre."

Olivia, a 15-year-old bundle of talent and charm, has had all sorts of wonderful things predicted for her singing career since she first appeared on television recently. And she has never had a singing lesson in her life!

Olivia said: "Daddy (a university Professor of German) plays at least four musical instruments. He was once an opera singer.

"My brother is a doctor and a good musician, too, and my mother has many musical talents. She used to play the cello very well."

Olivia's maternal grandfather, Professor Max Born, is also a musician as well as being a brilliant nuclear physicist and Nobel Prize winner. He lives in Germany.

Olivia plays the guitar, but more often her boy-friend, Ian Turpie, accompanies her when she sings.

He played for her when she auditioned for Johnny O'Keefe in his Melbourne hotel suite. Johnny was so impressed he suggested she enter the talent quest on his programme "Sing, Sing, Sing."

She won the quest and the prize of an overseas trip, which she'll take when she leaves school next year.

As the member of an academic family, Olivia says she wouldn't dream of leaving school now to become a professional singer.

She has had many requests to do television work and has just signed a contract with a recording company.

At present Olivia is studying hard for her Leaving Certificate exam and intends next year to do the matriculation.

"My main ambition is to become an actress — and to be a good one you have to be well educated," said Olivia. "And if my singing fails me in the near future I'll need some qualifications."

Olivia is an extremely pretty girl with big, round, blue eyes and long, black lashes. She wears her golden hair long and she uses only lipstick and eye make-up.

She wears the clothes of her age group—tight slacks, pixie boots, and sloppy sweaters.

Her mother makes most of her clothes and she has only two party dresses for TV work — both very simple and pastel colored.

"If I want something special I usually borrow it from my sister, Rona," said Olivia. Rona, Mrs. Brian Goldsmith, was a well-known Melbourne model before her marriage.

Olivia began singing for fun two years ago with three other friends.

"We were mad jazzers and used to sing at jazz clubs at weekends," said Olivia. "Then we split up and I changed to singing folksongs at a coffee lounge.

"No one really told me I had a good voice until I appeared on a Saturday morning TV audition programme.

"Horrie Dargie heard some of my tapes and advised me to contact Johnny O'Keefe. And that's where it all started.

"It's rather funny — the way most people talk you would think I was on television regularly. I only go on when I can. I've appeared on TV seven times.

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN

"I have to limit TV appearances because of school work.

"I bank the money I receive from TV — it goes in with the £150 spending money I won with my prize trip," added Olivia.

The vivacious teenager has scores of songs in her repetoire. She says she prefers ballads and her favorite singers are Cilla Black and negress Dionne Warwick. "Their songs are absolutely fabulous," she said.

"But when I'm older I hope to sing blues — Ella Fitzgerald style."

She sings many of boyfriend Ian's compositions and he has written two specially for her — "Crying Tonight" and "He Doesn't Care For Me."

"I want some original songs for the recording I'm going to make," said Olivia, "so I'm hoping Ian will compose something for me."

Olivia said she is never nervous singing on camera.

"I was ten times more terrified than I've ever felt on TV when I took the lead in a recent school play," she said.

Couldn't tie kangaroo down, so sang on TV

● When lively American teenager Ronnie Wallis came to spend her school holidays in Australia, she never guessed it would mean the start of her show-business career.

SHE has already sung on television a song she wrote herself, and plans to record it here.

"The only thing I had really hoped to do in Australia was to find a cute kangaroo to take home with me," said Ronnie (13). "I was so surprised when I was asked to sing my song on television—my mother is the famous one in our family."

Ronnie's mother is well-known American comedienne-singer Ruth Wallis, who brought her husband, 11-year-old son Allan, and Ronnie to Australia on a nightclub tour.

Ronnie was lying in bed one night a few months ago when she started humming the words of the song "Going Steady." The words kept crossing her mind, so she hopped out of bed and wrote them down.

The next day she "played around with the words some more" until she finished writing the song.

"A friend of my parents, the head of an Australian record company, asked me to sing the song when he was visiting our home in the States," she said. "He said he might be able to arrange an audition for me in Sydney —and he did."

She recently sang it on the national teenage television show "Bandstand."

"I'll be singing again on a Melbourne television show and will probably record it in Australia before we go home.

"I've always wanted to be a singer and modern dancer, but my parents didn't want to push me and wanted me to wait until the opportunity came to me," Ronnie said. "I was very thrilled to get my first break in Australia—I'd only ever sung for my friends at home."

"At home" is Miami Beach, where Ronnie lives with her family, goes to junior high school, and spends her spare time with "the set"—20 to 30 teenagers, who go swimming, shopping, and to the movies together in the weekends.

Her song title, "Going Steady," hasn't anything to do with Ronnie's life—she doesn't go steady.

"It's all right for some kids—but I change my mind about the boy I like nearly every week," she laughed. "Yes, lots of young teens go steady, but that doesn't mean a serious romance—just that they sit with the same boy at the beach or at the movies on Saturday afternoon."

Ronnie was so keen to get a kangaroo that she even managed to get a letter from the authorities of Crandon Park Zoo, Miami, to say that they would keep the 'roo if she could get one in Australia.

"I went to the Koala Sanctuary and Taronga Park Zoo in Sydney, but both said that the zoo at home would have to contact them direct," she said.

RONNIE WALLIS

A TALE OF TWO PRETTIES!

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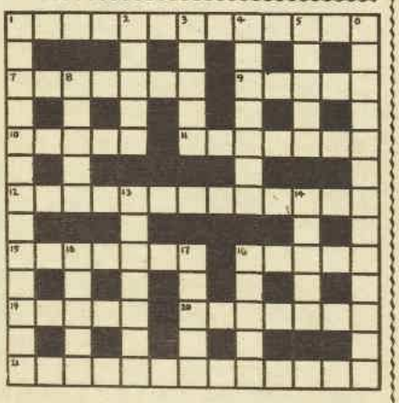
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

QORK catches the meteorite and hurls it into space, saving Earth. However, as he catches it, Mandrake slips from his hand and falls into space — 100,000 miles from Earth. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. When you are on them you are involved in a critical decision (3, 5, 5).
7. The mean thing (7).
9. A shoot in a child (5).
10. Restriction in the nicest interior (5).
11. Building with a very cold end (7).
12. Disobedient in inferior rank (13).
15. Attends upon with costers (7).
18. Smile can take you to long distances (5).
19. Garment for housewives, freemasons, and bishops (5).
20. No bilge (anagr., 7).
21. Stern stage men cause alienations (13).

DOWN

1. Latin art trees (anagr., 13).
2. Respond to a stimulus concerning the part of a play (5).
3. A cubic metre (5).
4. Famous Italian opera composer (7).
5. It tells that you were somewhere else (5).
6. Power of perception minus a headland causes foolishness (13).
8. With tides prepares for publication (5).
13. A sweet-smelling shrub (7).
14. In short, to any extent (2, 3).
16. Vehicle at a small weight (5).
17. Injury caused by bee (5).
18. Two of them make a semibreve (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR YOU TO WIN TWO CARS

● Here's your chance if you haven't yet entered (or want to enter again) our road safety contest, offering as prizes two brand-new Volkswagen sedans — one each (worth £1125) for the winning boy and girl.

READ the rules shown below and, if you are eligible, sit down with a pencil and several sheets of paper.

Read the 30 suggestions for improved road safety carefully and then work out in which order of importance you think they should go.

For instance, if you think the compulsory wearing of seat belts would do more than any of the others to cut the road toll, then that is your number one choice. You might think that more road safety instruction in schools is the next most important. Then that would be number two. And so on.

When you are sure of your selection cut out the entry form and number the suggestions in order of importance, from one to 30, in the squares provided. You must place a number in each square.

You can put in as many entries as you like—as long as each entry is on our entry form.

Before you post your entry (all must be received in Sydney on or before October 6, 1964) read the rules again and check that your entry is correct and that you haven't forgotten to include your name, age, and address. It would be a pity if your otherwise good entry were disqualified for an oversight.

Don't forget, either, to complete the sentence "I resolve . . ." (in no more than 12 words altogether). In case there are two or more winners with otherwise identical entries, the best personal resolution would provide a winner.

The best order of suggestions submitted by a boy will win him a car, and the best order submitted by a girl will win her a car.

A panel of experts from the Australian Road Safety Council will be the judges.

CONTEST RULES

1. **WHAT TO DO.** On the entry form (below) indicate, in your opinion, in order of importance the 30 suggestions for improved road safety. In the event of a tie between two or more boys or of a tie between two or more girls the prize will go to the entry including the best resolution for road safety expressed in no more than 12 words (the total to include the words "I resolve"). Send as many entries as you like, but each entry must be on a published entry form.
2. **CLOSING DATE.** Contest closes on October 6, 1964.
3. **WHO CAN ENTER.** This contest is open to males and females who have not turned 25 on or before October 6, 1964, and who, on or before October 6, are old enough to hold car drivers' licences in the State in which they live.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., its associated companies, the Commonwealth Department of Shipping and Transport, and members and staff of the Australian Road Safety Council and the State and Territorial Road Safety Councils are not eligible to enter this contest, nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

● This contest is governed by the rules published in our issue of September 9.

YOUR ENTRY FORM

Read the rules carefully — then number the 30 suggestions for improved road safety in the order which you consider most important. (You must place a number in each square.) Complete the personal road safety resolution.

- ☐ **Establishment of more training centres for learner drivers.**
- ☐ **Stricter control of pedestrians.**
- ☐ **All vehicles to stop before moving on to a level crossing.**
- ☐ **Greater use of "horror" in road safety education campaigns.**
- ☐ **More built-in safety features in new cars, such as padded dashboards, safer door locks, and collapsible steering columns.**
- ☐ **Uniform road signs and markings throughout Australia.**
- ☐ **More road safety instruction in schools.**
- ☐ **Cancel licences for serious offences such as drunken driving, excessive speed, and dangerous driving.**
- ☐ **Probationary licences for new drivers.**
- ☐ **Uniform, easy-to-understand traffic laws.**
- ☐ **All new cars to be fitted with seat belts.**
- ☐ **Maximum speed limit of 40 m.p.h. for newly licensed drivers (for first year).**
- ☐ **More traffic police.**
- ☐ **Compulsory annual inspection of all motor vehicles at Government testing stations.**
- ☐ **Greater use of Press, radio and TV for road safety education for young people.**
- ☐ **Maximum 60 m.p.h. speed limit for the open road.**
- ☐ **Ban regrooved motor vehicle tyres.**
- ☐ **Compulsory suspension of licences of drivers repeatedly convicted of moving-traffic offences.**
- ☐ **Compulsory wearing of seat belts by drivers and passengers.**
- ☐ **Increase minimum age for driving licences.**
- ☐ **Stiffer practical tests for driving licence applicants.**
- ☐ **Stricter enforcement of traffic laws.**
- ☐ **More commercial and community support for road safety.**
- ☐ **More divided highways with controlled access from side roads.**
- ☐ **Failure to wear seat belts to be deemed contributory negligence in legal action.**
- ☐ **Compulsory safety helmets for motor cyclists, scooter riders, and their passengers.**
- ☐ **Compulsory attendances at lectures and films by drivers convicted of traffic offences.**
- ☐ **Compulsory chemical tests for drivers and pedestrians suspected of intoxication.**
- ☐ **Better street lighting.**
- ☐ **Organise road-accident-prevention courses for youth organisations.**

NAME (MR./MRS./MISS) .....

ADDRESS .....

DATE OF BIRTH ..... STATE .....

I RESOLVE .....

.....

Mail Your Entry to "ROAD SAFETY CONTEST," BOX 5252, G.P.O., SYDNEY

CONTEST CLOSES OCTOBER 6, 1964

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4936394

BANDSTAND

"BANDSTAND" can be seen on Saturday from TCN9 (Sydney); QTQ9 (Brisbane); TVW7 (Perth); TVT6 (Hobart); TNT9 (Launceston); CTC7 (Canberra); on Sunday from GTV9 (Melbourne); NWS9 (Adelaide).

The future of folksinging?

● I recently tried to book a leading Melbourne folksinger (female) for TV "Bandstand."

BUT she replied that it would be uneconomical for her to appear, as she was earning much more singing in a coffee-house.

This is typical of the boom in folksinging in Australia at the moment. Label a show "folk concert" or "folk festival" — or present a folk-music floorshow — and you are almost assured of full houses.

Why? Probably the greatest contributing factor has been the **Peter, Paul, and Mary** tour. There had always been a loyal folk following, but after that visit folk-music was IN.

I have discussed with several people vitally concerned with presentation of folk-music the question of how long it will last. I don't mean as music — because folk-music will always be an integral part of our culture. But how long can this popularity boom and general acceptance of folk-music last?

If it is to go on I think the presentation of a lot of folk shows must improve.

Concerts must not ramble on for hour after hour with haphazard presentation.

And while we have a lot of talent, not all people who call themselves folksingers measure up to the standard set by some of our top-line folk artists.

BILLY J. FILM?

LOOKING very suntanned and handsome, **Billy J. Kramer** swooped into Australia for a tour recently. Answering questions about the pop scene in England he denied that **The Rolling Stones** were bigger than **The Beatles** and had lots of nice things to say about **Cilla Black.**

Kramer, who started his career when he was 14, playing in a group at local dances in Liverpool (by the way, he doesn't have a Liverpudlian accent), was signed to **Brian Epstein** two years ago and since then his career has zoomed.

As far as his future is concerned it is in the lap of the gods — and Brian Epstein. But Billy admitted that he'd like to have a go at acting (and singing) in films.

BILLY J. KRAMER

JOHN LENNON

BEATLE BOOK

JOHN LENNON'S "In His Own Write" may not go down as a classic of English literature, but for people who dig Beatlese (as it has become known) it is one of the highlights of the literary year.

Now for all admirers of the "awful" (translation: the author) comes news that Lennon is at work on his second book, which is shaping up even better than the first.

BEST OF BURL

SOME time ago Festival released a two-album package called "The Best of **Burl Ives.**" "Mr. In Between" (evenly divided between acting and singing) is a wonderfully talented man, and if you dig his singing this album set is still available.

This musical history takes the listener on a journey from his early folk-music days through to his present-day country-and-western hits.

More recently released is another Ives disc — "True Love," which includes a lot of old, lesser-known numbers. But given the fine Burl Ives treatment, they come up well.

SHARON'S FIRST

SHARON O'BRIEN is out with her first single for C.B.S. since being signed to a long-term contract with the label. Big side is "Reach Out For Me," written by Burt Bacharach, and the flip is "When a Girl Meets a Bad, Bad Boy."

FOLKSONG LP

A 12in. LP is being released of the Melbourne concert of the Four Capitols Folk Song Tour recently conducted by the National Youth Committee of the Australian Council of Trade Unions.

Artists on the programme included **Tina Lawton, Margaret Kitamura, Paul Marks, Brian Mooney,** and **David Lumsden. Gary Shearston's** performance was cut from the disc, as his contract with C.B.S. prevents him from singing on any other label.

— *Brian Henderson*

GARY SHEARSTON

THE CLASSICS

TCHAIKOVSKY and DE FALLA: Ballet music.

TWO recent recordings present music from famous ballets, both of them scores that, as well as being excellent ballet music, have always had a strong appeal to concertgoers and record buyers.

The Universal Record Club brings out a complete recording of Manuel De Falla's ballet "The Three-cornered Hat" (on one disc), while from R.C.A. comes another recording of music from the ever-popular "Swan Lake" of Tchaikovsky.

"The Three-cornered Hat" is a comic ballet telling a story of Spanish village life; it was commissioned from De Falla, the best known of modern Spanish composers, by the great ballet impresario Diaghilev and first produced in 1918.

A suite of three dances from this ballet has long been a concert favorite; it is welcome to hear the full version, with its occasional passages for solo female voice to heighten the already strong "local color."

Both recordings have a strong emphasis on color and brilliance; the De Falla is played by the Vienna Symphony Orchestra under Edouard van Remoortel, with contralto Jean Madeira (who is now singing in Australia for the Elizabethan Trust Opera) providing the vocal touches; the "Swan Lake" excerpts are played by Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra in their typical, rousing style.

— MARTIN LONG

BEATNIK

"You put sugar in it, Mother, but you forgot to stir it."

ROUND ROBIN

A GLASSY LOOK AT LOVE

● Girls can now make their eyes any color they like.

THE secret is the use of tinted contact lenses, the International Contact Lens Congress learned at a London meeting recently.

I have no doubt girls will have an (eye) ball with the development.

And with pupils encouraged to cheat, a boy could get into a blue by mixing up Hazel's iris with Iris' hazel!

I also can foresee a girl in a hurry mixing up her colors for a date.

Oh, well — that's as good a way as any to make a spectacle of herself!

A color-blind man will not see eye-to-eye with the idea.

He won't care that his black-eyed Susan is a 20-20 vision in blue.

I ALSO see that an English girl won five handsome Continental penfriends by putting messages in bottles and throwing them into the sea.

"I wanted letters from exciting places," explained Maureen Finnis, 17, of Kent.

Five guys in Germany and France found her messages and now write to her once a week.

I imagine you could send some interesting bottle messages. Saucy ones in sauce bottles, for example.

Maureen can send her boys messages in wine bottles — if their interest is flagon.

Maureen said she had been inspired by the similar success earlier of a lass in Newcastle, U.K.

Obviously this girl did not use soft-drink bottles.

Her messages would have come back unopened.

This is known as carrying coke to Newcastle.

— *Robin Adair*

The stars' STARS—and you

CILLA TO MOVE TO U.S.?

IS Cilla Black (born May 27, 1943) unreliable — as are some other Geminis (May 21 to June 21)? Definitely not! It is just that with her Gemini thirst for changes Cilla runs the risk of becoming restless.

I predict that Cilla Black may be lost to America before next February.

IF YOU SHARE GEMINI WITH CILLA:

I find that you Gemini people are among the most intelligent — constantly wanting to know more about everything.

Ambitious, not idealists, all for the good things in life . . . that's you!

However, you have a great capacity for hard work and you stand to gain extra rewards through this. Your type is in demand as teachers, journalists, matrons, and secretaries.

I predict that someone you have admired will reveal a high opinion of you.

—MAURICE WOODRUFF

● More stars next week.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4936395

Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

Which boyfriend?

"THE other night I happened to meet my former boyfriend and all my old feelings for him came back. He was really the first boyfriend I ever had. My mother doesn't like this boy because he is a bit rough-looking and not particularly well mannered, and I know in my heart that he is the wrong boy for me. I have been going out lately with another boy and, though he is quite nice and Mum likes him, he is just so polite and quiet he sometimes infuriates me. He is just so much the opposite of the other boy that the more I go out with my quiet boyfriend the more I want the other boy. What should I do?"

"Surfer Sandy," N.S.W.

I think you are just getting a little bored with your nice, polite boyfriend and this makes the wild ways of the other one seem so much more attractive.

Try to go out with more boys. Sooner or later you are sure to meet one who has all the qualities you like.

Meanwhile, I think you would be making a mistake to go back to your first boyfriend, as you know yourself that he is not the one for you.

Teachers "pets"

"WE are two adoring schoolgirls desperately in love with two teachers. Though we are both sixteen we look much older. We are sure the teachers feel the same about us as we do about them, as they have shown great interest in us and we excel in the subjects which they have us for. We think they are going to ask us for dates very soon. Should we accept this invitation, as we love, love, love them very much and could not bear to disappoint them?"

"Schooldays," W.A.

Don't hold your breath until these teachers do ask you out—I feel it's going to be a very long time coming. All teachers take an interest in their pupils—and all teachers are sitting shots for romantic crushes such as you two have. Concentrate on your studies more, and leave the day-dreaming for after-school hours.

Tall story

"I HAVE been going with a boy for nearly three months and I have discovered that he has a great complex about his height. He is 6ft. 2½in. How can I help him get over his complex?"

"Perplexed," N.S.W.

Just tell him how glad you are that you have him for a boyfriend, as you think tall boys are so much nicer than short ones.

He's "perfect"

"I AM a 19-year-old boy and I have never had a steady girlfriend.

"I feel that I would make an ideal boyfriend, for I am rather good-looking, come from a wealthy family, and have a sports car, and a very good job. Recently I met a very nice girl at a church social and I have phoned her several times since, but she refuses to go out with me for very poor reasons. Last week I saw her and she gave me the cold shoulder. How can I get her interested in me?'

"Hopeful," Vic.

Most girls dislike a boy who sounds conceited—even if he IS ideal boyfriend material.

I think that probably you were so sure this girl was going to fall all over you with your looks, wealth, and sports car that you scared her off.

Try the humble approach for a change.

Ring this girl again and say you have a feeling that she is cold-shouldering you because you might have been a little boastful at the church social.

Tell her again that you would very much like to take her out.

If she accepts, for heaven's sake DON'T mention all your wealth and worldly possessions again.

If she doesn't, then I'm afraid there's nothing more you can do except forget her.

Dark circles

"I AM a fairly attractive girl of 17, but for some time now my appearance has been spoilt by dark rings under my eyes. My skin has also become blotchy. I am wondering if this condition could be caused by the fact that I have recently been keeping late nights? I have tried different medications on my skin but they don't work."

"Late Nights," Vic.

If your health isn't good you should see a doctor. However, some people have a very thin layer of skin underneath their eyes and tend to get dark rings more easily than other people, but late nights certainly would aggravate your problem.

Blotchy skin, too, is a by-product of lack of sleep.

Try to get at least eight hours sleep a night and cut fats and sweets from your diet.

If you feel the dark circles under your eyes are still noticeable you could use a cosmetic stick to shade out shadows for special occasions.

Holiday problem

"WE are three pretty country girls of 13 and 14 who go out with boys six and seven years older. We all come from wealthy families and often go to dances with these boys. Now they have asked us to go on holidays with them, bringing our older brothers along. Do you think this would be all right?"

"Trio," N.S.W.

No, I certainly do not, and I am sure you could not have mentioned this to your parents.

No parents in their right minds would allow daughters of your age to go on a holiday with boyfriends — even with the chaperoning of older brothers.

NOW! THE NEW *NATURAL LOOK* CAN BE YOURS!

Rexona's entirely new blend of 4 medicated beauty oils promises you natural loveliness

The *natural look*. That's fashion's new look, the look New Rexona makes possible for you. When the gentle medication of New Rexona begins to work deep into your skin — even during the first wash — you'll feel a vibrant difference. For this soap works in a very special way. First, it cleanses. Then Rexona's new blend of Cadyl (a blend of four luxurious oils: Cade, Cassia, Cloves and Terebinth), goes to work to help cure blemishes. These rich, lively oils are specially blended to work in deep as you wash. The result is a new-glow complexion for you. The *natural look*.

Let Rexona help bring out the natural loveliness of your skin, starting with the very first wash. Try it for a week and see.

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HAVE A GOOD LOOK AT YOUR DATE BAD HABITS

• Have you ever thought—"What does my boyfriend REALLY think of me? What do my 'friends' think of me?"

WELL, think about the "image" you present to other people and check off your habits against these dos and don'ts . . .

• Are you date-happy?

At a party or gathering do you throw yourself at a boy, practically sweeping him off his feet?

Do you gush and giggle, repeating what a handsome couple you make? Or, perhaps, suggest outings that he can take you to?

Beware! Never be the hunter. Be subtle! Impress him by showing intelligence, good manners—even a little (but just a little) helplessness.

Do not talk in circles; act sincerely, and always be yourself. Playing the sophisticate if you're the girlish, feminine type will make you look a fool.

• Do not be TOO feminine!

Going on a rough-'n'-ready picnic or hike? Then dress appropriately and modestly.

A frilly dress would look just as ridiculous as skin-tight slacks.

Join in the games, or are you afraid of a little dust?

Lastly, remember that if you've the "don't touch me, I'm fragile" look, you may be the tidiest, most feminine girl at the end of the day. But you'll be the loneliest, too.

• Are you a flirt?

A boy may be intrigued by a gay, flirtatious manner, but watch out!

He'll lose all fascination if he discovers you can't turn it off.

Politeness and attentiveness add up—so don't let your eyes wander to that cute waiter or handsome bandleader.

Show your escort that HE comes first. Thank him for the lovely evening and say how you enjoyed his company.

You can be feminine and boyish, gay but courteous. Be true to yourself and that's how others will see you.

— Begonia Spiechowicz

VILENE GIVES COLLARS AND CUFFS A SMOOTH PROFESSIONAL FINISH.

Only 'Vilene' makes the shape and keeps it—right throughout the life of the garment—and there is a 'Vilene' weight for every fabric (even finest silks). 'Vilene' is crease resistant, shrinkproof and can be washed or dry-cleaned—it's economical too—Vilene has no bias—can be cut in any direction. For free booklet "Sewing with Vilene", write to: Vilene Studio, 7 Elizabeth Street, Sydney. Vilene is fully guaranteed. Always look for the name 'Vilene' on the selvedge.

Beauty in Brief:

FOOTNOTE

TO encourage presentable and pretty feet do this:

Cut toenails straight across and, for the best results, with curved scissors or clippers. Nails cut down at the sides sometimes start "ingrowing."

Smooth down thick, horny toenails by buffing them lightly with an emery board. Small patches of hard skin can be smoothed with pumice stone; rub gently on the sole of the foot — remembering to put a little soap on the stone first.

Or remove hard skin with a creamy lotion that is readily obtainable in chemist shops.

Feet need daily washing and careful drying, especially between the toes, to keep them in good condition. But soaking them in hot water, however blissful it feels, is not to be recommended.

Any good hand cream used regularly will improve the skin of your feet, but for scaly leg-skin try a body cream.

— CAROLYN EARLE.

Butterick PATTERNS

3003. — Pretty, shallow-necked dress with French-darted bodice and ruffle at hemline of slim skirt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 5/9 includes postage.

2997. — Cool, semi-fitted dress with diagonal seaming and saddle-stitch trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.

2841.—Easy-to-make front-buttoned shift cut in larger sizes. Pattern also provides three-quarter length, cuffed sleeves. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42in. bust. Price 5/9 includes postage.

3094.—7-to-14 shift dress with shallow neckline, side slits, and self bows. Matching scarf. Sizes 25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest. Price 5/- includes postage.

3017. — Junior and Teen extended - bodice, semi-fitted dress with A-line skirt and pressed panel pleats. Sizes in chest measurements: Sub-Teen 28, 29, 31, 33in., Jnr. 30½, 31½, 33in., Teen 30, 32, 34, 36in. Price 5/- includes postage.

3097.—Little girl's Quick-'n-Easy circular dress, buttoned at shoulders. Sizes 2 to 8 (21, 22, 23, 23½, 24, 26in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE IN LEADING STORES.

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-039, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE
ADDRESS		

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Biscuits

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